







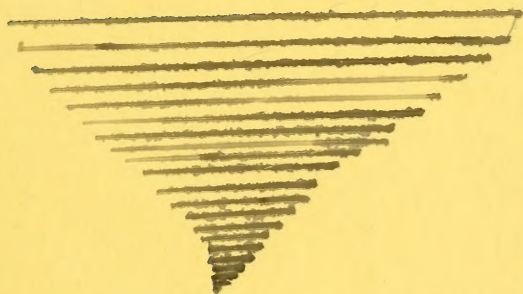


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William H Whitaker

Boston Oct 3: 1841

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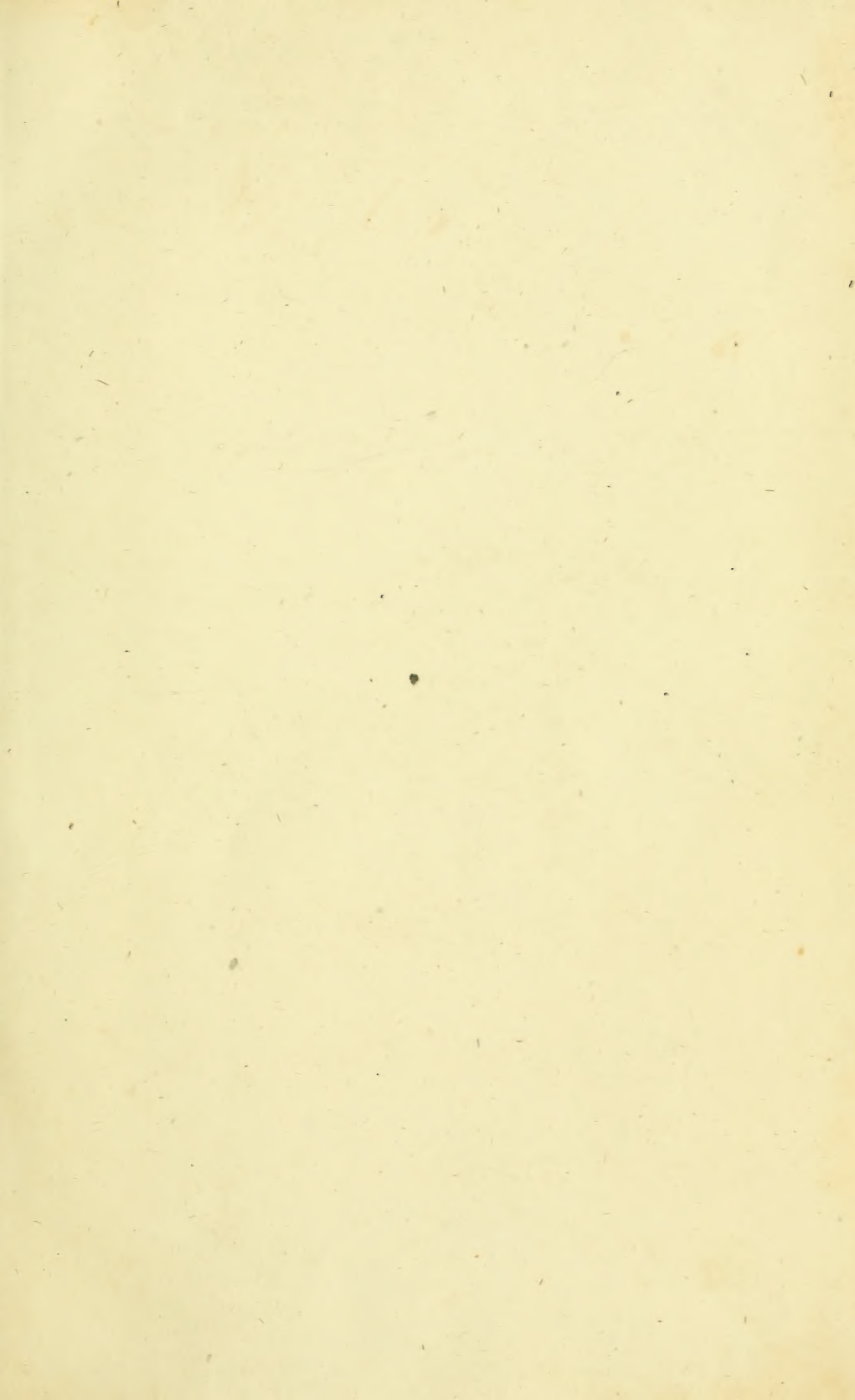


William W. Whitaker  
Baptist Church

1844.

















CAROLAN.



A  
HISTORY OF IRELAND,  
FROM ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME;  
INCLUDING A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF  
ITS LITERATURE, MUSIC, ARCHITECTURE,  
AND NATURAL RESOURCES;  
WITH UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES  
OF  
ITS MOST EMINENT MEN;  
INTERSPERSED WITH A GREAT NUMBER OF  
*Irish Melodies,*  
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,  
ARRANGED FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,  
AND ILLUSTRATED BY MANY  
ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED IRISHMEN,  
AND A  
SERIES OF ARCHITECTURAL DESCRIPTIONS.

BY  
THOMAS MOONEY,  
LATE OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:

PATRICK DONAHOE, 3 FRANKLIN STREET.

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FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
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AND NATURAL HISTORY.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845, by  
THOMAS MOONEY,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts

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THE MOST COMPLETE  
AND ACCURATE  
HISTORY OF IRELAND  
EVER PUBLISHED.

BY  
THOMAS MOONEY,  
OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

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## PREFACE.

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"HISTORY's lessons, if you'll read 'em,  
Will impart this truth to thee —  
Knowledge is the price of freedom ;  
Know yourself, and you are free." — NATION.

HISTORY is defined to be a dignified recital of events. Its object is to give us the advantages of ages of experience, and its treatment ought to be such as not only to instruct, but to amuse and to incite.

It should, we conceive, be written to effect this triple purpose: to *instruct*, by a skilful array of events growing naturally out of one another ; — to *amuse*, by a happy introduction of as much of the characteristic features of the persons in the narrative, — the romance of life, as it may be termed, — as shall not take too much from its dignity ; which introductions should appear at due intervals in the work, like inns upon a great road, to afford refreshment to the reader ; — and to *incite* to deeds of virtue, patriotism, tenderness, and heroism, by duly extolling such as may have distinguished themselves by these laudable traits ; teaching the young that by these means only can they hope for the approbation of their contemporaries and of posterity. This is the aim of history, to which all its bearing should tend.

Most histories are written so dryly that they are as unpalatable as law books. Hence the young mind flies off to novels and romances, which are fictitious histories, but which possess the exciting and attractive properties that the grave historian casts away. The mind of youth should be filled with true history as the preparatory course to the acquisition of other knowledge ; and it should, in my opinion, be written in familiar language, and interspersed with the most beautiful flowers of literature, to refresh and delight the mind, and engage its attention.

The old historians, writing for less sophisticated natures, enveloped their narratives in poetry, and frequently recited them to their auditories, accompanying the voice with the sounds of the harp — a mode of conveying



historical information which was far more effective than that adopted by the moderns. The multitude of every nation, in ancient times, knew the history of their country tolerably well. But, with all our modern inventions, is this the case now? Do the multitude in Ireland, England, France, or America, know the history of their respective countries tolerably well? It must be admitted that they do not. Females, in general, know little of history; and one of the reasons is, that most of the histories we have are written so gravely, that none but a mind ardently bent on acquiring a knowledge of the past will toil through the wearisome pages in which it is deposited.

Entertaining this opinion, which I have formed upon a close observation of the bent of the public taste, I have constructed my work upon the ancient plan, restoring poetry and music to their companionship with history. This, of course, will subject me to the rod of the reviewers; but I hope to have the multitude on my side, who are always natural in taste and honest in judgment; and, if I succeed in this respect, I can afford to bear the laceration of others. I therefore present my *History of Ireland* in a series of lectures, interspersed with Irish melodies, nearly in the style in which they were originally delivered by me in New York. This method of conveying historical information I found to be attractive and effective in the lecture-room, and I trust it will prove so in my book. Those who seek the music and the pictures may pause to meditate on *facts* that are side by side.

The music is selected from many eminent Irish composers. The collection embraces every measure. It is difficult to select music that will please every taste; and some that I have omitted may be much better than some that I have chosen. The pieces which I have published are merely specimens; and many of them are linked with the history by an indissoluble tie. There is yet an unbounded field of Irish music untrod-den. Perhaps, in some future publication, I may offer a further collection. The songs of my own composition have been arranged for sundry instruments by Mr. McGaughy, and will be found, it is hoped, suggestive of patriotic sentiment.

In a work which, like this, embraces such a multitude of details respecting events and persons, some errors must strike the intelligent reader; and it will give me pleasure to receive suggestions for improvement from any quarter. The severest censure of the reviewers, if founded on sufficient grounds, will have my attention. The whole of this work is stereotyped, and covers seventeen hundred metal plates; it is in my power, by a trifling expenditure, to have alterations made in any of its pages. My life will be well spent in perfecting the work; and every detection of error or omission, either by friend or foe, will enable me to carry out the great object I have in view—the completion of a good *History of Ireland*.

The unreflecting or the prejudiced Protestant may deem this History partial, because he will not find in it any abuse of Catholicism or its clergy. The enlightened and the patriotic Protestant will perceive that, in common with the great body of the Irish people, the author dwells in fervent terms upon the virtue and nationality of the Protestant patriots, dead and living. Molyneux, Swift, and Lucas, were Protestants. Grattan, Flood, Bristol, Charlemont, and Curran, were Protestants. The Emmets, O'Connor, Tone, Rowan, Russell, were Protestants. These are among our canonized patriots, the concentrated rays of whose genius form one bright beacon to illumine our path in exile, and our road to freedom. In our own day, O'Brien, Grattan, Steele, Davis, Barrett, Gray, Seaver, Clements, and others, who are among the trusted leaders of Ireland, are Protestants. We are prepared to risk our lives by their side in defence of liberty. What more would Protestantism have, unless it desire a tyrannical ascendancy over Catholics, which the Protestant ministers of the queen of England have said never can exist again.

The unreflecting and the prejudiced Englishman may deem this History partial, because much that he considered his own in art and valor has been restored to Ireland, and because the necessities of history compel the exposure of a long course of English misrule in Ireland and elsewhere. But the enlightened and the honest Englishman will perceive that the aristocracy and its agents are separated, all through, from the great bulk of the English people, who suffer almost as much from their depredations as Ireland or India; and a special acknowledgment is made to the English democracy for the several manifestations of sympathy which they have volunteered in behalf of the freedom of their brethren in Ireland. Indeed, the wish is frequently wafted forth for a hearty coöperation of the oppressed English and Irish people for the achievement of their common liberties.

I have not occupied my pages, as others have done theirs, with detailed descriptions of those lands that were confiscated during the several wars between England and Ireland, nor published profitless lists of the "right owners," the descendants of most of whom are scattered over the world, and are become the servants of the servants of men. Such publications enable the cunning agents of England to spread alarm among the Protestant possessors of those estates, by pointing to the care with which the Irish historians record the boundaries and the names of former owners, — to insinuate that the object of the present agitation for the reëstablishment of the Irish parliament is to seize on those estates, and restore them to the descendants of the original owners. Public opinion is completely set against any disturbance of the possessors of property in Ireland, upon any pretence of *former* illegal seizure. No! The Irish, when in possession of power, will never overhaul the titles of those who *reside* in Ireland; but

they will not spare the permanent absentees; *they* are a doomed race. And if Ireland be driven to the field to achieve her liberty, the fee simple of absentee property, worth, at twenty years' purchase, one hundred and twenty millions sterling, (*six hundred millions of dollars*,) will be found most appropriate, and amply sufficient to pay those auxiliaries who may volunteer in her behalf, and who would be happy with freedom, competence, and a permanent residence in Ireland, as their reward. In such an event, the man who would not be *for* Ireland would be *against* her; and the penalty of his hostility ought to be, at least, the loss of his property.

There will be found occasional repetitions of the same facts in the work. I have learned from O'Connell, from Cobbett, and from the London Times, that it is necessary, for the purposes of truth, to repeat peculiar facts. In defence of this practice, I will let the Times speak for me.

"Now, there is an immense power in facts. The long contemplation, and for a time the barren contemplation, of one simple fact, has often led to the sublimest discoveries. The fall of an apple elicited the theory of gravitation, the ascent of a soap-bubble the laws of color and light. It is so in the history of nations: the bare sight of the blood-stained dagger, or of its bleeding victim, has overthrown dynasties. Such is the power of a picture, or of a ballad. It is a fact boldly exhibited, and appealing to the hearts of men. Wherever there is public opinion, wherever there are common sense and common feeling, a fact is sure to have its weight. It is a battering-ram, which, though it be only one instrument, yet, by many successive blows, will break through the thickest and hardest prejudice or stupidity. It is the continual drop which wears the stone. So we say, if there be a great and distressing body of facts, with some great mystery of iniquity, or error, or misfortune, connected with it, tell it, and tell it, and tell it again. Tell it in a thousand forms. Tell it with perpetual variety of circumstance and novelty of view. Tell it of this locality, and tell it of that. Tell it of twenty years back, and tell it of now. Tell it of the mass, and tell it of individuals. Give sums total, and particular instances. Give names and places. Make the fact familiar, and yet vast; detailed, and yet marvellous. Do all this with a laborious and painful accuracy which cannot be gainsaid. Be a very slave to the truth. Before a generation is past, the fact will speak for itself, and find a cure. You will have endued a mere fact with life and energy. An undeniable statement, which admits of being comprehended in ten words, and which was once the ineffectual subject of whole libraries, will at last have more power than ten million men."\*

This volume embraces the great outlines of the history of Ireland from the first settlement of the island to the 30th of May, 1845. Although it is

\* Leading article from the Times, on the Reports from Ireland of its "Commissioner," September, 1845.



a bulky book, it is yet but an abridgment. It might have been still further abridged, if I had not feared to defeat the great object in view by a dangerous brevity. Although brevity is the soul of *wit*, it may be the destruction of *history*. The history of Ireland might, for that matter, be given in two or three pages: Thus, —

Ireland was first peopled, about fifteen hundred years before the Christian era, by an intelligent race called Phœnicians, who came from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and who brought with them a knowledge of the arts, sciences, and literature, then extant among the enlightened inhabitants of Egypt and Etruria. The island was called *Scotia*, was divided into principalities, and was governed by independent kings for the first six hundred years, who warred with each other for supremacy. About nine hundred years before the Christian era, a *Feis*, or parliament, was called by one of the most learned and moderate of those kings, named Ollamh Fodhla, which was held at Tara, the seat of his court, where all the chief men of the country, to the number of one thousand, assembled. This great man delivered to that assembly a history of the nation, which included the laws and maxims of their forefathers; whereupon a written constitution was framed, and appended thereto, called the Psalter of Tara, which was received for more than two thousand years as a guide by the subsequent kings and jurists of Ireland. The laws made by those ancient legislators were very wise and very humane. They provided for the national hospitality, for the diffusion of knowledge and wealth, and the subdivision of land, and for the punishment of crime. The trial of disputes by *twelve men*, and the law of *gavel*, were prominent among them. Their language, which was very ancient, and identified with the earliest developments of human science, is spoken by the people to this day. Chivalry, honor, music, poetry, and martial courage, were promoted by their social customs. Their religion, to the fourth century, was pagan: they sacrificed to the sun, like most of the pagan nations of antiquity.

Though the nations which surrounded them were many times conquered and reconquered, and even sold as slaves, by Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, Ireland maintained an unconquerable integrity all through. During the western wars of the Romans, the Irish opposed their legions in Britain, and finally drove them back, after a contest which lasted four hundred years.

They were the only nation that received Christianity without shedding blood, which they did in the year four hundred and thirty-two, from the lips of St. Patrick, who was a Gaulish captive, brought into Ireland, with many others, as trophies of war, by their conquering legions. After their conversion to Christianity, they turned their whole strength to the cultivation of letters and morals. They were an enlightened nation, and the doctrines of Christianity stimulated them to become missionaries and teachers of the west of Europe in morals, languages, literature, astronomy, architecture, poetry, and music. They opened extensive colleges at home, to which the youth of Gaul, Britain, and Scotland, repaired to be educated; and they sent forth swarms of missionaries over Europe, who undertook to instruct and refine the barbarous hordes which overran that continent on the breaking up of the Roman empire. There is hardly any celebrated part of Europe where evidences may not be found at this day of their piety, industry, or knowledge. During the long night of ruffianism and ignorance, which hung over Europe from the fourth to the sixth century, when the Goths were seated on the thrones of the Cæsars, the enlightened sons of Ireland were the only cultivators of letters, preservers of ancient documents, and dispensers of knowledge, that remained in Europe. They preserved the ancient Latin and Phœnician languages, which they speak in the purest style at the present hour. It was

from them that the Anglo-Saxons received their knowledge of letters and their ideas of legislative government; and though there are some writers of the present generation who denominate the ancient parliaments of Tara "rude baronial assemblies," it must be remarked that nothing has come from Saxon, Dane, or Norman, to supply their places; that the entire legislation of England, from the Norman conquest to the days of Castlereagh, is fraudulent, bloody, and oppressive; that the laws which emanated from the ancient Irish legislative assemblies were calculated to diffuse wealth and knowledge, to dispense justice, to punish crime, and to superinduce morality — results diametrically opposed to those which flowed from the legislation and laws of England. Ireland, for several centuries, presented these attributes, and won from the admiring nations which she taught the distinctive title *Insulam Sanctorum et Doctorum*, (Island of Saints and Doctors.)

In the ninth century, her people were harassed by a war with the Danes, which continued two hundred years; and though that powerful race gave a new line of kings to England, and founded a new kingdom in the heart of Gaul, they were subdued by the persevering bravery of the Irish, who defeated them, and extinguished their power in Ireland, in the beginning of the eleventh century. From the first settlement of the country to this, (a period of twenty-four hundred years,) the Irish maintained their independence.

In the twelfth century, through the quarrels of their native princes, they were invaded by new enemies in the Anglo-Normans, which proved disastrous to their independence. These invaders were crafty and treacherous, arrayed prince against prince, — assisting one side or the other, according to circumstances, — until the power of all was considerably diminished. For the first four hundred years of this invasion, the Anglo-Norman power contented itself within a small semicircle on the eastern coast of Ireland, known as the "English Pale," which covered about one eighth of the island, where the English laws, language, and dress prevailed, and where a little parliament and government were established under English auspices; but the descendants of the first settlers became, in course of time, thorough participants in Irish feeling, customs, and language, imbued with feelings racy of the soil, and were occasionally "more Irish than the Irish themselves." The new adventurers from England were looked upon by those of a previous age with jealousy; but both parties generally conspired to oppress and pillage the native inhabitants.

Towards the fifteenth century, the native Irish princes had won back by the sword a very considerable portion of the territories at first seized by the invaders, but, instead of joining together to expel them, as their forefathers had expelled the Danes, were content to receive from them annual tributes, which were called "black mail," and which were paid to them by the English settlers for a century and a half. During all this time, the native princes carried on their petty wars with one another just as if no foreign foe was on their soil, and wasted that strength in senseless assaults upon each other, which was more than twice sufficient, if combined, to expel the common enemy.

On the introduction of the changes in the creed of England, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a series of religious wars and sacrilegious confiscations ensued, from which the people of Ireland suffered terribly. A mania for pillage and robbery was generated in the minds of the English people by the wicked examples of Henry VIII. and his daughters, together with those monarchs of England who (with one exception, that of James II.) for three centuries succeeded him. This mania was converted into thundering armies, and at one period it seemed as if half the population of England and Scotland had landed in unfortunate Ireland, with the resolve of exterminating the ancient inhabitants. A vast number of the native Irish were destroyed by the sword and famine in the course of a series of wars, which began in

the middle of the sixteenth, and terminated by treaty at the close of the seventeenth century.

In the course of these wars, the Irish maintained their right to civil and religious liberty against a greatly superior and a far more crafty force. They were aided in their heroic defence by Spain and France, and were signally victorious in many battles; but bribery and treachery did more to despoil them of their inheritance than the arms of their enemies. Having lost three fourths of their territory and half of their population, being reduced by famine and the sword to about one million of inhabitants, (who still supplied a resisting army of twenty thousand men,) and having been badly commanded by King James II. and his French generals, they came to the resolution of capitulating with the invaders, which they did by solemn treaty, at the siege of Limerick, in 1691, in presence of the English and Irish armies. In that treaty of peace, it was agreed, for the first time, that the Irish should acknowledge the king of England as king of Ireland, but that they were in other respects to be deemed a separate nation, to enjoy the rights of worshipping God according to their consciences, the inheritance of their estates by those who survived the war, and liberty of trade, navigation, and manufacture. There was no question raised about a local parliament, because Ireland was then, and ever had been, in possession of some kind of a legislature. The king and queen of England, William and Mary, most anxious for peace, solemnly ratified this treaty; after which the flower of the Irish army passed over and entered into the service of the king of France. Trade and manufactures, for which Ireland was ever celebrated, began again to flourish; and several English manufacturers went over and settled there, to take advantage of the greater facilities for manufacture which the country offers in water-power, labor, provisions, and climate. From this a jealousy arose in England, which caused the king to break all those treaties with the Irish which he had so recently agreed upon. First he put down their manufactures, and next proscribed the Catholics, who formed, as at present, the great majority of the people. Succeeding monarchs followed up these bad acts by others still worse, denying liberty to educate, or acquire property, until the nation was reduced to the most degrading ignorance and poverty by a dreadful and certain process.

The Irish, destitute of an army, and but just recovering from the horrors of warfare, were unable to resist the course of injustice and oppression which they were now doomed to experience. At length, upon the breaking out of the war of independence in the American colonies, a gleam of hope opened, which was realized in the establishment of the political independence of Ireland in 1782, after which the Irish nation started onward in a brilliant career of prosperity. This was accomplished by the virtuous resolution of the Irish volunteers, a civil and military association numbering about eighty thousand men, who proclaimed civil and religious liberty, and the independence of Ireland, as their mottoes and objects, and at whose demand the king and parliament of England solemnly declared, by act of parliament, that the Irish nation was integral, and independent of the English parliament; that no authority had power to legislate for Ireland but the king, lords, and commons, of Ireland; and that this compact was to last *forever*. During this bright era, Ireland gave to literature, eloquence, and the arts, many of the most exalted geniuses, whose contributions England has endeavored to appropriate to her own glory, without acknowledgment.

The prosperity thus engendered in Ireland by peace and freedom superinduced, in England, the revival of the old national jealousy, which exhibited itself repeatedly during the administration of Mr. Pitt, but which broke into an overwhelming massacre in the year 1798; immediately after which, and while an English army of one hundred and seventy thousand men were in the country, a proposition was brought forward in the Irish parliament by the British minister, to hand over the rights



of the Irish parliament to that of Britain, and reduce the three hundred Irish representatives to one hundred, who were to be transferred to the English parliament, where, however, they were to be met by an English majority of five hundred. A proposition so destructive of the national rights and prosperity was met by the most determined hostility of the Irish people.

They had just passed through a civil war, and suffered a general massacre and loss of leaders, and were unable to resist the blow by war; besides which, a majority of the Irish members were bribed to vote away the independence of their country. Under these circumstances, and in defiance of the two solemn compacts of 1691 and 1782, the union with England was consummated. The gentry began to leave the country, and carry off the produce of the soil, and the ruin of Ireland commenced. In about three years after this, Robert Emmet tried, by a well-contrived but an unfortunate effort, to overthrow the British power in Ireland. He failed, and was executed; and then the British ministry suspended the constitution for several years.

At length Daniel O'Connell, a distinguished Catholic lawyer, commenced a system of agitation for Catholic emancipation, which, after several years' perseverance, prevailed at last. The British ministry acknowledged that they were compelled to grant freedom to the Catholics and Dissenters, in obedience to their combined confederation. O'Connell then led the way in the reform of the British parliament, and the British and Irish corporations, by the success of which he obtained a great deal of political power for the Irish people, who were greatly enlightened by his eloquent instruction, and now numbered some seven millions, six sevenths of whom were Catholics. He then raised the demand for the restoration of the Irish parliament; and though, in the prosecution of this demand, both himself and his friends have often been criminally indicted, and even imprisoned, yet the cause is so just, and the people are so convinced that without it they must be forever miserable, that there is no doubt but, like emancipation, reform, and other great questions of justice, it will at length be successful. To enforce this demand, Ireland possesses a population of eight millions and a half, of whom a million and a half are organized valiant men, governed by a number of distinguished leaders, unparalleled in her history for their talent, courage, and caution. The Protestant part of the population are gradually becoming reconciled to their Catholic countrymen. The British minister has declared, in parliament, that Ireland presents a confederation now which it is not in the power of England to put down; and thus, after another cycle of suffering, Ireland stands forth in her integral power, a nation in every thing but the name — an attribute, of which, under Heaven, she shall not long be destitute.

Many there are who will not give more than a few minutes to the study of Irish history. For the information of these, the preceding paragraphs are designed. Even through that glimpse, they may see how deserving Ireland is of her freedom, and how well calculated she is to achieve it; and this must win her friends and consideration. But the Irish exile will not be content with a hasty look into this subject. He will search the long record of the glorious deeds of his forefathers; and though he may be far removed from the scenes of his youth, yet the dreams of home and relatives will bring his troubled memory back to his native hills and valleys, where the dearest images first impressed their forms on his heart.

The expatriated Irishman, wheresoever he may be driven by the fiat of a severe destiny, carries with him into exile an undying sympathy for his

native land. The scenes of his boyhood, — the river, brook, or mountain, around which he gamboled in days of light-hearted youth, — the dear brother, sister, or parent, lying in the churchyard, and those loved relatives who still live, but are separated from him, perhaps forever, by a boundless ocean and continent, — all these come before him in his dreams, or in the mirror of his memory. Wheresoever he may be, — whether on sea or on land, amid the convivial circle or wrapped in sleep, — by day or by night, at labor or at rest, in London or Paris, Canada or India, in New York or New Orleans, the memories of his father-land haunt his imagination. No enjoyment, no excess of fortune or of misfortune, can efface them. Ireland, with all her griefs and woes, with all her joys and sorrows, fills his mind, breaks in upon his reveries, and springs his sympathies. Her cares are his cares; her triumphs are his triumphs; her reverses trouble him; the career of her patriots fills him with anxiety; their glory and their gloom are equally his; they pursue and hang round him in public and in private; and the farther he is removed from his native land, the more intensely does he feel for all that concerns her. Although his attachment to the land of his adoption be sincere and strong, his reverence for the land of his fathers is profound and lasting. Such is the Irishman in exile. He is the same in the four divisions of the earth, and he may be found in them all.

The political partisan may condemn him for this attachment to father-land and to all its holy associations; but the philosopher knows it to be an instinct planted in his heart by his Creator, and that he can no more divest himself of its influence than he can of his senses.

Amid all the privations to which the wandering Irishman is subject, there are few that so sensibly affect him as an exclusion from a knowledge of what is passing "at home." In proportion as his mind is cultivated is this pain intense. Every scrap of paper upon which the name of Ireland is impressed becomes dear to him; an Irish newspaper is a welcome gift, and a book of Irish history or poetry is a prize. The music of his boyhood days, when struck up in his hearing, makes him a boy again. For a moment the heavy burdens of the world are removed, and the care-worn exile becomes for a time softened and spiritualized into a happy being. This may be pronounced a weakness, a childish weakness; still it delights the wanderer, and is frequently his greatest consolation.

For the Irishman in exile, this book is specially compiled. It is not a critical history. It is a familiar narrative, in which all that is dear to him is embraced. The history, biography, architecture, and music of his country are treated of, and the monuments of his forefathers' genius and valor are pointed out. With this book in his possession, he will never be alone. It brings him into communion with the great spirits of the past and the present; he is again in their society; he feels the enno-

bling influences of their example; and his mind expands with virtuous and valiant sentiment. As, in well-bred society, we are coerced into corresponding demeanor, so, when we commune frequently with the exalted, whether dead or living, we imbibe their spirit, insensibly become like them, rise in the moral scale, are obliged to be virtuous, and ashamed to be base.

With this object, among others, I have gathered records of the brilliant deeds of the most distinguished of our countrymen. These will show the world what Ireland deserves to be, and it will show Irishmen themselves what they should individually aspire to be. It will awaken their pride, and nourish their principle. With this book for his companion, the Irishman who leaves his native home will be able to discover the numerous interesting evidences of the virtue, talent, and valor of his countrymen, which are to be met with in all parts of Europe and in many parts of America. Should he travel into Scotland, he will find in the Isle of Hy (Iona) a memorial of the piety and philanthropy of St. Columba Kille, who from that spot illumined Caledonia and the north of England in the sixth century, and who left behind him an institution from which the lights of science and religion exclusively beamed for four centuries on the north of Britain. Should he from thence cross the borders into England, he will pass over the remains of that testimony to Irish valor, the great wall built by the Romans to keep out the Irish legions — the only legions in the world that remained unconquered by them. Let him from this memorable spot proceed to visit the old Abbey of Malmesbury, where Maildelphus, the Irish monk, taught the Angles and Saxons Christianity, letters, Latin, and architecture; and when he comes to Oxford, let him survey St. Peter's Chapel, which he will find modeled after Cormac's Chapel, on the rock of Cashel. He will remember, too, that Alfred, who founded, in the ninth century, this college and the constitution of England, received his education and ideas of law and government in Ireland, and appointed Irish professors to instruct his countrymen. Nor ought he to omit to look at their library, where he will see that the *most ancient* manuscripts in it are in the hand-writing of Irishmen.

If he go to London, let him enter Westminster Abbey, and survey with feelings of reverence the everlasting roof of Irish oak which was brought from Ireland in the twelfth century, and which hangs in solemn grandeur over the forgotten dead. He will not leave this place without calling at Grattan's grave, and kissing the sacred stone under which he sleeps. Let him, if he have feeling and ambition, visit the British Museum, for it was founded by his countryman, Sir Hans Sloane; and the Royal Academy of Arts also, for that was founded by his countrymen, Barrett and Barry, whose magnificent historical paintings adorn its walls — paintings which Thomas Campbell declared were equal to Michael Angelo's.



Passing from this, he will admire the parliament-house of England, which was built by his countryman Barry, and adorned in fresco by his countryman McClise. The viewing and remembering these things will rouse his ambition and animate his heart.

Should he pass over into France, there also will he meet, scattered on every side, memorials of his forefathers. At Ligny, within three leagues of Paris, are the ruins of three churches built by his countryman Fridolius, in the sixth century, where the lights of Christianity and learning were opened upon France. In the Irish College of Paris, he will find the original manuscripts of St. Sedulius and others, written in the seventh century, and at Versailles he will find four grand paintings of the battle of Fontenoy, won over the lion of England by his countrymen. He will kneel in the grand hall before the statue of Sarsfield, and vow to struggle for the freedom of the land which gave him birth.

Should he wander through Italy, this book will prove an index to much that will interest an Irishman. The ancient language of that classic soil is still the popular language of Ireland. The most ancient manuscripts in the Vatican are in the hand-writing of Irishmen. He will find that his countrymen Columbanus and Dungal instructed Italy, in the sixth and seventh centuries, in letters and music. He will find the library of the latter missionary preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan. But ere he quits Rome, let him visit the tomb of the great Hugh O'Neill, in the monastery of St. Isidore, and pluck caution and courage from his grave; for by these attributes he once humbled the power of England.

This book will guide him to many an honored or sacred spot in Austria, Switzerland, and other parts of Europe, where his countrymen have left memorials of their virtue, genius, or valor, the recollection of which must inspire him with consanguine attributes. And should his destiny drive him to the new world, he will find even here many noble monuments of a like character. On entering New York, almost the first object that strikes him is the tomb of Thomas A. Emmet; before which the patriot exile will feel an involuntary impulse to kneel and pray. He will think of his brother's blood not yet avenged, and his grave yet undistinguished by a tomb or an epitaph. With these thoughts upon him, he will sigh for his hapless country, and meditate upon the best means to give her freedom. When he passes into the interior, he will visit the farm of Wolfe Tone, in New Jersey, or mayhap the relict of that great man at Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. From thence let him visit Mount Vernon, the tomb of Washington, and honor the memory of him who did justice to that Irish brigade which fought faithfully by his side to the last. Let him then cross the Alleghanies, and observe the traces of Irish genius in the stupendous works which annihilate mountains, invented by Dougherty, and from thence to New Orleans, to

admire the most beautiful architectural pile upon the face of the new world, erected by Gallagher. At this point he will be near the Marathon of modern times, the plain of New Orleans, where the descendants of his countrymen contributed to overthrow the picked and chosen legions of England.

If, after seeing some of these monuments, and reading about the others, he should remain slavishly indifferent to his country's fame and freedom, and to his own pride and character, then, he may rely on it, his nature is bastardized, and he belongs not to Erin.

This book will call up memories of the past and of the absent. It will bring struggling Ireland into the minds of a new and a great race. The more her history is studied, the more her claim upon the sympathies of man will be established and admitted. It was for her dead more than for her living that the nations sympathized with modern Greece, and armed for her emancipation. This effort, the first to combine in one work the history, science, and biography, of Ireland, if properly seconded by her own sons, will do much to engage the minds of the thoughtful and the valiant in her behalf. Every true Irishman will assist in circulating this book, — push its facts and arguments through the press, and have passages from it read aloud in lyceums and reading-rooms. It was not written to aid a party, but to dispel falsehood and establish truth. Every man, who neglects to spread its contents among his neighbors, favors the dominion of calumny and tyranny.

The Irish name has been blackened in America by the pens of calumniators. This book will help to remove the stain. The Irishman in Ireland is prevented, by the libel and sedition laws, from learning the history or the doctrines of freedom. This book will help to enlighten him. Every Irishman in the United States should send one of these books to some friend in Ireland. It will be a welcome gift, and its introduction among the Irish farmers will rouse their ambition and fortify their valor. Every Irishman in the United States, who can afford it should have one of these books to lend to his American neighbors. He should be industrious in circulating it from man to man, until all his American neighbors have read it over. If this be vigorously performed at all points of the Union, one or two years will not pass over ere a new and a powerful sentiment will grow up, in favor of Irishmen and Ireland, which will make the path of the exile pleasant in his adopted country, and contribute to exalt his race and his father-land in the scale of nations.

T. M.

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## APPROBATION.

### *Meeting of the Friends of Ireland in New York.*

A meeting of the Friends of Ireland and of Universal Liberty was held at Washington Hall, Broadway, on the evening of the 1st of May, 1843, the REV. JOHN N. SMITH, pastor of St. James's, in the chair, James Bergen and George D. Dowling secretaries.

The object of the meeting having been very eloquently stated by the reverend chairman, which was called with a view to have the valuable and interesting course of Lectures on Ireland, delivered in the course of the past winter, by Mr. MOONEY, published,—

The reverend gentleman stated that he had heard many of those Lectures delivered, and he considered that if the whole were published in the cheapest possible form, the book would form an excellent auxiliary to our stock of literature; that it would make an excellent school book, which we much wanted, for it was a lamentable fact, that the youth of this country never saw a History of Ireland, simply because there is really no such work, complete, in existence. Even the children of Irish parents forget the blessed and revered land of their forefathers, or learn of it only through the vicious medium of English calumniators. A new era had arrived, public inquiry respecting Ireland had taken wing, and it will not rest now until it flies over the entire history of that interesting but oppressed land. (Cheers.) Mr. MOONEY had given the whole of her splendid history, in a pleasing, graphic, and familiar style, suitable to every taste. He was the first man that did the thing so much required, and he felt it his duty to Ireland and to truth to give the work his heartiest support. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. M'Carran supported the views of the reverend chairman. Letters were received from Messrs. Charles O'Connor, William Denman, Dr. M'Gloin, and other gentlemen, highly approving the object of the meeting.

Mr. Wallace, of Kentucky, also addressed the meeting in laudatory terms of the object it had in view, and moved the following resolutions:—

*Resolved*, That we have witnessed with pleasure the great advantage derived by this community from the *Lectures on Irish History*, delivered by THOMAS MOONEY, Esq., during the past winter, and, feeling it due to Ireland and the United States, that the most extensive circulation should be given to the valuable and interesting matter contained in these important Lectures as a national work, we deem it a duty to request Mr. MOONEY to publish an edition of the same.

*Resolved*, That we, as a committee, not only cheerfully recommend such a publication to every friend of Ireland, and of universal liberty, throughout the United States, but will assist, by all honorable means, in disposing of the work when published.

*Resolved*, That the secretaries of this meeting be empowered to call upon the leading men of this city, and throughout the United States, for such general coöperation as they may be disposed to render.

The following named gentlemen then and subsequently subscribed their names for the work:—

John Power, vicar-general, pastor of St. Peter's, (five copies,)	John M'Keon, M. C., Robert Emmet, Charles O'Conor,	Henry H. Byrne, Henry C. Bowden, Daniel Major,
John N. Smith, pastor of St. James's, (five copies,)	W. J. Macneven, Samuel R. Macneven,	Robert Wilson, C. M. King,
Michael M'Carron, St. James,	John Caldwell, treasurer N. York Repeal Association,	Wm. Francis Clarke, Allanson Nash, 109 Nassau Street,
Wm. Nightengale, pastor of Fiftieth Street Church, (two copies,)	Patrick S. Casserly, Gregory Dillon,	Moses Y. Beach, proprietor of the <i>Sun</i> ,
Alexander Mappeti, Transfiguration Church,	Wm. Denman, Robert Hogan, president	Horace Greely, proprietor of the <i>Tribune</i> ,
Rev. Mr. Murphy, St. Mary's,	Emigrant Society, New York,	Bernard Donnelly, Charles J. Leahy,
Felix Varela, vicar-general, pastor of Transfiguration Church,	Dr. Sweeny, Dr. M'Gloin, Roche Brothers & Co.,	Thomas Scanlan, Robert O'Donovan, Alex. Wells,
John M'Closkey, pastor of St. Joseph's,*	James Shea, John M'Sweeny,	John Brady, Bartholomew O'Conor, secretary
Andrew Byrne, pastor of the Church of the Nativity,	John Augustus Shea, P. H. Bushe,	Repeal Association, James Trute,
Rev. Wm. Quarter, pastor of St. Mary's,	John Colgan, Denis Carolin,	Patrick M'Kenna, Pittsburg,
Rev. Mr. Curran, of St. Paul's, Harlem,	William Wallace, of Kentucky, Timothy Fahy,	James Hurley.

\* Coadjutor bishop of New York.

JAMES BERGEN, }  
GEO. D. DOWLING, } *Secretaries.*

The following correspondence took place : —

*To the Very Rev. JOHN POWER, Vicar-General of New York.*

WASHINGTON HALL, May 4, 1843.

Very Rev. Sir :

As secretaries of a meeting of friends of Ireland, held in this hotel on the first of May, we beg leave, in compliance with the resolutions of that meeting, to enclose your reverence a copy of the same, and to request most respectfully your attention thereto.

The students in the schools of America, and the great public generally, have hitherto been deprived of a correct History of Ireland — one which would acquaint them with the true character of the Irish people, their ancient importance amid the nations, their unequalled efforts for many centuries in propagating Christianity and literature, and the unparalleled succession of ages during which they sustained their national integrity, together with the treachery and butchery by which they were deprived of their freedom.

The American youth, learning the little that is printed of Ireland through the prejudiced histories written by her oppressors, cannot but have conceived a very unfavorable impression of her gallant, industrious, and warm-hearted people. Such, indeed, is the result of those unfair and prejudiced reports, that many amongst the American public have treated individuals from Ireland with unaccountable ill-feeling, which, in very many instances, has tended to impede the progress of enterprising industry, in many of the most important walks of life.

A new era, however, has arrived. Discussions on the claims of Ireland to national independence have brought the character of that nation more directly before the public eye, the result of which is the growth of a more favorable opinion, throughout America, towards Ireland and her people. From these discussions have grown a series of Lectures on Ireland, which have been delivered in the course of the last winter before the New York public, by Mr. THOMAS MOONEY, a gentleman recently arrived from Ireland, whose unceasing exertions for the liberation of his country entitle him to the thanks of every friend of freedom. These Lectures have covered the whole history of Ireland, from the earliest period to the present time, and will, when published, supply that desideratum in American literature so much required.

It is our pleasing duty, Very Rev. Sir, to solicit the honor of your name to the national list of patrons and subscribers of this work; and we are, with respect, your very obedient servants,

JAMES BERGEN, }  
GEO. D. DOWLING, } *Secretaries.*

## A N S W E R

*To James Bergen and George D. Dowling, Esqrs.*

NEW YORK, May 12, 1843.

Gentlemen :

I have received your letter of the 4th instant, with the resolutions passed at a meeting held in Washington Hall, on the 1st instant, recommending the publication of Mr. MOONEY's Lectures on Ireland, as delivered in this city during the past winter.

Of Mr. MOONEY's knowledge of Ireland and of Irish affairs I am fully convinced. Of his great services and labors in her cause since his arrival in this country you yourselves are witness. By his speeches and Lectures we all have been instructed. I therefore, gentlemen, do fully concur in the resolutions, and as a proof of my hearty concurrence, I beg you will set my name down for five copies of the work.

With great esteem, I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Your very faithful servant,

J. POWER, *V. G. of N. Y.*



## ADDRESS

*To the exiled Irishmen resident in the United States, the British Provinces, and in other parts of the world, and to those Irishmen still in bondage in their native country.*

MY COUNTRYMEN: I have performed the laborious task of gathering into one book a tolerably complete history of our country, our greatest men, our immortal music, our ancient language, and our sublime architecture.

This work has cost me several years of study, research, and labor. It is now done. My book is in the hands of the world.

It commences the history of Ireland at a period thirteen hundred years before the Christian era, and continues it to the thirtieth of May, 1845. It embraces an account of all transactions in Irish history most interesting to Irishmen, which have taken place during the long succession of ages comprehended in three thousand two hundred years.

Independent of the historic narrative, which begins at the beginning, and concludes in the present year, glancing at the parallel history of England and Scotland as it proceeds, the book contains the following special features, never before presented in any Irish History.

### THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

FIRST. — A special essay on the antiquity, nature, history, and present condition of the Irish language, with fac-simile specimens of the ancient Phœnician or Coptic character, in that stage when it succeeded symbolic writing; also, fac-simile specimens of the Irish alphabet, and oghams, (secret writing,) and a brief account of the patriotic efforts now being made to revive the language in Ireland.

### IRISH MUSIC.

SECOND. — A special history of Irish music — its remote practice in Ireland — the mode of its original construction — the origin and ancient form of the harp — its cultivation and improvement by the Irish bards — the ancient rules or canons of music which they formed — a fac-simile drawing of ancient musical notes — the time when, and the persons who, introduced the harp music and its laws among the nations of Europe — the general nature of Irish music, and its condition at the present time.

THIRD. — As connected with, and illustrative of, the foregoing, I have introduced

### ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY IRISH MELODIES, (POETRY AND MUSIC COMBINED.)

These melodies are arranged for the piano-forte, violin, flute, or clarionet, and presented as specimens of our ancient and modern composition, embracing every measure, whether of love, sorrow, joy, merriment, war, or patriotism, well calculated to soothe the heart in exile, or to animate it in bondage.

### IRISH POETRY.

FOURTH. — A special essay (historical) on the nature of Irish poetry. Various specimens of versification in the Irish language, with translations, are introduced. It is shown that the Irish bards first invented harmonic versification, and formed the science of dividing time and matter in music, poetry, and prose.

## ARCHITECTURE.

FIFTH. — A special history of Irish architecture, from the early erections of cromleachs and round towers to the building of the Parliament-House in Dublin.

It is proved in this essay, that the sublime style of architecture miscalled Gothic is in fact *Irish*; and the names of the pious architects who introduced that style throughout Europe, with the names of the churches which they erected, are given.

## RELIGION AND LITERATURE.

SIXTH. — The history of the ancient worship of Ireland, and of the introduction of Christianity into that kingdom, with some reflections on its nature — the extensive universities in Ireland — the state of literature at various periods — the establishment of universities by Irish scholars, in the sixth and seventh centuries — the revival, by those pious missionaries, of the learned languages, writing, literature, religion, arts, science, and music, through Europe, after the barbarous violence of Goth, Vandal, and Saxon had subsided.

## THE HISTORIANS.

SEVENTH. — A series of biographical sketches of the ancient and modern historians of Ireland, with accounts of the records which they compiled and the places where these are now deposited, and the best compilations that now exist.

## THE GREAT MEN.

EIGHTH. — A series of abridged biographies of our most distinguished men, from Ollamh Fodhla to O'Connell, comprising two hundred separate "Lives," which include the kings, warriors, writers, saints, bards, and artists who flourished during the ages prior to the English invasion, and those heroic soldiers, patriots, martyrs, poets, musicians, orators, authors, and artists of our country, who shone at intervals, in the gloom of seven centuries of Anglo-Saxon oppression, including those who now live, and surround O'Connell in the heroic struggle for national independence.

## HISTORICAL VIEWS OF OTHER NATIONS.

TENTH. — It affords, through the whole work, continued parallel glimpses of the histories of England, Scotland, and Europe generally, by which the reader may become well informed, as he proceeds, of the revolutions of neighboring nations, from the flood to the present year.

## ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

ELEVENTH. — A comprehensive Alphabetical Index is appended to the work, which will enable the reader easily to refer to the most prominent subjects treated of in its pages.

I have put the whole of this matter into one book. It makes over sixteen hundred and fifty pages.

I believe it will be admitted that this is the most comprehensive History of Ireland that ever was published. I might have spun out ten volumes from the material embodied in this one; but my object is to place in the hands of every Irishman, in the cheapest form, and in one book, an account of all things connected with our country which we value most, by which the splendid history of our race, now for the first time put together since our fall, shall, like the Jewish chronicle, be preserved forever unbroken.

My long residence in Dublin, my long connection with the political agitation of Ireland, and my personal cognizance of matters and men, enable me to narrate, with tolerable accuracy, the transactions of the last twenty important years in Irish history — a period yet uncovered by any other writer.

I have asked no patronage or subscription from any man towards this work. It comes out equally independent of the rich or the poor. In this respect it is more fortunate than many of its predecessors. It speaks truth of the living and the dead — is published in a land of freedom, and speaks in the freeman's tone. I ask you, my countrymen, to assist in its circulation, not as a favor to me, but to us all, — the sons of a persecuted and calumniated land, — for this book will be your vindicator and cheering companion in exile or in bondage.

As to pecuniary profits, I shall have little. Every man acquainted with publishing will tell you this is the cheapest book ever published. The music alone imbodyed in it cannot be purchased for six times its price. Several thousand copies must be sold before the first outlay shall be repaid.

I therefore confidently call on you to assist in the circulation of this book. I suggest the formation of little clubs of subscribers of fives, tens, or twenties, by which the expense of carrying it to a distance will be lessened; and, as a means of dispelling much of that prejudice that exists in this country towards Irishmen, I would suggest that it be loaned to Americans by those who purchase.

I am, my countrymen,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

THOMAS MOONEY.

Boston, *November 1, 1845*



## APPROBATION.

---

[From the Boston Pilot of November 15, 1845.]

### THE HISTORY AND MUSIC OF IRELAND.

WE record to-day the most extraordinary meeting, connected with Ireland, that ever took place in Boston, which was held on Monday evening at the Odeon, Franklin Street, a building capable of holding several thousand persons, to receive Mr. Mooney's new work on the History and Music of Ireland. The building is a vast theatre, consisting of pit, boxes, and three galleries, every part of which was crowded to its uttermost capacity, by the flower of the Irish citizens of this place, including all the clergy of the district, and very many distinguished American citizens.

Amongst those whom we noticed at the meeting were the Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, the Rev. Dr. Manihan, the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Rev. Mr. Goodwin, Rev. Mr. Fitzsimmons, Rev. Mr. M'Mahon, Rev. Mr. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Gibson, Rev. Mr. Hardy, Rev. Mr. O'Beirne, Rev. Mr. Brady, Rev. Mr. M'Grath, Rev. Mr. Dougherty, J. W. James, Esq., W. J. Walsh, Esq., O. A. Brownson, Esq., &c.

Although the doors were opened at six o'clock, yet, for an hour previously, Federal Street was crowded with people waiting for admission, and several thousands went away unable to enter.

A concert of the music in Mr. Mooney's book was then produced, which far surpassed, in melody and execution, any musical entertainment we ever witnessed. The music, selected by Mr. Mooney from the minstrels of Ireland, is undoubtedly the very finest we ever heard, and its execution, by Mr. Michael Mooney, Mrs. Franklin, Mr. Horncastle, Mr. Garcia, Mr. Shaw, Mr. M'Gaughey, Miss Walsh, and Master O'Keefe, was truly delightful, and won from the audience the most rapturous applause. The house was brilliantly lighted; the rich and deep intonation of the organ, when pealing forth the melodious airs of old Ireland, filled our hearts with joy; and the sight and sounds of the harp, the Harp of Erin, surrounded as it was that night by men who are prepared to peril all to emancipate her, called up the memories of Tara and Clontarf, and caused many a noble heart in that building to pant for the freedom of that unhappy land.

When the vast and brilliant auditory were perfectly satiated with melody, Mr. Mooney came upon the platform to call the meeting to order. He was heartily applauded, and, after a few responsive remarks, moved — JOHN WARREN JAMES, Esq. to the chair, and STEPHEN J. ROGERS, Esq., secretary.

MR. MOONEY then said he had called that meeting together to present to his countrymen a History of Ireland. The work had been gathered from at least one hundred different authors, whose writings were inaccessible to the great mass of the public. It was a faithful and a fearless history of the Milesian race, down to the memorable 30th of May, 1845, and would, he hoped, be interesting to every Irishman in existence, whether in exile or bondage, for it was the first time that their history was completely presented by one hand. [Applause.] Many men have died in the attempt to complete this work. He was more fortunate than several others of far greater abilities. He called on them to circulate their history, to lend it to their American neighbors, it will purify the mephitic atmosphere, and will cheer the exile in his path! [Cheers.]

He would now present the book to them through one to whom Irishmen were grateful, one to whom he was deeply obliged. [Applause.]

the people who succeeded them in their beautiful country, absolutely nothing intelligible has come down to us. If their sepulchres exhibit so much greatness, refinement, and dignity, what splendor might be expected in their temples, theatres, public buildings, palaces, and the habitations in which they lived, moved, and acted! These were above ground. Their successors, the Romans, ruthless, ignorant, and barbarous, have obliterated nearly every trace of them, if we except their stupendous architecture, some magnificent specimens of which have, by their magnitude, defied the ruthless efforts of the barbarians, and resisted their puny efforts, while they attributed their erection to supernatural agency. Such has ever been the fate of civilized nations, when conquered by barbarians. The fall of the Roman empire, in turn, produced the "dark ages;" the Anglo-Saxons destroyed all traces of Roman literature in Britain. The hostile disposition exhibited by all barbarous people against civilization and literature, has been very remarkable. Omar, who destroyed the Alexandrian library, was a correct specimen of the ferocious and ignorant barbarian of all ages."

Sir William then quotes from the *Quarterly Review*, 1833, a passage on this nation. "*Etruria is one of the great, and, as yet, unsolved problems of ancient history.*" It is clear that, before the Romans, there existed in Italy a great nation, in a state of advanced civilization, with public buildings of vast magnitude, and works constructed on scientific principles, and of immense solidity, in order to bring the marshy plains of central and northern Italy into regular cultivation. They were a naval and commercial people, to whom tradition assigned the navigation, at one period, of the Mediterranean. Their government seems to have been nearly allied to the Oriental theocracies: religion was the dominant principle, and the ruling aristocracy a sacerdotal order."

He then enters into an elaborate history of this extinct nation, which he justly builds upon the inscriptions on their coins, on their tombs, on their vases, on their bronze mirrors or *specula*, on their tables of bronze, that have been, within the last few years, dug up from beneath the classic earth of Italy, over which the Roman conquerors trod, unconscious, in their efforts to obliterate the memory of this people, of the existence of subterranean evidences which would, in other ages, meet the eye of posterity, and deprive Rome of the honors of originating arts, science, and mythology, which she so zealously and so unjustly strove to assume at the expense of her teachers, the Etrusco-Phœnicians.

This great nation, with its history, was involved in the deepest mystery, until a critical knowledge of the ancient Irish language,

acquired late in life, by Sir William Betham, enabled that profound scholar and antiquarian to perceive, that all their inscriptions, memorials, and devices, WERE WRITTEN IN THE ANCIENT IRISH CHARACTER; and that *through the Irish, and the Irish tongue alone*, could he unlock the hidden history of that polished, illustrious people, who once filled Italy, Gaul, Spain, and Ireland, with memorials of their arts and labor, which still remain, outliving the countless generations of man, that have washed over them as the ocean beats over the lasting rocks of Erin's old promontories.

Sir William gives upwards of fifty plates of accurate drawings of many of their ancient coins, curiosities, weapons, bronze mirrors, together with the literal inscriptions found on the seven *tables of bronze* — inscriptions called by the learned the “Eugubian Tables.” There are several mythological engravings on ancient pieces of metal, which are given, and translated first from the old Etrusco-Phœnician language into modern Irish, and then from the Irish into modern English. In presenting a drawing of a magnificent statue in alabaster, found in one of the ancient vaults of Etruria, Sir William thus writes: —

“Although the number of plates has already exceeded what was contemplated, I cannot resist the temptation of placing in this work one of a recumbent figure of a man, which formed the covering of a sarcophagus, now in the museum at Volterra. It is doubtless a portrait of the deceased, who was, according to the expression of Catullus, a corpulent Etruscan — ‘*obesus Etruscus*.’

“It is not easy to imagine a finer formed head, or a countenance more expressive of a brilliant intellect, a cultivated, well-stored mind, and a benevolent heart, than the one here presented. The ring on his left hand, and the gold chain, or torque, round his neck, declare him a man of high rank. He was a writer, as appears from the volume in his hand. His head is encircled with a wreath of oak leaves; the countenance fills us with bitter regret that the productions of the mind of such a man should be lost forever. How many ages of progressive civilization must have passed away to have produced such a head, and a pencil, or chisel, capable of making it live to our days! Where is the Greek or Roman statue which throws this into the shade, and exhibits a higher style of excellence in art, or one of which any age might be prouder? His very obesity is a proof of civilization. He was a benefactor to his country by his writings: probably his nation, anxious to do him honor, erected this monument to his memory. Anonymous as he is to us, his merits will not be altogether unappreciated; for they caused the

The Rev. Mr. M'MAHON next addressed the meeting in terms highly complimentary to the work, and was followed by W. J. WALSH, Esq., in a most eloquent speech to the same purport; after which the subscription list was commenced.

Mr. O'BRIEN, the president of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society, rose on behalf of that body, to take the first copy, which the society have resolved to forward to Father Mathew. [Loud cheers.]

A stream of subscribers were then supplied, who paid down their money and took away their books. We never saw any thing like the enthusiasm displayed on this occasion. Several hundred copies were cleared away. The immense assemblage then began to separate

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[From the Boston Pilot, November 22.]

## MR. MOONEY'S CONCERTS AND HISTORY.

### CHARLESTOWN.

The Town Hall of Charlestown was filled to the doorway with an enthusiastic auditory on Monday evening, to hear Mr. Mooney's concert. We noticed in the room very many of the American citizens of the place, including the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, Professor Ryder, of Holy Cross College, Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Rev. Mr. Hardy, Rev. Mr. M'Grath, &c.

At the conclusion, the Rev. Mr. O'BRIEN came on the stand, to address the people on the nature and contents of Mr. Mooney's work on the History, Music, Biography, Architecture, and Resources of Ireland. "I love," he said, "music and history. I came here to hear genuine melody, and to recommend to my fellow-citizens a genuine History of the land of my forefathers. [Cheers.] I wish them to take this work, and peruse its facts and statements. If they have prejudice against Ireland, the study of this book will dispel it. Faithful history is, after religion, the most interesting study for the human mind. This History is faithful and true. It is carefully and simply written. It has been perused with deep interest by one who watches over the Catholics of New England with a father's fondness, and I am glad to say that it has his entire approbation. [Cheers.] And I have only to add my own testimony of its value, and my thanks to the author for producing a work that at once reflects credit upon him and upon his country." [Cheers.]

The Rev. Mr. GOODWIN then came upon the stand, and delivered a feeling and eloquent address to the immense auditory, most of whom were his parishioners. We regret we have not full notes of the eloquent addresses of both gentlemen. The following few sentences from Mr. Goodwin will give an idea of his sentiments:—

"My fellow-citizens, I attend here this evening to give expression to my gratitude towards Mr. Mooney, the author of this very important and very faithful work on the history of Ireland. I have not had it in my possession more than a couple of days, but even in that short time I have seen enough to convince me that it is an admirable work, most ably constructed to effect the establishment of truth and liberty. [Applause.] It appears at the first glance to be a bulky volume, but it is in truth a most concise production. There are no waste words nor tedious details, and it really surprises me how the author contrived to compress so much knowledge into one book. It is a history of European civilization for three thousand years, and presents to us Ireland, in every phase, during that long succession of ages, down to the present hour. We have biography, we have architecture, fully and ably traced and developed; and, besides



this, we have upwards of a hundred pieces of the best Irish music, which cannot be purchased in the music stores for less than twice the price of this book. I trust no Irish family will be without this admirable work. I could wish that every American citizen would possess himself of it. It would remove much of that senseless prejudice which exists around us towards our Irish fellow-citizens. I was born within a stone's throw of where I now stand, and was once as full of unjust prejudice towards the Irish people as any around me; but when I came to know them, to study their history and character, my prejudices vanished, and my heart swelled with friendship for so moral, generous, and high-minded a people. [Cheers.] There may be some grounds afforded, by the ill conduct of individuals, for this prejudice; but this ill conduct must not be suffered to tarnish a great nation, that has, in all ages, given saints and missionaries to religion, scholars to literature, genius and talent to the arts, and valiant champions to liberty. [Loud and enthusiastic cheers.] Let this invaluable book, which bears incontrovertible testimony to the fame of Ireland, be widely distributed, and you and your children's children, to the latest generation, will partake of the benefit of the great truths which it proclaims." [Great applause.]

Mr. Mooney then opened the subscription list, when several copies of his work were taken; soon after which the meeting broke up.

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#### ROXBURY.

On Tuesday evening, a similar concert and meeting took place in Roxbury. The Town Hall was crowded to excess by the most numerous and respectable auditory that ever gathered within its capacious walls. The concert was presented in the finest style by the performers.

At the conclusion, the Hon. ISAAC H. WRIGHT came upon the platform, and was very heartily applauded by the assembly. He said his friend, Mr. Mooney, remarked that there was music in his voice, but he thought the music they had just heard before was far better. He was really delighted with this night's entertainment, for it ushered into existence a faithful History of Ireland. This was a work that had long been much wanted. He was proud, as an American citizen, that this great work had been written and published in America. Here was it brought forth, where the press was free, and where the truth can be told; and Mr. Mooney has told the whole truth respecting his native land. No son of that land can do more for its exaltation than he who pens of it an honest and careful history. That work has been performed, by Mr. Mooney, in a manner that reflects the highest credit on his talents, and the highest honor upon his country. It is a monument to his country's fame more lasting than stone or brass, and will survive as long as the language in which it is written. [Applause.] Mr. Mooney has wisely gathered into his work the scattered but beautiful melodies of his native land. This will ever preserve it in the hearts of the people, for the melody of Ireland is found to reach the human heart, and touch its finest sensibilities. It now remains for the people to come forward and sustain this great effort to elevate them. Let it not be said that Mr. Mooney shall, by the very greatness of his labors to exalt his country, fall, and become, like many other men of ability, a beggar for his pains. [Cheers.]

The honorable gentleman then gave his name for the work, and was followed by very many in the meeting, when scores of the History of Ireland were taken.

Mr. SHARKEY said, he was desired by several American citizens to request Mr. Mooney to repeat the concert.

LETTERS FROM THE BISHOPS OF BOSTON AND  
NEW YORK.

Boston, Nov. 24, 1845.

Dear Sir:

I have devoted as much time to the perusal of your excellent History of Ireland as I could well afford from my other occupations, since the receipt of the copy you had the kindness to lay before me. I have, in fact, read enough of it to be able to form a pretty fair estimate of its value; and I unhesitatingly say, that it has given me more information of poor, oppressed Ireland than any book I had ever read before — to say nothing of the exquisite pleasure and delight I derived from its well-written pages. It is truly a great work, and one I shall rejoice to see in the hands of every Irishman, and of every native-born citizen of America. You have indeed labored well and hard for Old Ireland. May all your hopes in her regard be realized, and may you yet live to see her what she ought to be —

“Great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.”

Your obedient servant,

† BENEDICT, *Bishop of Boston.*

THOMAS MOONEY, Esq.

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NEW YORK, Nov. 26, 1845.

Dear Sir:

I received with much satisfaction your voluminous and interesting work on Ireland, which you had the kindness to send to me. I have had time only to glance through it; but I am convinced that it is at once a useful and highly-deserving production.

It is honorable to Ireland that, in a foreign land, there should be found both zeal and talent sufficient to accomplish it, and also, as I hope, patronage enough to warrant the undertaking, and to remunerate the labor and research necessary for its accomplishment.

I return you my thanks for the copy you were good enough to send me; and

I remain, with great respect,

Your obedient servant in Christ,

† JOHN, *Bishop of New York.*

THOMAS MOONEY, Esq., Boston.

## LETTER FROM ROBERT EMMET, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1845.

THOMAS MOONEY, Esq.

Dear Sir :

I owe you an apology for having so long deferred acknowledging the receipt of the copy of your work on Ireland, which you so kindly sent me, and your letter accompanying it. I can only say that, since I received it, I have, with few intervals, been laid up with attacks of rheumatism, which have prevented me from attending to business or using my pen in any way. I am happy to say, however, that I am almost restored ; and one of the first uses I make of my returning strength is to express to you the grateful sense which I feel at your kindness and attention.

During my confinement to my room, I have derived great pleasure and much instruction from your book ; and *I do not hesitate to say that the useful information it contains, its correct and patriotic views, and the mode you have adopted for the arrangement of its contents, make it one of the most interesting historical compilations I ever met with.*

As an Irishman, I feel grateful to you for so successful an effort to place the history and character of our country in their true light ; and I sincerely hope, as I fully believe, that your exertions will not go unrewarded. Every man who has Irish blood in his veins should be the possessor of your book ; and I wish you no smaller measure of reward than that, and a continuance of health to enjoy it.

Believe me, sincerely,

Your friend,

ROBERT EMMET.

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# LECTURE I.

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## SECTION I.

Reasons for delivering these Lectures.—Ignorance respecting Ireland prevailing in America.—Reasons.—Policy of Britain to defame Ireland, and suppress her History.—American Literature derived from England.—Opinions of Warner and Sir James Mackintosh on the Antiquity of Irish Literature and Laws.

My first duty is to acquaint you with the reasons which induce me to deliver before the American public a course of Lectures on the History of Ireland. I have travelled over a large surface of this great country within the last three years; I have attended many public meetings of American citizens, who assembled, during that time, to sympathize with Ireland, in her struggle for a nation's rights. I have had the honor and pleasure, at those meetings, to explain the true relations that existed between Ireland and England; and to explain the nature of that momentous measure, termed "**REPEAL**," which the Irish people are now seeking to achieve.

In the course of these addresses, I brought before the attention of innumerable meetings of American citizens, views of Irish history—facts important to her cause, that all should know; and it surprised me not a little to find that much of what I stated appeared *new* to the great public, even to the reading and reflecting classes of this Union.

Meditating on this deplorable ignorance of Ireland's history, which I found very generally existing, I endeavored to account for it to myself. I found, in the public schools and libraries of America, the histories of Greece, Rome, France, Spain, England, and Scotland; but I found no history of Ireland. The Americans, speaking the English language, derive their literature from English books; and all that they have known of Irish history, they derived from the prejudiced, prostitute pens of British writers.

The policy of Britain, since her first invasion of Ireland, in 1169, has

ever been to disparage the fair character of her sister isle; to darken it before the nations of the earth; to hold the country up to each new generation as disentitled to national rights, national honor, national fame; to pay dishonest writers for discrediting its glorious history of civilization, independence, and government, which commenced a thousand years before England herself had emerged from a state of barbarism, or slavish subjection to pagan Rome.

Those English writers of Irish history, beginning with *Giraldus Cumbrensis*, who, first of his class, commenced to defame Ireland, at the instigation of the British king, Henry the Second, immediately after the invasion of Ireland by that monarch, have continued their calumnies, age after age, with the regularity of a well-organized system, to the last living libellers of the London press, (the *Times* and the *Standard*,) who pile up calumny upon calumny on their victim, with surprising effrontery, even in this enlightened age.

These calumnies, uttered with the same unblushing confidence in the past ages as in the present, have always been quoted by writer after writer, on the English side, the falsehoods of one generation serving for texts to the generation succeeding. Every reign, every English ministry, has brought forth its swarm of revilers, who have stood, as it were, on the banks of Time, casting their filth and their poison into the stream of its history; who have generated in the minds of the youth of their own country terrible prejudices against their Irish brethren, teaching and training them to oppress that inoffensive nation—a nation that, for many ages, had been their faithful, their unconquerable, their victorious ally against the overwhelming power of pagan Rome.

In addition to this perfected system of calumny, which seems as if it never were to end, the English invaders, in every age, have made it their special object to destroy every valuable record, which they could lay their hands upon, of Ireland's ages of independence, of government, of laws, of literature, poetry, and music.

I shall show, as I proceed, when, and where, and by whom, were those libraries of Ireland's glory destroyed—libraries that took ages to accumulate, in which were carefully registered the deeds of the kings, and princes, and lawgivers, of "Temora" (Tara) for upwards of two THOUSAND YEARS; who, unconquered by invaders, and undisturbed in succession, preserved the national independence of the great Irish race for a duration longer than ANY nation, ancient or modern, can boast of.

But these Vandals from Britain did not destroy only the records of Irish arts, sciences, fame, and glory, but destroyed, in the promiscuous



outrage, innumerable records, and most valuable historical fragments (which were deposited, in the course of time, in the Irish colleges) of Egypt, of Phœnicia, of the Scythians and Celts, from which nations the early settlers in Ireland were descended.

Many fragments of Grecian and Roman literature, which constitute the code of classics, were found amongst the few volumes of Ireland's own history, which the devotees of knowledge tried to preserve and secrete during the ages of persecution. The world is indebted to the order of Benedictine monks for almost ALL we have of ancient history, of Grecian or Roman literature. These good men gathered, in every age, such fragments of the world's history as had escaped the unlettered, but conquering hordes of the north of Europe—a race which looked on knowledge, and on letters, as their greatest enemies.

When all Europe, in the fifth and sixth centuries, was convulsed with struggles between the decaying power of Rome and her resisting vassals,—when those nations, which she had enslaved by her arms, and oppressed by her aristocracy, uprose against her sway, and demolished, by a mighty convulsion, her Western Empire,—the peaceful, studious, contemplative inquirers after nature's mysteries were driven from their academic abodes in western Europe, and very many of them fled for refuge to IRELAND.

For this there existed a very natural cause. Ireland had maintained her independence against the arms of Rome during the whole of her six or seven centuries of conquest. Though Britain, Gaul, Spain, Greece, and all the nations of the East, submitted to that rule, Ireland alone, amongst them all, remained independent; presenting to the eyes of posterity a splendid oasis of freedom amidst the universal desolation of slavery. Her schools and colleges, sustained by national grants, and cherished by national hospitality, offered sanctuaries to the learned of Europe, who fled thither from the surrounding scenes of tumult and slaughter, carrying with them such valuable fragments as they could secure of the intellectual industry of previous generations.

The innumerable monasteries which were instituted in Ireland soon after the establishment of Christianity there, in the beginning of the fifth century, attracted the “Brothers of St. Benedict,” a society, the first of the kind in the world, which originated in Italy, and extended its branches through the European continent, and to Ireland. These Brothers, I say, seemed to be the only executors of ancient literature. They gathered it; they protected it; and little indeed is the world aware of the obligations it owes to those industrious ecclesias-

tics, or to that nation which offered them and their priceless gatherings a safe and welcome sanctuary, when they were driven from every other.

Ireland having been the chief seat, in the west, of literature and laws, even in the Druid ages, the early accumulations, age after age, must have swelled to immense dimensions, previous to the European convulsions in the fifth and sixth centuries. But, when we estimate the quantity of books, documents, and records, which the literary refugees carried with them into Ireland, during that convulsion, and when we add them to those already gathered there, we can then conceive some measure of the criminality of those British invaders, one of whose objects, for *many centuries*, seemed to be the destruction of *every work of literature* found in that ill-fated country.

I shall show, when I come to the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, the Charleses, Cromwell, that cartloads of the most ancient and most valued works were taken from the shelves of the religious libraries, brought out, and burned at the doors of those tenements which St. PATRICK and his successors erected, within whose venerable piles ALFRED and his Saxon countrymen, for many ages, received their gratuitous education.

But, though ages of fanatical persecution destroyed much that we should value, yet enough was saved to show what our nation was in her lengthened career of independence. The literary and religious refugees who fled from British violence, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to the Continent, carried with them more than enough of material to furnish the world with a more accurate history of Ireland than **ANY OTHER NATION CAN BOAST OF.**

And what must gratify you and me very much, is the fact, that, notwithstanding the corruption and tyranny practised by each succeeding British ministry towards Ireland; notwithstanding the promotion and rewards which awaited every lying historian; notwithstanding the persecution which every literary man, who dared to print the truth, from Molyneux to Plowden, experienced at the hands of guilty power, — yet there have been found Englishmen and Scotchmen, who, in the face of all, in the teeth of national pride and ministerial power, have clung to the proud, the lasting standard of eternal truth, have explored the streams of History to their obscure source, have traced them honestly for three thousand years of time, and have honestly admitted the ancient power and glory of Ireland.

How great must our gratitude be towards men so just and so fearless! Say, how much of the crimes of England towards Ireland is washed

away by the virtues of the few honest writers on Irish history, who have, in latter times, appeared amongst her sons. Amongst these I shall quote from Betham, Colonel Vallancey, Dr. Warner, Plowden, Lingard, and Cobbett; and amongst the writers of Scottish birth, Sir James Mackintosh, the ornament of English literature; and the Abbé M'Geoghegan amongst the French. Among the Irish writers, I will draw on the rich stores put together by O'Connor, O'Halloran, O'Connell, Keating, Mac Dermott, Pepper, Moore, Wyse, Barrington, O'Callaghan, Battersby, Madden, &c. From some of the surviving patriots of '98 I have collected unpublished material. From two of the above historians I present, at the outset, a couple of extracts, merely to indicate the nature of the important history which I have undertaken to develop.

Dr. Warner says, "Will any critic in this country [England] any longer confidently assert that the Irish had not the use of letters till after the arrival of St. Patrick, and the conversion of the island to Christianity? Ought we Englishmen not rather take shame to ourselves that we have hitherto always treated that ancient gallant people with such illiberal contempt, WHO HAD THE START OF THE BRITONS FOR MANY AGES, IN ARTS AND SCIENCES, IN LEARNING AND LAWS?"

Sir James Mackintosh says, "The Chronicles of Ireland, written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published, with the fullest evidences of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of many of their favorite legends by this authentic publication, are yet enabled by it to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other nation possesses, in its present spoken language. Indeed, no other nation possesses any monument of its literature, which goes back within several centuries of the beginning of those Chronicles. Some of Dr. O'Connor's hearers may hesitate to admit the degree of culture and prosperity he claims for his country; but no one, I think, can deny, after perusing his proofs, that 'THE IRISH WERE A LETTERED PEOPLE WHILE THE SAXONS WERE STILL IMMERSSED IN DARKNESS AND IGNORANCE.'"

If Ireland, then, be, and have been, what these great men admit, ought we not to feel humbled at finding her history so little known? to find her name not only blotted from the political map of the world, but fraudulently excluded from the commonwealth of the world's literature? And, as we are vigorously struggling in the sublime effort to restore her political position amid the nations, so ought we to struggle vigorously

to reëstablish her in her ancient relations with the literature and science of enlightened man.

While I feel strongly that this ought to be done, I also feel that I am incompetent to impart to the work I undertake those features of style and diction which would increase its interest, and secure for the nation to which I belong a reasonable share of honor. I feel this thoroughly, and I express it unaffectedly; yet I also mourn the ignorance that prevails in this great country, in relation to Ireland; and, clumsy though my hand may be, and untutored my pen and tongue, I will avail myself of the opportunity and the means that even *I* possess, to place before the American public a general digest of Ireland's history, from the beginning of her ages of civilization and government to the present time.

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## SECTION II.

Policy of British Writers.—Dr. Johnson's Letter.—Discovery of a Key to the Egyptian Inscriptions.—Rosetta Stone.—The Deluge.—Noah.—Settlement of Egypt by the Children of Ham.—Origin of Writing.—Instinct in Insects and Quadrupeds.—Symbolic Writing.—Irish Language constructed on the Sounds of Nature.—Ancient Egyptian Government.—Egyptian Priesthood.—The Pharaohs or Kings of Egypt.—Pyramids.—Brick-making.—Mummies.—Manufactures of Egypt.—Its Architecture.—Metre.—Calendar.—Art and Science.—Libraries.—Histories.—Fathers of History.

THE majority of British writers have left no effort untried to discredit the early history of Ireland. The laborious records of the ancient Irish historians they have treated as bardic rhapsodies, because their authors claimed for their country a high degree of perfection in government, arts, literature, manufactures, music, civilization, and social refinement.

When the knowledge of any art, or law, which moderns value, was attributed to ancient Ireland, the British calumniators seized on the proposition, and held it up to derision, as an absurdity. "Observe," they would say, "the Irish claim the merit of knowing the principles of masonry and building three thousand years ago; of working in metals, of manufacturing textile fabrics, of understanding mathematics and astronomy,—though we know those various branches of human knowledge were the inventions of modern ages." Arguments of this kind take well with admirers exclusively of modern art and civilization;



for self-love is gratified, and self-importance swelled by their admission. Those who would disturb theories so fashionable, have rather an uphill work to perform.

The celebrated Dr. Johnson, the great standard authority on the English language, deplored, frequently, the little that was known of ancient Ireland by his countrymen. Some of his letters, of dates 1755, 1777, to Dr. O'Connor, of Bealenagar, the Irish historian, have been recently published by Sir William Betham, Ulster king at arms in Ireland, in his very able work on the ancient Celtæ, &c., now before me. The following extracts from one of those letters is seasonable: —

“What the Irish language is in itself, and to what language it has affinity, are very interesting questions, which every man wishes to see resolved, that has any philological or historical curiosity. *Dr. Leland begins his History too late.* [Leland, who was a renegade Irishman of that age, commenced his History of Ireland from the beginning of her connection with Britain.] The ages which deserve an exact inquiry are those — *for such there were* — WHEN IRELAND WAS THE SCHOOL OF THE WEST, THE QUIET HABITATION OF SANCTITY AND LITERATURE. If you could give a history, though imperfect, of the Irish nation from its conversion to Christianity to the invasion from England, you would amplify knowledge with new views and new objects. Set about it, therefore, if you can. Do what you can easily do without anxious exactness. Lay the foundation, and leave the superstructure to posterity.

“I am, sir, your humble servant,

“SAMUEL JOHNSON.

“May 19, 1777.”

Considerations such as these, so eloquently expressed by the great Dr. Johnson, ought to induce *us* to look into the ancient history of a race which was, for many ages, the “teachers of the west,” and should excuse me for carrying you back to ages of the world far more remote than the arrival of the Phœnicio-Milesian settlers in Ireland, to the times, indeed, of Moses, of Abraham, and of Noah, for the purpose of proving the reality of that remote civilization, which Ireland inherited from a long line of illustrious ancestors, whose Irish descendants, in every age, passionately cultivated the literature bequeathed to them.

The recent discoveries made in the hieroglyphic systems of the ancient Egyptians, and in the tombs of ancient Etruria, place within *our* reach that knowledge of the primeval ages which was denied to the Greeks

and Romans ; viz., a knowledge of ancient Egypt, Phœnicia, Etruria, &c. ; of the invention and advancement of art amongst those singularly great nations. In the days of Herodotus, Josephus, Pliny, and other fathers of history, who wrote about two thousand years ago, Egypt had, even then, been almost forgotten, and would have been completely so, had it not been for her everlasting monuments of art. All the decipherers of the symbolic memorials had long, long been gathered to the catacombs of the embalmed dead, and little remained to attest their former grandeur and power, but their wonderful pyramids, and their mysterious inscriptions, which no living man, for many ages, could decipher.

To ancient Greece and Rome, Egypt and Phœnicia were lands to be plundered, not exalted ; lands whose wisdom and glory dimmed their own ; lands to be forgotten, not recorded. Both those nations, in turn, plundered Egypt, Phœnicia, and Etruria. Both possessed themselves of their arts, sciences, laws, and religious mysteries, and boldly assumed them as their own. What England was, and is, to Ireland, Greece and Rome were to Egypt and Phœnicia — plunderers of their territory and science, and libellers of their name.

But Providence brought to light the means of opening the sealed tablets of the Egyptians and the entombed treasures of the Phœnicians. We shall first dwell on ancient Egypt.

In the year 1797, some engineers of the French army were excavating, for the foundations of a fort, near the ancient Egyptian city of Rosetta, in the district known as the *Delta*, through which the Nile discharges its waters into the Mediterranean Sea. At several feet below the surface, they discovered, in the sandy earth, an oblong slab of black basalt stone, about three feet by two and a half, which was covered with writing and symbolic characters. When the French were captured by the British at Alexandria, this stone was given up to their commander, carried to London, and there attracted the attention of the antiquaries of the world. It was found to consist of a triplicate memorial of the coronation and proclamation of an Egyptian king or Pharaoh, who flourished one hundred and ninety-six years before the Christian era.

The first record of the event is in hieroglyphics or symbols, used in the mysterious system of the Egyptian priesthood ; the second memorial is in the *Demotic*, or *Encorial*, which was the language of the common people of Egypt ; and the third memorial is in the Greek language. The latter purports to be a translation of the two preceding

memorials, proving, for the first time, to the satisfaction of all men, that the symbolic characters found on the old monuments of Egypt are, in fact, *written records*. Great exertions were made by the learned of Europe to find a key to decipher these interesting symbols, which had remained sealed history to the most learned of mankind for better than two thousand years.

At length the task was accomplished by the learned French antiquary, *M. Champollion le Jeune*, who, in conjunction with Dr. Young and some other learned and scientific inquirers, hit upon a complete key for deciphering the monumental records of ancient Egypt; the consequence of which has been, that a series of reports have been read before the French Institute, and published to the world, with diagrams, explanations, maps, and illustrative drawings, which present to the eye of the scholar a new and magnificent historical superstructure. Proud may the Irishman feel at this singular result, for it confirms the truthful historians of his own country, who lived and recorded her glorious attributes two thousand years ago. From some of the voluminous publications on ancient Egypt, recently made by the learned, I have condensed into a brief narrative the progress of civilization, as conducted by two of the chief communities of ancient times, who flourished for unnumbered centuries after the deluge.

The original traditions of every nation acknowledge and attest that the world was destroyed by a deluge; one family, only, consisting of eight persons, having been preserved. The *time* when this event happened is variously dated by the traditions and histories of the numerous primary tribes into which mankind was divided long subsequent to that event. The *name* of the head of the favored family, thus preserved from all creation, is differently pronounced by the descendants of these primary nations. The Hebrew chronicles and the Christian pronounce it *Noah*.

*Noah* remained on the earth, after the deluge, three hundred and fifty years. He was lord of the whole earth. His three sons, *Shem*, *Ham*, and *Japheth*, had bestowed on them, by their father, the most fertile regions of the east. *Ham*, and his son, *Mizraim*, with their families, proceeded from the banks of the Euphrates, in Asia, to the valley of the Nile, during the lifetime of *Noah*. That region was bestowed on them by the patriarch, as their inheritance. Egypt was called by the Egyptians *Khem*, or *Kah*, the "Land of *Ham*." Such is the translation of symbols on the old monuments.

*Shem* and *Ham*, two of the sons of *Noah*, were twins. "Shem"

means "fair twin;" "Ham" means "swarthy twin." Though the term *Ham* means *swarthy*, in no ancient language does it mean *black*. In Ps. xxviii. 51, Egypt is designated the "*tabernacle of Ham*."

*Canaan* was the person cursed by Noah; he was the fourth son of Ham; he was a white man, yet his posterity did not become black: they are a white race. The offspring of the fair twin "*Shem*" were Israelites. They were called "*shems*," or "*strangers*," in Egypt. *Mizraim*, the son of Ham, was a *Caucasian*, in physical conformation; that is, well proportioned in the make of the head, with sharp features. The Caucasian race, by their physical and mental superiority, extended, in after ages, their dominion over the surrounding nations. The records of the contemporary nations, which grew up from Noah's family, have nearly all perished. Little is *certainly* known of the ancient history of the Hindoos, Chinese, Assyrians, Persians, &c. &c.

Egypt stands, like her enduring pyramids, almost the sole standard for the history of man, from the destruction of the earth by the deluge to the present time. Amongst the first settlements on the banks of the River Nile, we recognize THEBES as the earliest gathering of people which comes up to our idea of a CITY. Thebes was the first city built by *Mizraim* and his successors. It was, no doubt, like all other cities in their commencement, a mere village. It was built on the banks of the Nile, about one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty miles from its discharging mouths into the Mediterranean Sea. The city of Thebes was for many ages considered, by all the tribes and nations surrounding, the centre of knowledge, religious mysteries, arts, science, and celestial light. The *Sanconiathon*, the great Phœnician book, kept in Tyre, as well as other ancient works, Hebrew and Phœnician, record that the use of letters was either invented or restored by a descendant of *Mizraim*, named *Thaat*, or *Thoth*. By others this individual (*Thoth*) is considered to be *Phœneas*, or one skilled in the science of *sounds*. Mr. Gliddon, the eminent Egyptian hierologist, thinks that writing, either by symbols or letters, was known to the inhabitants of the earth before the flood. There is no good reason to doubt the proposition. When we know that animals and insects, of all sorts, are secretly directed in their operations, by the unseen hand of the Creator, by that law which we term *intuition*, or *instinct*, to perform for themselves those acts of provision and protection which surprise us; when we observe the precise and correct *geometrical* skill displayed by the spider, who weaves his nets, to catch his food, with much more exactitude than the most expert and instructed fisherman or net manufacturer; when we



study the labors of the bee, the wisdom, forethought, and *science*, displayed by that wonderful creation of God, — how humbled do we rise from the contemplation! Whether we remark on the *wisdom* which, in the summer, provides food for winter; the *forethought* to erect a suitable habitation to protect itself and young against cold; the *mathematical science* evidenced in the erection of those habitations and storehouses; the conservative sense displayed in the erection of *guards*, to keep pillaging insects from entering their front apertures, or outer doors, — we feel that the magnificent social economy, practised by this insect, cannot be dictated by self-will, self-culture, or *instruction* derived from any quarter.

In the construction of the honey-comb, one of the highest principles of mathematics is strictly observed. The principle is called *maxima* and *minima*. This problem had long been unsettled by the most learned mathematicians. The celebrated M'Claurin, a disciple of Newton, by a fluxionary calculation, at length solved the problem, and determined the proportions of a certain angle; and he found, by the most exact measurement the subject could admit of, that it is the *very angle* in which the three planes in the bottom of the cell of a honey-comb do actually meet. To call this extraordinary knowledge by the name of *intuition*, or *instinct*, as we generally do, fails to convey the true definition. We should call it DIVINE TEACHING. When, therefore, the inferior portion of animated nature evidences the eternal presence of a divine Creator, and a divine *Teacher*, is it to be maintained for a moment, that man, the chief work of his hand, should be denied those advantages conferred on insects and quadrupeds? That man was blessed at different periods, before and since the deluge, with divine revelations for his guidance in this world, is attested by Scripture.

Returning, however, to the early science manifested by the ancients, we find the art of indicating ideas by man to man, through signs and symbols, was very early known to the Egyptians. The first mode established was *pictorial* marks. The figure of a man expressed an idea. The varied positions, attitudes, and postures, of the man represented variations of the idea, or separate ideas. Parts of the human body also denoted *thoughts* and *ideas*; and so of figures of quadrupeds, fishes, birds, trees, mountains, &c. The creations of nature were thus used by the early scribes and linguists, as the medium of indicating their thoughts.

The writers of this symbolic character began at the top of a page or a monument, and carried the subject downwards. Square obelisks of hewn

stone, of about seventy to ninety feet high, were erected by the early kings of Egypt in front of their pyramids, on which, beginning at the top, were recorded, in symbol, the events of their reigns. Then there were different sets of natural objects, which were used at discretion, to represent the same set of ideas.

When the ideas to be entabled were of a sublime, celestial, noble, chivalrous, heroic character, the most noble animals and the grandest objects of creation were used in the symbolic alphabet. When they were of an opposite character,—when scorn, contempt, or hatred, were to be imbodyed,—the meanest, most loathsome reptiles were figured. The Egyptian scribes were expert at this kind of writing, and are said to have been able to indite as quickly as a man could speak.

In the progress of the art, for greater expedition, parts only of the human body, and parts of other animals, birds, trees, fishes, &c., were used, the suppressed portion being *understood*; and thus an alphabet of curves, angles, and lines, came into use, perfectly well understood by the people of those primeval ages.

Different branches of the human family used different marks to make up their alphabet; and hence that variation which we see in the writing of the several nations of the earth. Symbolic writing, after being used for two thousand five hundred years, ceased generally in Egypt about three hundred years before Christ.

In the same way was language; or the sounds of the human voice, used to express human thoughts or ideas. The voices of animals and birds, as well as men, were, by the ancients, called into requisition to form a dialect. The higher we mount up to the source of language, the more imitative of nature shall we find the expression of ideas. Thus, in Egypt, says Gliddon,

The name of an Ass	was	<i>Yò</i> , from his <i>bray</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Lion	“	<i>Moòee</i> , from his <i>roar</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Cow	“	<i>E’he</i> , from her <i>low</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Frog	“	<i>Croor</i> , from his <i>croak</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Cat	“	<i>Chàoo</i> , from her <i>mew</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Pig	“	<i>Rurr</i> , from his <i>grunt</i> ;
“ “ “ “ Serpent	“	<i>Hoff</i> , from its <i>hiss</i> .

There are very many other words traced to the cries and chiruping of birds; but there is enough in the above example to explain the simple roots of language. The Irish language, of which I shall have much more to say hereafter, was constructed upon the same principles, in very remote ages, by a branch of the Egyptian family called *Phæ-*

*ancients*, for which reason, it is the most expressive of *any* known language. No language can so powerfully express the varied sensations of adoration, joy, grief, love, anger, merriment, scorn, contempt, as the Irish. But to return.

The form of government first instituted by the Egyptians was a *hierarchy*, or government of the sacred priesthood. A religious pontificate was established at Thebes. The system of discipline established among them was complex and matured. Its leading characteristics were political forethought, intellectual discrimination, equity, and morality. It extended the dominion of Egypt over the nations that surrounded it. In process of time the civil power of the Egyptian priesthood was struck down by the usurping arm of a military chieftain, and then commenced the reign of the kings, or "Pharaohs."

But the moral power of the priesthood over the *mind* remained and endured, owing to its intrinsic utility to the happiness of man, for three thousand years; and yielded only at last to the superiority and divine strength of the Christian system. What the *form* of that religion was, which thus held sway for so long a period, it is not my province to describe. Its general principles, however, may be glanced at. They were, a belief in a divine Author, or Origin; the sun being the visible manifestation of that Supreme Being, which they worshipped by offerings of sacrifice: they believed in the immortality of the soul; in a future state; in judgment, rewards, and punishments; in a general resurrection; and also, that the soul, on the death of the body, passed immediately into some other animal, — bird, fish, or insect, — according to the "judgment" of *Isis* and *Osiris*, (male and female deities,) in which it existed for a certain period, passing from stage to stage, to either final bliss or final suffering, or extinction.

A system of celestial adoration and belief, which enabled an enduring hierarchy to hold subordinate, for three thousand years, the wild passions of a warlike and powerful people, such as the Egyptians once were, and which continued its sway, after their fall, in spite of foreign invasions, and even ages of slavish submission to the conqueror, cannot be viewed by the most Christian man with any other feelings than those of wonder and respect. When we know the powerful hold it had on the mind of the Eastern nations, we are not surprised at the zeal displayed by the early Christians in obliterating the literature in which its mysteries were so thoroughly interwoven. The same zeal was displayed by St. Patrick in Ireland, who, with his own hands, burnt several hundred volumes of Druid literature, consisting principally of

poetry, which was so fascinating in its conception and measure, yet so impregnated with Druid rites and doctrines, that the apostle deemed its existence dangerous to the Christian doctrine he had just promulgated.

The first rulers of Egypt were the priests. They united in their persons sacred and temporal authority. This form of government is called a *theocracy*. The ministers of religion were also ministers of science and knowledge, uniting in their persons two of the most influential missions with which man can be invested — the worship of the Deity and the cultivation of the human intellect.

This theocracy was necessarily despotic ; and, in the progress of the nation, a military power was created to support the government.

Society was then divided into three classes — the *priests*, the *military*, and the *people*. A rivalry soon sprang up between the first two. The physical power being in the hands of the military, a military chieftain — a soldier of fortune — seized the sceptre of dominion, established a royal government, and made the throne hereditary in his line of descendants, through a long future.

This first PHARAOK (a term which meant *king*) is known as *Menes*. He began his reign as king of Upper and Lower Egypt about two thousand five hundred years before Christ. That the Egyptians, under their Pharaohs, became a mighty nation, and held that position for unnumbered ages, is well attested. Egypt held subject to her sway, at one period, Palestine, Syria, Arabia, Assyria, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Libya, Barbary, and other remote nations, in tribute or in bondage. From the Old Testament, or from profane history, we could derive only a limited or partial view of the true greatness of the Pharaohs ; and the present race of Egyptians are themselves totally ignorant of events to them so momentous.

“But when,” says Gliddon, “we are enabled, through the discoveries of hieroglyphical science, to read, translate, and understand the legends still sculptured on Egypt’s vast monuments, and decipher the written pages of her crumbling papyri, we are enabled to bring forward her history a speaking witness of her glory.”

The first objects in Egyptian prowess which attract the attention of the reflective, are those stupendous monuments of human labor and skill, the pyramids. Properly have they been described “one of the wonders of the world.” They are strewn along the banks of the Nile, from Memphis back to the junction of the white and blue forks of that great river, at Meroe, covering a line of fifteen hundred miles. They are so numerous, that if placed, as lighthouses, ten miles apart, they



would be sufficient to surround the whole coast of North and South America, and still leave a heavy balance. And yet each of these monuments seems, to our eyes and senses, as if it were the work of an entire nation for many years.

And, more singular still, the stones used in their erection were all taken from one quarry,—in the mountains known as the “Libyan chain,”—carried in boats against the current of the river, in some instances seven or eight hundred, or a thousand miles; squared, cut, chiseled, and then raised to altitudes, varying with the size of the erection, from ninety to four hundred and fifty feet. Calculations have been made, by the learned, as to the number of tons’ weight of stone which were used in the erection of those extraordinary piles.

One of the largest, at *Memphis*, a very ancient city of Egypt, is thus measured: Height, four hundred and fifty feet; square feet at the base, seven hundred and forty-six feet; cubic feet of masonry, thirty-two millions and twenty-eight thousand feet; tons’ weight of stone, six millions eight hundred and forty-eight thousand, of good limestone, cut into blocks varying from two to five feet square; and the pile covered thirteen acres of surface. The pyramids which stand along the valley of the Nile are of various sizes. The total number (including those in Ethiopia, a remote region of Upper Egypt) has never yet been accurately given. About one hundred and eighty have been numbered; many have been measured. Some are built entirely of stone; and so accurate and so exact have been these ancient people in their great works, that the names of their kings, and the dates of their erection, have been chiseled into the stones, in the symbolic character of the time. And further; duplicate marks have been cut into the quarry bed from whence the stones were excavated.

Some of the largest pyramids were built of sun-burnt brick, made of the alluvial mud washed down in the waters of the Nile, in a journey of four thousand miles from the interior of Southern Africa. (The source of this river no white man, save Bruce, has ever yet explored.)

Brick-making, in ancient Egypt, was a business which employed great numbers of the people. The artificial soil, deposited annually over the Egyptian valley by the periodical overflowing and subsiding of that singular river, the Nile, has ever enabled the people to raise abundance of grain without much labor. And the kings and priests, observing the danger of permitting the people to simmer in idleness, employed them in making bricks, quarrying stone, and erecting those huge, everlasting monuments of their existence, which still remain, and probably will

during the full period assigned to the earth itself. Each of those pyramids was erected to receive the remains of a king and his family, and perpetuate his name to future generations. Within each there is found a chamber, or chambers, for the dead.

The sun-burnt brick, made from the alluvial deposit of the Nile, seems to be of eternal endurance. Some of the pyramids are built altogether of that material, bound by a cement mortar, the component parts of which are now unknown. It was the custom of each Pharaoh to commence his pyramid at the commencement of his reign, marking the brick, while in process of manufacture, or the stone, with his name and degree, and to continue to heap layer upon layer, according to true mathematical principles, until a square pyramid arose before his own eyes, which was to perpetuate his name and deeds to posterity. The great object of the Pharaohs appears to have been to excel each other in the size of their pyramids. Hence the labor not only of their own people, but of all the nations they conquered, was called in to aid in the erection of those stupendous works.

As mausoleums of the dead, these pyramids present other features calculated to awaken our wonder. The process of embalming, and the materials used in the process, have long since become a mystery to the most scientific of modern men. Since the French possessed themselves of Egypt, about forty-five years ago, and forced open the ancient shrines to the inquiring eyes of science, thousands of embalmed bodies have been brought to Europe, which had been preserved, — flesh, bones, and muscles, — by the process of embalming, for full four thousand years. And the travellers of the present day assure us there are yet millions of these preserved bodies within the pyramids and mausoleums of Egypt.

Mr. Gliddon exhibited a set of earthen jars, four in number, as specimens of those found in sets nearly alongside every embalmed body. These jars contained the heart, liver, and intestines, of the deceased, which were drawn out preparatory to the body being embalmed: a composition of pitch, lime, and some other ingredients, was then introduced into the disemboweled body. It was next swathed in pitched linen or cotton cloth, from the head down around the feet, in interminable folds. Between each layer there was introduced a hot liquid, of a pitchy compound, which completely bound together the outside coatings, and rendered the body within impervious to air or moisture. This art is now totally unknown.

But what surprises us still more, is the degree of refinement and

excellence which their woven textile fabrics, whether of linen or cotton, found around those venerable mummies, plainly indicate.

The microscope has been applied to the material of those shroudings, to ascertain whether the thread was spun from cotton or from flax; but the most accurate and scientific observers could not decide, some alleging them to be from a cotton, others from a flaxen fibre. That the art of spinning and weaving, in its advanced stage, was well known to those ancients, is proved, by their exhumed shroudings, beyond all doubt or dispute.

Within the pyramidal chambers, castings of the dead, in clay, have been found, which display a high degree of advancement in that art. There have also been found images of the dead, sculptured in stone, laid by the side of the deceased. Millions of little glass images of their deities *Isis* and *Osiris* are found within every mausoleum; some of which were colored in the manufacture, and all of which evince the existence of a thorough knowledge of glass-making, a thousand years before the period hitherto set down by the learned, as the era of the discovery of that art. The earthen jars found, in great quantities, amongst the embalmed dead, prove their knowledge of pottery. Specimens of the glass and earthen ware, manufactured by the Egyptians four thousand years ago, have been exhibited in Europe and America; and they equal any thing of the same kind manufactured in the present time. Indeed, the glass specimens surpass the product of the present day, for they were beautifully colored during the process of manufacture — a degree of refinement to which moderns cannot aspire. The knowledge displayed by these remote people, in every branch of science, is truly surprising. They were the inventors of the *arch*, in architecture, in all its variety, a thousand years, at least, before either Greece or Rome had a social existence. The "*Gothic*" arch is found in Egyptian monuments which date before the time of Abraham. The pointed arch and the circular arch — the latter used in watercourses — are inventions of the Egyptian age, or probably of ages anterior to the flood.

The Egyptians quarried and hewed the hardest granite blocks, some of which were one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet in length, ten feet in width, and eight feet in depth. These were conveyed from the Libyan quarry, hundreds of miles, and raised several hundred feet, to their appointed places in their everlasting piles.

The "Doric column," the father of the order of pillars, erroneously attributed to the Greeks, is simply an Egyptian pillar, shaped from the solid block: it is fluted, in concave hollows, from the top to the bottom;

the top is surmounted by a simple circular capital ; the base rests on a low, square pedestal. Several of these ancient columns are still to be seen among the ruins of Egypt, which were erected many ages previous to the existence of Athens or Rome.

The knowledge of metre, or measurement, was well understood by these ancient people. On the blowing up of one of the monuments, by Mohammed Ali, for the purpose of getting stone to erect a military fort, a wooden measure was discovered amongst the rubbish, which was found to be two cubits, or forty-two inches, long. It was notched in metrical distances, like our modern rules, by *fingers*, *palms*, and *spans*, and proved to be a rule or measure, which belonged to one of the masons employed on the monument three thousand five hundred years ago. The measure dropped from the workman's hand amongst the stones, and was found imbedded in the mortar.

This invaluable relic of ancient art is in the custody of the French embassy, and, I suppose, is now deposited in the archives of that nation.

The learned explorers, who purchased it of the workmen, applied it to many of the entrances and chambers of the pyramids. It proved to be the measure by which they were all erected ; the entrances to all are equal to two cubits, or forty-two inches of our measure. The "*cubit*" of the ancients was the length of the arm of a full-grown man, from the elbow to the top of the second finger ; the "*span*" was the breadth described by stretching asunder the thumb and second finger ; the "*palm*" was the breadth of the four fingers of the hand, without the thumb ; the "*finger*" was simply the breadth of that joint, which is something less than an inch ; the "*fathom*" was the length, from finger to finger, of a full-grown man's arms extended at opposite sides.

The *cubit* was the common term of measurement amongst the ancients. There were the royal cubit and common cubit, which differed a little in dimension from each other. The *cubit* was the measure of ancient Ireland ; the doors of the round towers are exactly two cubits wide ; that of Roscrea is three feet and six inches, equal to two cubits. The legislative hall of Tara measured two hundred and fifty cubits long. The ark of Noah was three hundred cubits long.

The Egyptians also perfectly understood the seasons, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies ; they fixed the year to consist of three hundred and sixty-five days. It was so established in the times of Herodotus, four hundred and forty years before Christ. Plato, the celebrated Greek philosopher, who studied at Heliopolis, in Egypt,



bears testimony to the early establishment of a calendar amongst them. Champollion declares that the dates on the tombs would establish the existence of a national calendar in Egypt two thousand years before Christ. It is said, moreover, that the early Egyptians pledged their kings not to alter their calendar.

The round towers of Egypt and of India should here receive a notice ; but I purposely reserve this feature of Egyptian antiquity until I come to treat of the round towers of Ireland, they being the emanation of a common age and a common race.

I would here insert, from Mr. Gliddon, a pithy description of the state of arts and science in ancient Egypt: "Will not the historian," he says, "deign to notice the prior origin of every art and science in Egypt, a thousand years before the Pelasgians and Phœnicians studded the isles and capes of the archipelago with their forts and temples, long before Etruscan civilization had smiled under Italian skies ?

"Philologists, astronomers, chemists, painters, architects, physicians, must return to Egypt to learn the origin of language and writing ; of the calendar, and solar motion ; of the art of cutting granite with a *copper* chisel, and of giving elasticity to a *copper* sword ; of making glass with the variegated hues of the rainbow ; of moving single blocks of polished granite, nine hundred tons in weight, for any distance by land and water ; of building *arches*, round and pointed, with masonic precision, antecedent, by two thousand years, to the *Cloaca Magna* of Rome ; of sculpturing a Doric column, one thousand years before the Dorians are known in history ; of *fresco* painting, in imperishable colors ; and of practical knowledge in anatomy. Every craftsman can behold, in Egyptian monuments, the progress of his art four thousand years ago ; and whether it be a wheelwright building a chariot, a shoemaker drawing his twine, a leather-cutter using the self-same form of knife of old as is considered the best form now ; a weaver throwing the same hand shuttle ; a whitesmith using the identical form of blowpipe which is but lately recognized to be the most efficient ; the seal engraver cutting, in hieroglyphics, such names as SHOOPTHO's, above four thousand three hundred years ago ; or even the poulterer removing the pip from geese. All these and more astounding evidences of Egyptian priority, now require but a glance at the plates of Rosellini, which have been engraved from original scenes, sculptured into the enduring monuments of Egypt."

As to the advanced state of learning, and the great numbers of written

books which abounded in ancient Egypt, a glance or two will disclose enough.

Every one has heard of the destruction of the celebrated library of the Egyptian city of Alexandria, where many thousand volumes were destroyed by popular fury, during the career of Julius Cæsar through Egypt, fifty years before Christ. That was the largest and most valuable collection of antiquity; yet Cæsar, while defending the arsenal, could not save it from destruction.

The Tyrian and Phœnician annals were destroyed by Alexander the Great. Poems of all sorts, and particularly epic poems, were common in Egypt, and were publicly chanted to the praise of deities or their heroes. Homer, it is said, visited Egypt about nine hundred years before Christ; and the poet Naucrates charges him with gleaning from *Egyptian bards* the ideas which, with such sublimity of thought and diction, he perpetuated in his *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Orpheus, Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle, borrowed much of their philosophy from the Egyptians. Plato was educated in Egypt. Whichever way we turn, amongst the literary monuments of the past, we shall behold Egypt the fountain of science, the school of post-diluvian man.—Perhaps this is the best place to pass up the stream of history to its extreme or obscure source, and note the great remaining authorities which delineate the progress of mankind to modern ages.

The *Pentateuch* was the earliest record of the Jews. It was looked upon as so sacred, that every letter was counted. Yet, when the Christians argued from that very book, to prove the divinity of Christ by the exactitude of the patriarchal prophecies, the Jews then interpolated their own sacred chronicle. The *Septuagint* was a translation into Greek of the Hebrew *Pentateuch*, which was performed in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, two hundred and forty years before Christ, when seventy learned men sat in the Isle of Pharos, Alexandria, to make the translation from a copy of the Law, sent by the high priest of the Israelites to Philadelphus, at the latter's solicitation, in return for the liberation, by that monarch, of one hundred thousand Jews. The Hebrew copy came from Jerusalem to Alexandria, written on parchment, in letters of gold. The Egyptians, besides the memorials on their monuments, kept a national record, called "the old chronicle:" this is lost. A fragment only of the writings of *Manetho*, one of their most celebrated historians, has come down to us.

*Manetho* was a learned Egyptian, a native of the eastern Delta, in

Lower Egypt, high priest and sacred scribe in Heliopolis, who lived about two hundred and sixty years before Christ, and, at the request of Ptolemy Philadelphus, composed, in the Greek language, a history of the kings of Egypt, from the earliest times down to the invasion of that nation by Alexander the Great, three hundred and thirty years before Christ. One only fragment of his history has come to us, which is copied verbatim into Josephus's work. Moses and the other writers of sacred history devoted themselves merely to a history of the Jewish family. Moses flourished twelve hundred years before Christ, and was an Egyptian, educated at Memphis. *Eratosthenes* of Cyrene was the superintendent of the great Alexandrian library, two hundred years before Christ, and sixty years after Manetho. His original work, a catalogue of Egyptian kings, has perished, except an extract preserved by Syncellus, which he copied from another, whose works have also perished. *Herodotus* is the well-known Greek writer, styled the *father of history*; he was in Egypt about four hundred and forty years before Christ; his visit there was made during the dominion of the Persians, after Egypt had fallen from her pristine greatness. He prepared a history of his travels, and the best account he could compile of Egypt, which he read in the Olympic circus, before his countrymen, the Greeks. *Julius Cæsar* wrote sketches of the nations he had conquered, denominated Commentaries, about fifty years before Christ. *Diodorus* the Sicilian wrote forty years before Christ; and the next great authority on ancient history is *Josephus*, the well-known Jewish historian, who wrote at Rome, soon after the fall of Jerusalem, one hundred years after Christ, or thereabouts. Then followed the Christian writer and prelate, Clement of Alexandria, about one hundred and ninety years after Christ — Strabo, Tacitus, Pliny, Polybius, and numerous others who swell the stream of history by their writings. I shall show, in the proper place, the early historians of Ireland, who wrote of that ancient nation before and subsequent to the days of Moses.

## SECTION III.

The Phœnicians.— Their Cities, Tyre and Aradin.— Their Dominion.— Helped in the Erection of Solomon's Temple.— Mysteries of the Phœnician Priests.— The Greeks taught by them.— The Etrurians.— A Colony of the Phœnicians.— Character of the Etrurians.— Irish Language derived from them.— Civilization and Refinement of the Etrurians.— The Irish Language the Root of the Latin.— The oldest Manuscripts in Europe in the Hand-writing of Irishmen.— Dr. Johnson's Letter.

WE will now glance at that branch of the great Eastern family, from which Ireland was directly peopled; namely, the PHŒNICIANS, "the people of the waters," the "masters of the seas," as the ancient historians invariably designate them.

The very ancient Phœnician book, denominated the "Sanconiathon," or "Book of first Time," contains the history of the Phœnician nation. It was translated into Greek, from the old *Phœni* tongue, (the present Irish,) by Polybius, the Greek historian, who wrote under Roman auspices and influence. This ancient record attributes to the Phœnicians a civilization and literature prior to that of the Egyptians. The most learned of the modern antiquarians have not yet settled the question, whether the Phœnicians or the Egyptians are entitled to the honor of priority in the discovery of the radical arts and sciences; more time, and still more extensive inquiries, are required to fix this point with greater certainty. Whilst the inquiry goes on, which cannot, terminate as it may, affect the history of Ireland in the slightest degree, we shall view an outline sketch of the Phœnician people, who were the first chief settlers of Ireland, as shall hereinafter be most fully proved by Irish historians, corroborated by foreign contemporary writers, of every age, and almost of every nation,—by identity of language, letters, customs, religion, buildings, coins, weapons, dress, &c. &c.; and who continued in Ireland to be an independent, and, in the words of the great Dr. Johnson, "an ILLUSTRIOUS RACE," for upwards of two thousand five hundred years; "the teachers of the West, the ardent cultivators of letters, arts, and piety."

The Roman writer Strabo says the ancient Phœnicians had settlements in the *Behrin* Islands, in the Persian Gulf. In these islands were places called *Tyre* and *Aradin*. This brings the Phœnicians very near the cradle of the human race, the point of dispersion after the flood. "That they were the Sabeans, and that their object of



adoration was the sun, will," says Sir William Betham, "appear hereafter."

The principal territory occupied by the Phœnicians, when their power began to swell, was the lands now known as Syria and the Delta, on the south of the Mediterranean Sea, with Sicily, Italy, Spain, and Gaul, on the opposite side. It is certain that the communities of men, which grew up on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, were direct emanations from this people, or were instructed by them in laws, religion, and arts. It is also admitted by all, that the Phœnicians were a nation contemporary with the Egyptians.

The latter occupied the valley of the Nile, covering some ten or twelve hundred miles from its discharging points into the sea, towards its source. The Phœnicians occupied a portion of the Delta, and the neighbor region of Syria. The Egyptians and Phœnicians were distinct, but, as abundantly appears, very friendly nations. The Egyptians, residing in the interior country, devoted themselves to agriculture, science, and war. The Phœnicians, occupying the sea-shores, devoted themselves to the navigation of the seas, to manufactures, to the discovery of foreign lands, to the extension of dominion, and to the propagation of letters, religion, &c. &c.

The celebrated city of Tyre was one of the Phœnician seats of manufacture, and continued, for many ages, the chief seat of manufactures for the whole world. The textile fabrics of that ancient city, and the beautiful colors which the Phœnician artisans imparted to them, had been, for many ages, the admiration of all other nations. The "Tyrian purple," famous in all history, so infatuated the Roman ladies, that large fortunes were expended in decorating a single family; and so far did this infatuation extend, that the emperors issued proclamations which forbade any but the imperial family to assume the precious color in their dress. The city of Tyre, which ever excited the jealousy of both Rome and Greece, was at length destroyed by the ruthless arms of Alexander the Great, about three hundred and thirty years before Christ.

We are informed, in holy writ, that "Hiram, king of Tyre, sent his servants to congratulate Solomon on his being made king of Israel. Solomon then sent to Hiram to announce his intention of building a temple to the God of Israel, and requesting his assistance to cut the timber, and quarry the stones. Great stones were quarried, hewn, and squared, by the workmen of Hiram, and the temple was erected by Phœnician workmen, for which Solomon bound himself to pay Hiram, every year, twenty thousand measures of wheat, and as many of oil, together with twenty cities, called to this day "of the land of Cabul."

"To the Phœnicians may be traced," says Sir William Betham, in his recent very able and learned work on the ancient Celtæ, "nearly the entire mythological system of the ancients." That enlightened nation confined its religious adoration to one divinity. According as each new art was discovered, — such as the nature of metals, the science of sailing in ships, the knowledge supplied by observations of the stars, moon, the art of writing, &c. &c., — each discoverer was almost deified; for it was supposed he was gifted with a divine revelation. Hence originated the long list of "GODS" and goddesses, who are supposed to preside over the sea, the arts, letters, war, and of which I shall say a few words presently. But their chief adoration was directed to one Supreme Being, whom the priests identified in the gorgeous sun.

The mysteries of the Phœnician priests were elaborately constructed, and artfully calculated to engage the affections and obedience of the human mind. The *Cabiric* mysteries and ceremonies of *Samothrace*, *Imbros*, and *Masos*, so celebrated among the ancients, are still continued to our days, under the name of *freemasonry*. The *Sanconiatathon* demonstrates that the Phœnician priests allegorized all the discoveries of learning, transforming the discoverers into mystical deities; and, perceiving the anxiety of men, both their own people and foreigners, for these allegorical mysteries, "*delivered them*," says the text, "*to their successors, and to foreigners*." And thus originated that portentous and overwhelming system of idolatry, which eventually overspread the nations of antiquity, and which yielded only at last to the pure religion of the cross. From such simple elements proceeded the complex system of the Greek and Roman mythology, which has ever continued to lead captive the imaginations of even the educated portion of the human race.

The<sup>†</sup> Phœnicians, when they first visited the Grecian isles, in ships moved by the wind, were considered, by the Greeks, divinities, or superior beings. The Greeks were then, and continued for several subsequent centuries to be, a barbarous people. They were regarded as "barbarians" by the Egyptians. The first dawn of letters was shed upon them by their teachers, the Phœnicians and Egyptians. Other nations, that grew up on the borders of the Mediterranean Sea, received the allegories, mythology, literature, and civilization, of the Phœnicians, and then fabricated local or individual systems upon them, according to the whims and fancies of the several hierophants, or learned scribes, who undertook to interpret these mysteries to their respective followers. The extensive number of divinities created by the imaginative and polished Phœnicians, the various attributes conferred on each, enabled

the priests and scribes to form an extensive *system* of illusive divinity, which gave full occupation to the human mind, and attracted the uninitiated around their shrines and altars, to receive their instruction, or to offer them obedience or worship.

Stupendous, amongst the colonies of the Phœnicians, stood the ETRURIANS, who occupied, on the opposite shore, the land of "*ancient Etruria*," known, in after ages, as the seat of the Roman empire, and latterly as *Italy*. I here take from the able work of Sir William Betham, already referred to, an entire page, descriptive of ancient Etruria.

"The attention of the British public has been much directed to Etruscan antiquities by the exhibition, a few years since, in Pall Mall, London, of the magnificent specimens of sarcophagi, fictile vases, bronzes, gold ornaments, and other remains of ancient Italy, brought to England by Seignior Campanari. The inscriptions excavated in Etruria were not inaptly termed, by Professor Buckland, a kind of geological literature. The works of Etruscan art demonstrate high civilization, and a progress of the human mind equal to the most elevated point of any Greek or Roman civilization, or even of modern improvement. The human face divine of their statuary and painting exhibits a noble physiognomy, a dignity and refinement of character, equal to the admirable excellence of the manipulation. The prow of a ship was their national emblem, and the dolphins, and other maritime emblems on their coins, bronzes, statuary, fictile vases, and pottery, declare their devotion to, and great progress in, navigation and commerce. The articles of elaborate workmanship in gold and silver declare their sumptuous and gorgeous magnificence, as well as their progress in that department of the arts; while their painting and sculpture, and indeed all their remains, evince a highly civilized, refined, and glorious people, both by land and sea; a people like the magnificent inhabitants of Tyre and Phœnicia, described by the prophet Ezekiel, of which people the Etruscans were assuredly colonists; for they were the only ancient people of the world answering such a description.

"These wonderful remains of so polished and highly civilized a race, occupying a period of ages *unknown to history*, whose very name is doubtful, fill the mind with surprise and admiration. Their inscriptions declare their literate character. So polished a people must have had authors and historians. Some noble statues are represented with inscribed volumes or rolls in their hands. Where are these? They were capable of every effort of the human mind, equally with any age or country; yet, except a few words to be found in the Roman writers,

the people who succeeded them in their beautiful country, absolutely nothing intelligible has come down to us. If their sepulchres exhibit so much greatness, refinement, and dignity, what splendor might be expected in their temples, theatres, public buildings, palaces, and the habitations in which they lived, moved, and acted! These were above ground. Their successors, the Romans, ruthless, ignorant, and barbarous, have obliterated nearly every trace of them, if we except their stupendous architecture, some magnificent specimens of which have, by their magnitude, defied the ruthless efforts of the barbarians, and resisted their puny efforts, while they attributed their erection to supernatural agency. Such has ever been the fate of civilized nations, when conquered by barbarians. The fall of the Roman empire, in turn, produced the "dark ages;" the Anglo-Saxons destroyed all traces of Roman literature in Britain. The hostile disposition exhibited by all barbarous people against civilization and literature, has been very remarkable. Omar, who destroyed the Alexandrian library, was a correct specimen of the ferocious and ignorant barbarian of all ages."

Sir William then quotes from the *Quarterly Review*, 1833, a passage on this nation. "*Etruria is one of the great, and, as yet, unsolved problems of ancient history.* It is clear that, before the Romans, there existed in Italy a great nation, in a state of advanced civilization, with public buildings of vast magnitude, and works constructed on scientific principles, and of immense solidity, in order to bring the marshy plains of central and northern Italy into regular cultivation. They were a naval and commercial people, to whom tradition assigned the navigation, at one period, of the Mediterranean. Their government seems to have been nearly allied to the Oriental theocracies: religion was the dominant principle, and the ruling aristocracy a sacerdotal order."

He then enters into an elaborate history of this extinct nation, which he justly builds upon the inscriptions on their coins, on their tombs, on their vases, on their bronze mirrors or *specula*, on their tables of bronze, that have been, within the last few years, dug up from beneath the classic earth of Italy, over which the Roman conquerors trod, unconscious, in their efforts to obliterate the memory of this people, of the existence of subterranean evidences which would, in other ages, meet the eye of posterity, and deprive Rome of the honors of originating arts, science, and mythology, which she so zealously and so unjustly strove to assume at the expense of her teachers, the Etrusco-Phœnicians.

This great nation, with its history, was involved in the deepest mystery, until a critical knowledge of the ancient Irish language,



acquired late in life, by Sir William Betham, enabled that profound scholar and antiquarian to perceive, that all their inscriptions, memorials, and devices, WERE WRITTEN IN THE ANCIENT IRISH CHARACTER; and that *through the Irish, and the Irish tongue alone*, could he unlock the hidden history of that polished, illustrious people, who once filled Italy, Gaul, Spain, and Ireland, with memorials of their arts and labor, which still remain, outliving the countless generations of man, that have washed over them as the ocean beats over the lasting rocks of Erin's old promontories.

Sir William gives upwards of fifty plates of accurate drawings of many of their ancient coins, curiosities, weapons, bronze mirrors, together with the literal inscriptions found on the seven *tables of bronze* — inscriptions called by the learned the “Eugubian Tables.” There are several mythological engravings on ancient pieces of metal, which are given, and translated first from the old Etrusco-Phœnician language into modern Irish, and then from the Irish into modern English. In presenting a drawing of a magnificent statue in alabaster, found in one of the ancient vaults of Etruria, Sir William thus writes: —

“Although the number of plates has already exceeded what was contemplated, I cannot resist the temptation of placing in this work one of a recumbent figure of a man, which formed the covering of a sarcophagus, now in the museum at Volterra. It is doubtless a portrait of the deceased, who was, according to the expression of Catullus, a corpulent Etruscan — ‘*obesus Etruscus*.’

“It is not easy to imagine a finer formed head, or a countenance more expressive of a brilliant intellect, a cultivated, well-stored mind, and a benevolent heart, than the one here presented. The ring on his left hand, and the gold chain, or torque, round his neck, declare him a man of high rank. He was a writer, as appears from the volume in his hand. His head is encircled with a wreath of oak leaves; the countenance fills us with bitter regret that the productions of the mind of such a man should be lost forever. How many ages of progressive civilization must have passed away to have produced such a head, and a pencil, or chisel, capable of making it live to our days! Where is the Greek or Roman statue which throws this into the shade, and exhibits a higher style of excellence in art, or one of which any age might be prouder? His very obesity is a proof of civilization. He was a benefactor to his country by his writings: probably his nation, anxious to do him honor, erected this monument to his memory. Anonymous as he is to us, his merits will not be altogether unappreciated; for they caused the

conception and execution of a piece of art which would do honor to any people. We are unable to unroll his volume, or to develop the beauties of his mind ; but we can conceive what such a development of intellect and expression of countenance might be capable of ; and it adds to our regret that the mental productions of such a people should have been so completely annihilated by the barbarous policy of their conquerors. The Phœnician and Etruscan writings were the only means by which the early history of man could have come down to our days. The sacred writings are but a history of one family, only incidentally referring to other nations. The ‘Sanconiathon’ was a recital of the progress of the human mind in its mental development, and of its discoveries in science, literature, and arts.”

Sir William, in another part of his works, shows the ruthlessness with which the Roman barbarians destroyed every visible work of art or utility, erected by the Etrusco-Phœnicians. The stupendous works erected to bring the marshy plains of Italy into cultivation are still lasting monuments of the genius and power of these people, who had passed away before the Greeks and Romans emerged from barbarism, or had learned to write. The Greeks and Romans did not know their own origin ; much less were they qualified to give an account of their predecessors. The senate of Rome ordered the books written by *Numa Pompilius* to be burned, four hundred years after his death — a strong testimony against their literary taste and judgment. What must the feelings of an Irishman be, who reads these pages, and is informed by them that his remote ancestors were some of these illustrious Etrusco-Phœnicians, who brought with them into Ireland the language, literature, arts, and sciences which they possessed ? and further, when the fires of learning were extinguished by both Greek and Roman conquerors throughout the East, that to the learned descendants of the Phœnicians, who flourished in Ireland, “in the holy island of the West,” were they indebted for many of the wandering torches that rekindled the sacred flame of literature throughout the Roman and Greek dominions ? — all which shall duly appear as we proceed.

As to the language of the ancient Irish, Betham has the following luminous passage in his book : “It is repugnant to common sense to suppose that this remote island was the means by which civilization was communicated, *in the beginning*, to the countries surrounding the Mediterranean Sea, and the East, which seems to be implied when we assert that the roots of many words in the Greek and Latin are to be found in the Irish language ; but if we are able to show that this

language is the same as that spoken by the people who occupied Italy, and the countries bordering on that sea, before Greece or Rome were heard of, the absurdity vanishes, and the fact ceases to surprise. A man will laugh in your face if you assert *that the Latin* is mostly derived from the Irish; but if you are able to show that the Etruscan inhabitants of Italy spoke the same or a kindred language before the Latin had existence, if he be not convinced, his sarcasm and ridicule will certainly be deprived of all its point."

The above, and a few other passages, which I shall just now quote from the same able and honest author, are more than sufficient to awake the dullest mind to a consideration of the vast literary and artistical interests, wrapped in the neglected literature and history of Ireland. "The manuscripts of the ancient nations of Europe were destroyed by barbarous conquerors. The Danes were the only invading enemies of the ancient Irish; and, never having possessed more than detached spots here and there on the coast, had no opportunity of possessing or destroying, universally, the books of Ireland. The policy of England has been to make war against the Irish language; but they have not been able to annihilate Irish literature. THERE STILL REMAIN MANUSCRIPTS OF MORE REMOTE ANTIQUITY IN IRELAND THAN IN ANY OTHER COUNTRY, NOT ONLY IN THE IRISH, BUT IN THE LATIN TONGUE; and the oldest in the libraries on the continent are the production of Irishmen, who were the teachers OF THE EARLY AGES OF CHRISTIAN EUROPE, AS WELL IN LEARNING AS RELIGION."

There are in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, many Latin manuscripts, on vellum, of very great antiquity; among them a copy of the Gospels, called the "Book of St. Patrick," of the fifth century; another copy of the Gospels, called the "Book of Kells," a magnificent volume, written in uncials, beautifully and elaborately illuminated, on the space leaves of which are entered deeds and grants from the Irish monarchs, long before the English invasion. The Irish manuscripts at the abbey of St. Gall, in Switzerland, are of very remote antiquity; "and," continues Sir W. Betham, "INDEED THE MOST ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS IN EUROPE *were written by Irishmen or their disciples.*" The old manuscript discovered in the Irish monastery of Bobbio, or Babia, Italy, is certainly of the fourth century. These facts ought to have due influence on the minds of the learned, in removing the blind prejudices which throw a doubt upon Irish literature.

Sir William again quotes one of Dr. Johnson's letters to Charles

O'Connor, to mark the anxiety felt by that erudite scholar, in relation to Irish history and the Irish language.

“TO CHARLES O'CONNOR, ESQ. :

“Sir, — I have lately, by favor of Mr. Faulkner, seen your account of Ireland,” (alluding to a short dissertation published by Mr. O'Connor,) and cannot forbear to solicit a prosecution of your design. Sir William Temple complains that Ireland is less known than any other country, as to its ancient state. The natives had but little leisure, and less encouragement for inquiring; and strangers, not knowing the language, have had no ability. I have long wished that the Irish literature were cultivated. Ireland is known by tradition to have been once the seat of piety and learning; and surely it would be very acceptable to all those who are curious, either in the origin of nations or the affinities of language, to be further informed of the revolutions of a people so ancient, AND ONCE SO ILLUSTRIOUS. What relation there is between the Welsh and Irish language, or between the language of Ireland and that of Biscay, deserves inquiry. Of those unextended tongues it seldom happens that more than one are understood by any one man; and therefore it seldom happens that a fair comparison can be made. I hope you will continue to cultivate this kind of learning, which has too long lain neglected, and which, if it be suffered to remain in oblivion for another century, may perhaps never be retrieved. As I wish well to all useful undertakings, I will not forbear to let you know how much you deserve, in my opinion, from all lovers of study, and how much pleasure your work has given to,

“Sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

“SAMUEL JOHNSON.

“London, *April 9, 1757.*”

These undoubted testimonies of our former position amid the nations encourage me to perform the labor of wading through immense masses of material, furnished by the events of thousands of by-gone years, and should prompt the reader, if he be a lover of literature, or have an Irish heart in his bosom, to peruse these pages with attention, and learn from the facts put forward the illustrious character of the Irish nation — a nation that yet lives, in all her ancient piety and glory, her learning and poetry, in the persons of her O'Connell, her Mac Hale, her Mathew, and her Moore; and lives in all her ancient bravery, in her countless millions of courageous children, at home and abroad.



# DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

BY MOORE.

When Moore composed his inspiring songs, Ireland was prostrate, and her bard wrote in tears, breathing only the sighs of suffering and despair. Yet the tears of the bard fell upon and irrigated the land he mourned, and there grew from the sacred earth a crop of undaunted heroes to vindicate her freedom. Were Moore's career to begin now, his songs would express the sentiments of resolve and defiance which proudly characterize the Irish nation. This feeling will be to some, I hope, an apology for presuming to *add* a verse to the following song, which Moore wrote at a period of his life when he had made up his mind to resign the lyre of his country—a resolution which, however, he found himself unable to keep. The stanza which I have added is printed in *Italic*.

IN MODERATE TIME, WITH MUCH WARMTH OF EXPRESSION.



1. Dear Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee; The



cold chain of si - lence had hung o'er thee long, When



proudly, my own isl-and Harp, I unbound thee, And



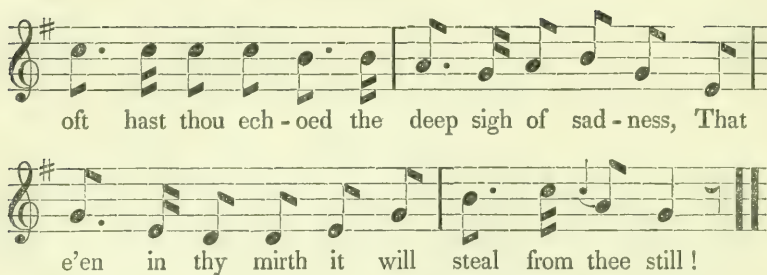
gave all thy chords to light, free - dom, and song. The



warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness, A -



- - wa - ken thy fond - est, thy live - - li - est thrill; But so



## 2.

Dear Harp of my country, farewell to thy numbers;  
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine:  
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,  
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.  
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,  
Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;  
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

## 3.

WITH ANIMATION.

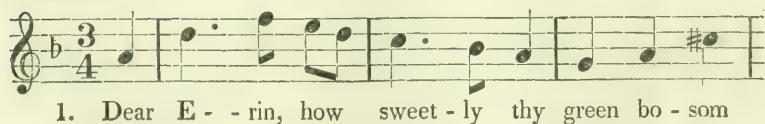
*But the Harp, that so long hath been silent and weeping,  
Resigned by its master in gloom and despair,  
Shall again be brought forth from the shrine where 'tis sleeping,  
And with glad notes of freedom enliven the air;  
When the voice of the brave with its echoes shall mingle,  
In the clangor of arms, or the transport of glee,—  
For the millions who love it will shortly assemble  
To proclaim that their nation again shall be free.*

## CUSHLAMACHREE. [DARLING OF MY HEART.]

BY MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS,

(THE ELOQUENT IRISH BARRISTER.)

ANDANTE.



ri - ses, An em - e - rald set in the ring of the  
 sea! Each blade of thy meadows my faith-ful heart  
 pri - zes, Thou Queen of the West, the world's Cushla - ma -  
 - chree! Thy gates o - pen wide to the poor and the  
 stranger; There smiles hospi - tal - i - ty, heart-y and  
 free; Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger, And the  
 wan - derer is welcomed with Cush - la - ma - chree!

## 2.

Thy sons they are brave; but, the battle once over,  
 In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;  
 And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover  
 The soul-speaking blush that says Cushlamachree!  
 Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,  
 While sadly I wander an exile from thee;  
 And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,  
 May Heaven defend its own Cushlamachree!

## LECTURE II.

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The Heathen Deities proved to have been Phœnician. — Hercules. — Tinia. — Druid Fires in Ireland, in Honor of Tinia. — Apollo. — Minerva. — Phœnician Mariners. — Their first Discoveries. — Io Pæan. — The Irish Language the Key of Ancient Mythology. — Neptune. — Birth of Minerva. — Mercury. — Vulcan. — Charun. — Venus. — Pandora's Box. — Castor and Pollux. — Ethis. — Eris. — Mars. — Plutus. — Bacchus. — Herodotus's Opinion on the Greek Deities. — Janus. — Prometheus, Discoverer of the South. — The Hydra. — Scylla and Charybdis. — Jupiter Sancus. — The Seanchus of the ancient Irish. — Confirmation of Irish Tradition and History, by the Etruscan Inscriptions and Roman Writers.

It was the belief, for a long period, in the schools, that the magnificent system of mythology which comprehends the divinity worship of the ancients was invented by the Greeks and Romans. Sir William Betham demonstrates that the whole of those deities grew from the inventions and discoveries of the Phœnicians. The man, with that people, who, by his discoveries, made any addition to the stock of human knowledge, was deemed inspired, and was revered after his death as a secondary or demigod. The art which he invented was considered by his followers as under his protection. The succeeding practitioners and cultivators paid him homage, and invoked his aid.

### HERCULES.

Hercules was considered the hero of the sun, or of light. He was supposed by the Phœnicians to influence and direct all their affairs. He ruled the waves, conquered their enemies, and surmounted all their difficulties by sea and land. "The Greek hero *Heracles*, and the Latin *Hercules*, were evidently adopted," says Betham, "from an imperfect notion of the true meaning of the Phœnician fiction;" and he then quotes as follows, from Herodotus: "Being anxious to know as much as could be ascertained with certainty of these things, I sailed to *Tyre*, in Phœnicia, because I had heard that in that city there was a temple dedicated to Hercules. I saw that temple; it was enriched with many magnificent donations; and, among others, with two pillars, one of fine gold, the other of emerald, which shines at night in a surprising manner. Conversing with the priests of this god, I inquired how long this temple had been built. I found these also to differ from the Greeks; for they assured me the temple was built at the same time with the city, and that two thousand three hundred years were already passed since the foun-



dation of Tyre. I saw also at Tyre another temple, dedicated to the Thasian Hercules; and when I arrived at *Thasus*, I found there a temple of Hercules, built *by those Phœnicians* who founded that city, during the expedition they made in search of Europe, [i. e., in a voyage of discovery to Europe,] which was five generations before Hercules, the son of Amphitryon, appeared in Greece."

## TINIA.

The Phœnician coins and inscriptions represent Tinia as the sun, the first moving cause, the creator of all. *Teinne*, in the Irish language, signifies "fire of the air, or sky;" and in Ireland, the worship of the sun, or Tinia, was anciently held on midsummer-day, twenty-fourth of June. After the introduction of Christianity, the feast was identified with the feast of St. John the Baptist.

Before Christianity, the Irish Druids kindled two fires, with great incantations and mystery, and drove their cattle between them to defend them against pestilence and murrain. These they called *Belltaine*, and *Baltine*, that is, the *fire* of the god Baal.

It is probable that the early Phœnicians worshipped the true God, as Baal Tinne, or the lord creator of all things, having derived that idea from the original revelation of God to man. In process of time, the sun, as the most glorious and splendid of visible objects, became the supposed demonstration of the substance of the Deity; and, as men are apt to be attracted by matter, they worshipped the sun as the image of God, created by himself.

## APOLLO,

according to the Phœnicians, was the north star; the fixed polar star, round which the other stars revolved in perfect order and harmony; which idea caused them to create him "god of music." The north star is spoken of in the Etruscan inscriptions, as the guiding sign by which the ships were steered, when out of sight of land.

## NERF, NERVA, (MINERVA.)

Sir William Betham presents us with several engravings of mirrors, medals, tombs, &c., in which are imbodied the mysteries, gods, and inscriptions, of the Phœnicians.

MIRRORS. — As this term may require explanation, I may mention that the mirrors found in the tombs of the Phœnicio-Etruscans, throughout Italy, which have lain there three thousand five hundred

years, exhibit a knowledge of the art of engraving, in the ancient workmen, which surprises the philosopher. These mirrors were formed of steel, highly polished. The shape was that of a small frying-pan. The concave side, brightly burnished, was that which reflected the features of Phœnician beauty. On the convex side was generally engraved some national emblem, growing out of the discoveries and successes of their adventurous mariners. The engravings on these steel mirrors remain very perfect; and surprisingly so, when the length of time they have lain in the earth is taken into account. They are now deposited in several museums in Italy and other places, and have afforded plenty of food for reflection to the learned. (See the work of Mrs. Hall on Etruria.)

Nerf was the goddess of the moon and sea. Her Greek name of *Athena* arose from the Phœnician story of her being born from the head of *Tinia*, the supreme god, pronounced still, by the Irish, *Thina*. *Anna* was the name which, according to Cornac's Glossary, the ancient Irish annexed to the idea and attributes of Minerva. And *Strabo*, the Roman writer, alleges "*the mother of the gods* was worshipped in an island near Britain, in the same way as in *Sumothrace*."

When the Phœnician mariners first ventured to sail over the ocean by the light of the moon at night, their success was hailed as a new triumph over the waves. Medals commemorating the event were cast; public manifestations of joy were indulged in; and hence originated the public shout or cry of *Io Pœan*, (as appears by the inscriptions on their medals,) which the Greeks and Romans practised, without being aware of the original cause. The name of *Minerva* has been involved in considerable mystery, and must have remained so, but for the light thrown upon it by the translation of the writings on the Eugubian Tables, and on the Etruscan coins and medals, which could never have been deciphered, says Sir William Betham, but through the key presented in the Irish language.

The prefixing of *Mo* (good) to the Phœnicio-Irish name *Nerf*, forms the Roman *Minerva*; and the Irish, in after ages, prefixed this epithet to their Christian saints. St. Colman is called *Mo Cholmock*; St. Braccan, *Mo Braccan*; i. e., St. Colman, or *Good Colman*; St. Braccan, or *Good Braccan*. And the term *Naom*, (holy one,) applied to Nerf, in the Eugubian Tables, is also given to the Christian saints. *Naom* is the Irish word for a saint, or holy person.

Minerva is represented, in the inscriptions and medals, accompanied by an owl, because she flies by night; i. e., a ship sailing by night as

well as by day. Neptune was a god created by the ignorance of the Greeks, who, not knowing the meaning of the association of Minerva with an owl, on the medal, created from the *ship* a *deity*, which they called *Neptune*. Herodotus says, (Euterpe, 268,) "The Egyptians affirm that they know not the names of Neptune, Castor and Pollux, nor ever received them into the number of their gods." The name of Neptune is made up from corruptions of the Phœnician and Etruscan names of a ship. Minerva is represented, in most cases, as accompanying Hercules in all those actions which are called his *labors* — represented by our ideas of wisdom of design; the good or great science, or vigorous exertion in performance. Minerva is sometimes denominated *Pallas*, as the lord or lady, or supreme goddess of *light*, *intelligence*, and *wisdom*. The serpent, from its wise and subtle attributes, has been almost always found in the representations of Minerva. In one of the Etruscan mirrors there is a beautiful allegorical engraving, picturing the birth of Minerva, from the head of the supreme god *Tinia*. The group, consisting of male and female deities, expresses the perfection in art which these ancients had attained, a thousand years before Rome existed.

#### HERMES, OR MERCURY.

Hermes, among the Phœnicians and Etruscans, was the god of mining, trade, and wealth. The name originally expressed the idea of a journey, voyage, message, or the wind — swift as the wind in flight. He is represented naked, with winged sandals to his feet, and a winged cap on his head; he has in his hand two serpents, entwined together. His name is spelled on Etruscan coins several ways. From this character the Greeks created their *Hermes*, and the Romans their *Mercurius*. The early Romans borrowed the name and attributes of the god from their neighbors, the Etruscans. He is sometimes represented as the god of eloquence.

#### SETHLAUS, OR VULCAN.

Sethlaus is the name given to the god of metals. He was called Vulcan by the Romans, who were ambitious to append their own names to all things, real or ideal, which they unjustly appropriated from other nations. The name of Sethlaus grew from the circumstance of his having been a digger of holes in the earth, in search of metals. He is represented, in the Etruscan engraving of the birth of Minerva, (already alluded to,) with a hammer in his hand, as just having made an incision in the head of *Tinia*, (the supreme,) out of which Minerva sprang, completely armed and accoutred.

## CHARUN.

Charun appears in almost all sculptures of funeral processions on the Phœnicio-Etruscan tombs. He is represented with a severe, ferocious countenance, generally winged and buskined, his ears like those of a wolf. He is generally represented as accompanied by another winged male figure, with a benevolent countenance, clothed and buskined, carrying a torch, who seems to be the friendly guide to the departed soul, while Charun follows, and sometimes appears to hinder and counteract the benevolent acts of the good spirit. His ferocious countenance indicates his malevolent character. His *boat* seems, says Sir William Betham, to have been of Greek or Roman invention; for in all the Etruscan sepulchral sculptures it does not once appear.

## LARAN, AND TURAN, (VENUS.)

Laran was the god of beauty, of symmetry, and love. He is represented on the back of a mirror with *Turan*, the goddess of beauty; both naked, but sandaled, with Apollo and Minerva on the other side. The goddess *Turan* is represented by the Greeks as rising from the sea, and they call her *Venus*. *Turan* is sometimes represented, in the allegorical sculptures of the Phœnicio-Etruscans, stooping over a box, the lid of which she is opening. From this the Greek fable of *Pandora* is probably derived. From the inscriptions may be gathered the meaning of identifying the goddess of beauty with the *Pandora box*, which represented the idea of the troubles which have arisen among men for the possession of female beauty. *Turan* was represented as holding the box of love, which she occasionally opened amongst men, when she wished to generate discord.

## CASTUR AND CASATRA, (CASTOR AND POLLUX.)

The Castur or Casatra of the Phœnicians is the Castor of the Greeks. He is engraved, in the ancient mirrors, dressed in a cloak and cap, armed with a spear, but with naked legs and feet, and appeared a voyager or pilot. Among the Greeks, Castor is represented in company with Pollux, (Pollux.) Their names indicate their characters of messengers or guides, navigators, &c. Sir William Betham explains at length a mirror in which Pollux is represented describing his voyages and adventures to the king of the earth.

## ETHIS

is represented as the goddess, or emblem, of justice. She is a serious



female figure, with wings on her shoulders; the emblem of a celestial being, clothed and sandaled, with a necklace and cap on her head.

## ERIS,

the goddess, or emblem, of history, is represented on a mirror. She is naked, except a scarf thrown round her; she also wears a necklace, and pointed crown on her head. In her left hand she holds a style, or point, for writing. *Eris* is the Greek name for *Juno*, the goddess of the air; but the style in her hand indicates her character as writer of history.

## MAMERS, (MARS.)

Mamers was the Etruscan god of terrible war. To him was given to wife Neriene, or Evil Strength, viz., the destroying sword.

## SOMMANO, (PLUTUS.)

Sommano, or Sorano, was the father of the inferior regions, the minister of death. This was *Plutus*.

## ANNA PERENNA

was the mother of fruitfulness. ANNA, according to Cornac's Glossary, was the mother of the Irish gods — the mother also of food.

## BACCHUS.

Under this head, Sir William Betham introduces a lengthy translation from Herodotus, giving that ancient writer's opinion on the origin of most of these deities, from which I make the following extract:—

“But what origin is to be assigned to each of these gods, whether they always existed, and in what form, was, till very lately, unknown; and, to use a common expression, TILL YESTERDAY. [*Herodotus lived and wrote these remarks nearly two thousand three hundred years ago.*] I am of opinion that it was Hesiod and Homer, who lived about four hundred years before *me*, who introduced the genealogy and history of the gods among the Greeks, gave them their names, and assigned to each his functions, honors, and attributes. The other poets, who have been supposed to be more ancient, I think lived after Hesiod and Homer. What I have before related I heard from the priestesses of Dodona. The Egyptians were the first inventors of festivals, ceremonies, and transactions with the gods; all which, I am persuaded, the Greeks borrowed from that people, because they appear to have been very ancient among the Egyptians, and very recently introduced into Greece.

"The Phœnicians and Syrians, who inhabit Palestine, acknowledge that they received the circumcision from the Egyptians. Whether the Ethiopians took this custom from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from them, is a matter too ancient and obscure for me to decide. Yet I am inclined to believe the Ethiopians took the custom from the Egyptians, because we see that none of the Phœnicians, who have any commerce with the Greeks, continue the practice of circumcising their children. From *Bacchus*, who is said to have been the son of Semele, the daughter of Cadmus the Tyrian, [Phœnician,] to our time, about one thousand six hundred years have passed ; from *Hercules*, the son of Alcmena, about nine hundred ; from *Pan*, who, the Greeks say, was the son of Mercury and Penelope, not more than eight hundred, which is less than they reckon from the siege of Troy."

Herodotus then gives a list of the deities whom the Greeks created, amongst which are the *Graces* and the *Nereides*. That ancient author states that Vesta, Themis, and Juno, were derived from the Pelasgi, (Phœnicians,) and concludes his remarks with the following remarkable sentence: "Let every man embrace whatever opinion he thinks right ; I have stated mine. I am convinced that the Greeks had not heard of these gods until they became acquainted with the names of the other gods, because they ascribe their generation to no higher a period."

#### JANUS.

The Roman account of this god is, of all their fables, the most confused and unsatisfactory. Like the Greeks, they had a misty notion of something being meant by the bifronted head on the Etruscan coins, which they heard that people call *Ianus*, or some name of like sound ; and, seeing a double-faced head upon them, they concluded that it must have related to an ancient king or deity. Various were their opinions of the origin and attributes of this deity. Some attributed to him the discovery of the year ; others, the power of creating war or peace. In the latter light he was viewed and worshipped by the Romans. They erected a temple to him in Rome, which was kept open during war, and closed during peace. This temple was closed only three times in seven hundred years ; namely, once under Numa, once after the first Punic war, and once under Augustus. But the double-faced heads found medaled on the Phœnicio-Etruscan coins are now proved, by their inscriptions, to be a symbol of the first Phœnician ship which had sailed to the south, and to the north of the Mediterranean Straits.

## PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus was created by the Phœnicians from the allegory which they built up on their discovery of the south seas. The *gods*, as we have seen in the great Phœnician book, the *Sunconiathon*, were no other than the *discoveries* made in science by their learned men. By a certain voyage to the south, made by Promathe, the constellation of Gemini, in the heavens, was fully developed. Promathe was styled, in the Phœnician language, a *very good god*. He is represented as climbing up to heaven, and from thence bringing down fire, which meant nothing more than sailing to the south, by which new stars and constellations, and a warm climate, were discovered.

The confining of Prometheus to a rock, and his delivery by Hercules, were most likely the adventures of a nautical discoverer, who, absent from his country through some accident happening to his ship, and unable to return, was, after some years, discovered and brought back by subsequent voyagers, of whom *Hercules* was the emblem. The vulture or eagle, represented as preying on his liver, expresses symbolically the trouble or vexation attending such a situation, which, although distressing, did not extinguish the hope of relief, and of returning to his country.

## THE HYDRA

is the allegory of the Phœnician mariners passing in their ships round ridges, or points of headland. As soon as one headland is passed, one of the heads of the hydra is conquered; and, that difficulty over, another arises in the horizon, and immediately presents itself to the coasting mariner.

Thus the heads were apparently interminable, until Hercules (the personification of the mariners) had doubled all these capes, by exploring the whole coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, and eventually passed the straits into the ocean. Hercules applied *fire* to those heads, to render them harmless; that is, the mariners erected fire beacons, which were kept burning at night for their guidance along the Mediterranean shores. The Greeks made a very pretty nursery story of this allegory.

## SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Charybdis was, to the Phœnicians, a dangerous whirlpool, of a furious and appalling character; Scylla a perpendicular rock, close at hand to the whirl. This explanation deprives Scylla and Charybdis

of all their poetry and mystical character, and describes them as any simple and unsophisticated sailor would.

#### JUPITER.

The Jupiter of the Greeks and Romans — styled the *father* or *ruler* of the gods — is the *Tinia* of the Phœnicians.

The *Hesperides* were the islands, to the south of the Mediterranean Sea, where grew the golden apples — *oranges*.

The fables about Hercules' killing the dragon which watched this fruit is explained by his conquering the difficulties of long voyages, in quest of those southern islands.

The *Titans*, and numerous other Greek divinities, originated in the nautical enterprise and adventure of the Phœnicians. It would require an entire volume to enter fully into their history, and to show in detail how small is the claim of either Greece or Rome to the merit, whatever it may be, of building up the beautiful series of allegories, from which have grown the fascinating creations of the endless family of heathen gods and goddesses: which are chiefly to be attributed to the intellectual and enterprising Phœnicians, as also are the appellations and characters of various stars and constellations in the heavens. I will conclude my remarks on this head, which are altogether condensed from the elaborate writings of Sir William Betham, with his history of

#### SANCUS.

The Sabines, according to Varro and Ovid, had a deity called Sancus, or Sangus. He was adopted by the Romans as *dius Fidius*. The Italian author translates his from the Latin *sanctus*, (the holy one,) and makes him son of Jove. He is also said to have been the national god of the Umbri. The Greeks made him the same as Hercules.

There is not, perhaps, a stronger proof of the identity of the Etruscan with the Gaelic language, than the name of this deity. Nor can it be better illustrated than in the following translation of a passage in a commentary on the Brehon laws, in the Irish language, quoted in O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary, under the word *Seancus*, the precise name of the supposed Sabine deity: —

“*Seanchus*, that is, *old cause*; that is, *a very old cause*, and every cause appertaining to antiquity, as *senex custodia*; that is, old guardianship, or keeping secure. *Seancur*, that is, *sensus*; *Castigatorius*, that is, collected intelligence arranged in order — the old head of knowledge



or law. What the aforesaid great Sheanchus states is, that *Sheanchus* is the term applied to perfect knowledge among the learned, as genealogies, such as *Genesis*, which is in truth genealogical history. Law books were the origin and foundation of the Irish Sheanchus books. The delineation or ramifying all true history is called *dinseanchus*, that is, *accurate and corroborated history*. Poetry without fabulous embellishment, grammar, and the elements of education, among the learned of Ireland, were so called.

“Sheancus constitutes, both in name and matter, the original laws of Ireland. They are sometimes called *Fenechus*, because they regulated the *Fenians* [Phœnicians] and their colonies. It was the foundation of the knowledge of the tribes of Erin, and points out their origin, for the Erenachs [Irish] derive their name from *Fhenius*, *Farsaid*, *Phenius* the *mariner*, or of the *prow of a ship*.”

On this definition of the term, Sir William makes the following comment: “Sheanchus, the *old cause* or *first cause*, was the epithet properly applied to Tinia, the supreme god; and all the epithets in the foregoing translation are equally applicable. In this commentary on the old laws of Ireland, we have all the attributes of Sancus, and even his name set forth and explained by a writer who lived some centuries ago, in the west of Europe, in the then almost unknown, and altogether neglected, Ireland. A commentary written to explain a difficult and obsolete term, unknown to the vulgar of that day, respecting the old laws of Ireland, is an evidence above suspicion, clear and irrefragable.

“The Seanchus was also called *Fenechus*, because the Irish derived their knowledge of it from their ancestors, the *Fenicians*, or Phœnicians, of whom they were a colony. Could any evidence be more direct and conclusive? WE FIND THE LANGUAGE AND TRADITIONS OF IRELAND IN PERFECT ACCORDANCE WITH THE STATEMENTS OF THE ROMAN WRITERS, AND ALL EXTRANEOUS TESTIMONY.”

It is said by the same learned authority, that, in distant ages, a colony from Ireland found the American continent. O'Halloran notes it distinctly as having occurred in the twelfth century. A Highlander at Quebec, a few years ago, who understood the Gaelic, acted as interpreter between some Indian tribes and the governor of Canada; and I find a curious document published in the papers lately from the Indians, in the western part of New York, in which they use the same word to express the idea of *historian*, viz., “*sago senota*,” used by the ancient Irish.

\* \* \* \* \* The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser says that the General Council of Seneca Chiefs, recently held at Cattaraugus, have nominated and adopted Col. Stone, editor of the Commercial Advertiser, a chief of the tribe. In pursuance of a resolution in council, to that effect, it was unanimously agreed

that he be received into the clan of the *White Heron*, and be hereafter known by the name of *Sa-go-sen-o-la*, meaning the man who perpetuates the exploits of brave men.

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## SECTION II.

Discovery of Ireland by the Phœnician Mariners. — The Eugubian Tables. — Identity of the ancient Irish and the Phœnicians. — First Ship that touched Ireland. — Wexford Harbor. — River Slaney. — The Island dedicated to Nerf. — Called the Holy Island. — Translation of the Eugubian Tables. — *Gillia Keavin*. — First Settlers in Ireland. — Pillar of Hercules. — Erected by Breogan. — Stanzas from *Gillia Keavin*. — Landing and Death of *Ith*. — Arrival of the chief Milesian Fleet. — Negotiation with the old Inhabitants. — Battles of Kerry and Meath. — Death of *Scota*. — The *Damnonii*. — Their Settlement in Connaught and Cornwall.

IN the foregoing remarks I have briefly sketched the general character and position of the great Phœnician family. I will now trace their adventurous migrations to Ireland.

By the discoveries in the tombs of Italy, made within the last few years, we are put in possession of unerring data to trace the direct connection of the ancient Irish with the Phœnicians. The "Eugubian Tables," found, in the year 1422, amongst the tombs of Italy, at the base of the Apennine Mountains, contain records highly interesting to the Irish antiquarian. The material of those tables was bronze, or mixed metals; and on them were engraved, in the old Phœnician (Irish) language, detailed accounts of the discovery of Ireland by the mariners. "Many passages in these inscriptions," says Sir W. Betham, "were found so palpably Irish, as to leave little doubt that the whole was of possible interpretation by means of the Irish language."

These interesting relics of the past consist of seven bronze tables. They seem to have been erected in some public place in the Phœnician cities, for the direction of mariners who sailed to Ireland. The inscriptions found on them were enigmas to the world, until Sir William Betham, through his acquired knowledge of the ancient Irish language, translated, and proved from the record, the identity of the ancient Irish with the Phœnician people — an identity which extended to language, customs, religion, arts, sciences, manufactures, commerce, &c.

These tables describe the first land touched on reaching Ireland. The Tuscar Rock, which stands in the ocean in front of Wexford, was the first object they saw. Sir William occupies several pages of his work with the inscriptions in the old Phœnician charac-

ter, which he gives in columns, — in juxtaposition with which, he places a translation into the common or familiar Irish language, and then a literal translation of each sentence into English. The writing on the Eugubian Tables runs from right to left, contrary to our present custom. I regret there is no Irish type in America, to enable me to print the Irish characters after Sir William's copy.

The following few extracts from his condensed translations will serve to give some idea of the nature of those inscriptions. The inscriptions on the tables, No. 1 to 5, exhibit the following outline: —

A Phœnician vessel proceeded, in a strong current, along the coast of Spain, beyond Cape Ortegal, then called the Northern Headland of the ocean, on which it appears a fire beacon was kept burning for the benefit of mariners at night. The vessel proceeded, for twelve days, in a direction due north, observed by the polar star, when they saw land, and came to a point which they named *Car-na*, or the *Turn*. In another place it is called *Tus-cer*, or the *First Turn*, being the first deviation from the direct northern track. They saw also a large, black rock, in the middle of the sea. They went round this point, and got into smooth water, and were *free* from the heavy seas and swells they had so long encountered. They called this *Car-na-ser-tus-cer*, or the *free turn of the first deviation*. That point of land bears, to this day, the name of *Carnasoire Point*, and the rock the *Tuscar Rock*. The peninsula is now the parish of Carne, in the county of Wexford. The mariners soon discovered the entrance to the River Slaney, which they entered in safety. The flux and reflux of the tides are described with extraordinary accuracy, — declared to be governed by a certain law, and influenced by the moon. They dedicated the country to *Nerf*, (Minerva,) by the guidance of whose wisdom they had made the discovery; and it is worthy of remark that coins of bronze are still extant which were made to commemorate this discovery. (Engravings of those coins are given in Sir William's book.) This land was dedicated to *Nerf*, as it was the first land discovered in the west of Europe, and was likely to lead to other undiscovered countries.

It was thus Ireland, in those remote ages, was called a Holy Island, viz., "the illustrious holy one of the sea, the holy guiding one of the sea, even *Nerf*." All the points and circumstances of this voyage are marked out on the metal tables with extraordinary accuracy.

I give a few verses of Sir William's translation from the tables, but would remark that there are two hundred and fifty pages of his book occupied with the translations of this singular record of antiquity.

## TABLE I.

## TRANSLATION.

"1. O Phœnicians, this is a statement of the night voyage to Carne, [the Turn,] and of the manner of going with great science over by the waters of the ocean.

"2. At first the waves were strong and swelling, which continued for a long way from the land, but the knowledge of the moving cause which acted on the sea, in the lonely course.

"3. From this, on the voyage, and with the moon's light at night, all the way to Carne, by this valuable knowledge it is when

"4. Day is away, but with the moon it was a certain and safe course in the sea a long way from the coast, with the course of the tides, both to and from that place.

"5. The currents, both day and night, and the moon's light, will be favorable all the way to sea. Indeed, in the night, during the voyage at sea, the moon will give light, and thus day and night will be in it.

"6. Great will be the influence of the moon on the current, when steering for a long way from the mouth, both in going out and returning home.

"7. O Phœnicians, it is very safe and secure navigation this long distance, steering the course, by the moon's light, to the port in that island Phœnician, and

"8. From thence to return by the same course, the same long distance on the ocean, in the absence of day when there is moon."

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The contents of these bronze tables, from which I make the above extract, are given at great length in Sir William's book; but, as the matter is more a study for the learned antiquarian than the general reader, I shall not quote further, but pass on to the next link in the historic chain.

Giolla Keavin, Cormac, Declan, and other ancient historians of Ireland, who wrote a thousand years ago, have left behind them manuscripts, compiled and copied from manuscripts still more ancient, that existed in their time, which give a history of the Milesian families, by which Ireland was settled about thirteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. Whether the island was partially peopled by previous adventurers from the Phœnician stock, or from a less enlightened race, we have no means of knowing. Still less have we any means of determining the probable period when the island was first visited by human



beings. The conjectures of historians are given, speculations and theories are raised; but, it must be confessed, the first peopling of Ireland extends so far back into the dim twilight of antiquity and tradition, that a candid writer must acknowledge his incapability to define the period, or trace up the family, which poured the first small stream of human life into her fertile valleys.

The Eugubian Tables, from which I have made extracts, belong to an age thirteen or fourteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. That the tide of emigration from the south-east of Europe began then to set in towards Ireland, is quite reasonable to suppose. The traditions found existing amongst the first settlers, by the *Milesian* colony, state that the island was peopled three hundred years before *their* arrival. This would fix the arrival of the first adventurers about sixteen centuries before Christ. The first settlers of every country are less mindful than their successors of the refinements or luxuries of life. It is quite reasonable to suppose the very first settlers of Ireland, like other pioneers of civilization, felt interested only in the affairs of immediate existence, and heeded little the duty, which they owed posterity, of transmitting, on stone or brass, a memorial of their enterprise. That they were Phœnicians is a supposition more likely to be true than any other. The discovery of the island itself was regarded by the Phœnician mariners and people with as much surprise and joy as the discovery of America by Columbus was regarded by Spain and all Europe.

All that we have certainly vouched by the *Eugubian brass tables*, are, the facts that the "Holy Island" in the west was discovered twelve days' sail due north of Cape Ortegal, in Spain; that the rock in the front of Wexford, known ever since as the *Tuscar*, was the first object observed by the overjoyed mariners; that this rock looked like a ship turned upside down in the water; that the River Slaney was entered by the mariners, and the navigation of the river was described as perfectly safe, — "sailing in and out on the flowing and ebbing of the tide." The point on the Spanish coast from whence they started is marked out with extraordinary accuracy. Cape *Ortegal* is called the *Three Hills*, which, indeed, is the figure it exhibits from the sea. In the front of this bay, standing on a short peninsula, is the famous Pillar of Hercules, erected, as it is written, by *Breogan*, the Phœnician. It was built as a watchtower, on which a light was kept burning, to guide the mariners in their traffic to and from Ireland. The Pillar of Hercules has survived the shocks of countless generations. In the days of the Romans, it was deemed a work of great antiquity. When that

overwhelming power destroyed the Carthaginians, who sprang from, or were a continuation of, the Phœnicians, they consecrated this pillar to their tutelar god *Mars*, which proved clearly enough that they knew not the object for which it was originally erected, which was to direct the operations of commerce, not of war.

The merchants, composing the board of trade of Galicia, have erected, in 1809, a new pillar, two hundred feet high, around the old one; the object of which is precisely the same as that of the original erection, viz., to guide mariners at sea. Much has been written respecting this tower. The traditions in Spain, respecting its founder and those of Ireland, singularly coincide, and offer additional evidence of the truthfulness of Irish history. In the “Annals of the Four Masters,” the “*Book of Ballymote*,” the *Leabhar Gabhallas*, or “Book of Conquests,” the last of great antiquity, now in the Royal Irish Academy, are found several allusions to this pillar, which was the first erection of the city of *Brigandsia*, afterwards *Corunna*. It was sung by *Giolla Camhan*, or *Keavin*, a very ancient Irish poet, in a long historical poem, which records the adventures of the family of *Breogan*, the renowned Milesian chief who built this tower, and whose sons led the first considerable colony to Ireland.

I give from Sir William Betham’s translation the two following stanzas:—

## 39.

“Great skirmishes and battles were fought  
Against the renowned Spanish hosts,  
By Breogan, of deeds and battles;  
By him was founded Brigandsia.†

\* \* \* \* \*

## 43.

“Ith, the son of Breogan, of generous fame,  
Was the chief who came to Ireland;  
He was the chief man *with a tribe*,  
Of the valiant and powerful race of Gael.”

The historians acquaint us that Ith, with about one hundred and fifty followers, landed in Ireland about one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight years before the birth of Christ; and, being suspected by the earlier inhabitants to be either a spy or an invader, they attacked and

† The meaning of the term *Brigandsia* is, the *mountain most remote*; and the founding alluded to the tower, rather than a town.

killed him and the majority of his followers, a few only escaping, who reached their ships, and returned to Brigandsia, (Corunna.) Among those who escaped was *Lughaigh*, the son of *Ith*, who carried back his dead father's body, and exhibited it to the posterity of *Breogan*. "Then *Lughaigh*, the son of *Ith*, went to *Tuir Breoghain*, [or *Corunna*,] and showed his father's dead body unto the posterity of *Breoghain*."

And the relatives and friends of *Ith* resolved to avenge their father's death. Accordingly they summoned all the forces they could command, and, according to the old text, "they ship themselves at *Corruna*, or *Tuir Breoghain*, in *Galicia*, leaving *Spain* among the forraigners, like a boane among a company of quarrelling cures, and to sea they goe, in thirty shippes, each whereof carried thirty valiant men, besides their women, and a number of the vulgar sorte, under their forty-nine commanders, viz., *eight sons of Breoghain*," &c. &c.

The text goes on to describe the commanders and the families from whence they sprang, and informs us that "they all, with their forces, arrived safe at the haven of *Wexford*, then called *Jubhir Slaine*." This landing took place in 1264 before Christ. [As it begins the authenticated history of Ireland under the Milesians, I shall henceforward observe a chronological notation in my historic narrative. The letters *B. C.* I shall mean to express the words "*before Christ*."]

They summoned the rude inhabitants to surrender the government. To this a reply was returned, stating that they had no notice of this hostile invasion, and of course were not prepared to resist it; that it was contrary to the rules of war to take them thus by surprise, but, if they would give proper time to collect troops, they would put the fate of their country on a single battle.

After much negotiation, the following conditions were agreed to: That the invaders should speedily return to their ships; their ships clear the coasts; after which, if they made good their second landing, the *Damnonii* (the name of the prior inhabitants) would deem it an equitable invasion, and either submit or oppose them, as they found most convenient.

This was agreed to by both sides, and faithfully adhered to by the Milesian chiefs. They conveyed all their troops and provisions on board, and put to sea with their whole fleet. When they were fairly in the main ocean, they tacked about; but a storm coming on, produced dreadful consequences; several vessels were lost; five of the eight sons of Milesius were drowned, besides many ladies and captains.

A portion of the fleet, thus shattered, made a landing at the port now

known as Drogheda, on the north-eastern coast of Ireland. Another portion re-landed in Kerry, near Tralee. A bloody battle took place, in the latter place, in which the women fought, as well as the men. Scota, the widow of Milesius, with other ladies, fell in the action, and the place of her death is marked to this day, and known as *Scotha's Hill*. The Milesian army were the victors, and then, joining their companions in Drogheda, gave battle to the northern inhabitants on the plains of Meath.

The Milesians were commanded by three brothers, and the *Damnonii* were also commanded by three brothers. The battle raged all day with about equal success on both sides. The opposing princes eagerly sought each other, through numbers of wounded and dying. At length they met. The fate of Ireland, like that of Rome in the days of the Horatii, hung on the swords of these contending brothers. The three native chieftains fell by the hands of their invading opponents. The invaders were now the victors.

The *Danaans*, or *Damnonii*, after ruling Ireland for one hundred and ninety-five years, were completely subdued. Some tribes passed over to Devonshire and Cornwall, in England, carrying with them the customs and language of their race. Others of them settled beyond the River Shannon, in the west of Ireland, now known as Connaught, where they were permitted, undisturbed, to establish their own form of government and elect their chiefs; which distinct law and government continued in force, in Connaught, from that period to the third century of the Christian era. But these old settlers were not persecuted by their conquerors; their properties were not confiscated; their government was not abolished by the ruthless hand of their invaders. Such a mode of settling a country was reserved for more enlightened times.

The Milesian adventurers thus became masters of Ireland, by the laws of the most honorable warfare; and their sway continued in their successors for the unprecedented space of TWO THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED YEARS.



## LECTURE III.

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FROM 1260 TO 860 B. C.

Government established by the Milesians. — The Island divided between Heber and Heremon. — Amherghin, the chief Druid. — Heber and Heremon quarrel. — Heber slain. — Heremon proclaimed King. — Erects the Palace of Tara. — Suppresses Rebellion. — Arrival of the Tribe called Picts. — Family of Milesius refuse them an Inheritance. — Names assumed by the Milesians. — Picts settle in ancient Caledonia. — Seek the Liberty of marrying the Milesians. — Agree that the new Colony shall be subject to the Milesian King. — Death of Heremon. — Names of nineteen Kings, who reigned in the Course of four hundred Years. — Improvements in the Island. — Advanced State of Arts and Literature. — The Law of Colors. — Ancient Mode of dyeing. — Dress of the Kings. — Gold and Silver Helmets, Vessels, &c. — Ambassador sent to Greece. — Reign of Ollamh Fodhla. — Assembles a Parliament at Tara. — Dimensions of the Hall. — Order of taking Seats. — Provincial Division of the Kingdom. — Druid Ceremonies before the Commencement of Business. — *Sheaneachies'* Reports. — Rules which governed the Sheaneachies. — Law of Hospitality. — Duty of the Hospitaler. — Betagh Lands. — Hospitality in Christian Ireland cherished still by the People. — Irish Law of Gavel. — English Law of Primogeniture. — Contrasted. — Nature of the British Aristocracy. — Law of Primogeniture in the United States abolished. — Origin of Trial by Jury. — Alfred the Great educated in Ireland. — The whole System of Irish Law transferred by him to England. — Remarkable Coincidences. . . . — Ancient Sheanichea the present Recorder. — Chief Court of Tara. — Laws of Tara. — Origin of Corporations. — Commentators on and Compilers of Irish Laws. — Ollamh Fodhla's History of the Milesians. — Laws of Heraldry. — Arms of Ireland. — Ladies' Assemblies in Tara. — Palace of the Ladies. — The Harp. — Songs: "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls." — Savourneen Deelish. — Come, raise a Cheer for Erin!

B. C. 1260. THE leaders of this successful colony now turned their attention to the subject of its government and permanent establishment. *Heber-Fionn* and *Heremon*, brothers, and children of Milesius, as chiefs of the colony, divided the island between them. Heber enjoyed the sovereignty of all the southern part; Heremon enjoyed Leinster and the northern districts. Some of these districts were subdivided amongst their sons, and secondary chiefs, according to rank and merit. The province of Connaught was given to the old settlers, commonly called the Belgæ or *Fírbolgs*, and Danaans.

A third son of Milesius, *Amherghin*, claims our attention. He was chief of the order of learned persons, who were called *ollamhs*, that is, doctors — professors of religious ceremonies and literature. He was a *Druid*; a priest and teacher of that stupendous system of mythology, which prevailed throughout the entire family of the Phœnicians, and their contemporaries, the Egyptians. That system of religious observance and worship, if we may so call it, was introduced into Ireland by the Milesian colony, the chief *Druid* being Amherghin, or, as some

write it, *Amberghin*, brother of the successful warriors. A universal obedience was yielded to the priest and to the ceremonials. Our imaginations will aid the historian in conceiving and picturing the grandeur, solemnity, and fascination, of these superbly gorgeous ceremonies, performed in a country newly conquered, and in presence of the very heroes and priests who had led the colony on to victory, and to the possession of the most fertile, most fruitful land yet acquired by Phœnician enterprise.

B. C. 1250. The brothers, Heber and Heremon, were not destined to enjoy very long the fruits of their success. A few years passed over, when the wife of Heber threw a covetous eye on a lovely vale, situate on the border of her husband's dominion, that, by the first partition, had fallen to the share of Heremon, and which, from its rare beauty, had attracted the special care and cultivation of the latter's wife. The wife of Heber urged him to demand of his brother this favored spot. It was refused: an appeal to arms succeeded the negotiation. The wife of Heber urged him on to battle. He levied his followers, and led them to the plains of *Gesiol*, in Leinster. Here he was met by his brother, at the head of a hardy band, when that memorable battle was fought, which gave victory to Heremon, and which lost to the ambitious queen of Heber, her husband, her crown, and her territory. Heremon was then proclaimed sole monarch of Ireland. Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote in 1176, quoting from the old books to which he had access, has the following passage in reference to this event:—

“After several battles, and doubtful events of war, between the brothers, victory fell at length to Heremon; and in one of those battles, Heber, his brother, being slain, Heremon became sole master of the kingdom, and was the first monarch of the Irish people, who inhabit the kingdom to this day.”

Heremon, now being sole monarch of Ireland, built a splendid residence on a gentle eminence in the present county of Meath, which he dedicated to his queen, *Tea*, and denominated the palace of Tea, or *Tealtha*. It was also called *TARA*, and again *Temora*. This palace was enlarged at several periods, and became, for unnumbered generations, the residence of the monarchs of Ireland. I shall have frequent occasion to speak of Tara, and therefore reserve a particular description of this far-famed palace of kings for a more advanced stage of this narrative. The government established by *Heremon* was a simple monarchy. His reign, though short, was beset with difficulties. Although he provided for the sons of his fallen brother, by conferring on them tracts of

their father's territory, and otherwise actively employed himself in establishing law and order, he did not escape the troubles of rebellion. Some of his chieftains were the leaders of an unnatural revolt, which, however, he suppressed. In addition to this, he was plagued with the warlike incursion of a colony, called Picts, who came from one of the Grecian islands of *Thrace* to seek a settlement in Ireland. They were strangers to the Milesian tribes, and excited commotion on their arrival; for it was the custom, amongst the ancients, to look with suspicion on strange tribes—to refuse to mix or reside with them.

The Milesians — *Clanna Mileag* — that is, the children of Milesius — were divided into four tribes, viz., those of *Heber*, *Heremon*, *Ir*, and *Ith*. They preserved their race pure, and made no alliance with strange tribes, nor with the lower orders, or vassals of their own. They formed four great families, who were descended from the same father. "They preserved," says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, "their genealogies carefully, and knew the whole line of their ancestors down to the chief of their tribe. This precaution was essential in regard to the succession to the throne, because it was required that those who aspired to it should be descended from one of the tribes." Each tribe possessed, in the beginning, their own portion of the island, and each portion was divided into lands and lordships, possessed by the different branches of the tribe. Each tribe had vassals and farmers to cultivate their lands and tend their flocks. Every one was called by his name. They did not take the name of castles, or villages, like the nobles of the present day, but usually added to their names that of their fathers, with the adjective *Mac*, which signifies *son*, viz., *Mac Mahon*, the son of Mahon. *Rollin* says, the custom of the East was to add to the name of the son that of the father. For instance, Sardanapalus is composed of *Sardan* and *Pal*, which means *Sardan* son of *Pal*. This custom was followed by the Greeks and Romans. In Muscovy, the same practice is observed to this day. The *Fitz*, formerly made use of among the Saxons, in England, meant the same thing. *Fitzgerald*, *Fitzsimons*, mean the *son* of Gerald, the *son* of Simons. The present race of *Thompsons*, *Johnsons*, *Jacksons*, &c., are emanations of the same idea.

Returning to the Picts, we find that the feelings of the Milesians were strongly opposed to their settlement in Ireland. King Heremon pointed out to them the opposite coast, now known as Scotland, which was then either not peopled at all, or by very few indeed. The Pictish adventurers agreed to go thither, but, being without women or

children, they sought of King Heremon liberty to obtain wives from amongst his subjects ; and they agreed that the government of the new settlement should be subject to the Irish monarch and his successors. To attest the sincerity of their intentions, and to afford a guaranty for the faithful observance of their engagements, they pledged themselves to encourage the continuance of this connection by means of matrimonial alliances, and that the children alone of Irish women should succeed to the hereditary offices connected with the government, religion, education, or military system of the colony. To this stipulation the king agreed, and from that period to the times of *Columb Kille*, in the sixth century of the Christian era, this compact was faithfully adhered to on both sides. Caledonia was a colony tributary to Ireland, and sent deputations to the parliament of Tara. This alliance rendered Caledonia, in after ages, impregnable to the Roman arms, and enabled that colony, by the aid of the Irish legions, to preserve its independence against all invasions, for better than two thousand years. The colony was called *Scoto*, after the mother country, Ireland.\* Ireland was then, and for many subsequent ages, called *Scotia Major*, or the Great Scotia, and the colony of Caledonia was called *Scotia Minor*, i. e., the Lesser Scotia. The alliance was formed and bound by the ligaments of blood and interest : indeed, both people were one family ; spoke the same language ; were governed by the same laws ; fought for their mutual defence in the same legions ; cultivated the same music ; practised the same religious ceremonies, customs, &c., all which shall be shown and sustained, with ample proof, in the course of this narrative.

On the death of Heremon, after a reign of thirteen years, he was succeeded by his three sons, who agreed to divide the duties of supreme government between them ; each ruling, alternately, during one year. In the progress of their government they were interrupted by the sons of Heber, who, with their forces, overthrew the power of the sons of Heremon. Various hostile struggles for supreme government now ensued between those rival houses, which were attended by much bloodshed. Although the old historians go into lengthened detail of those battles, I do not think that the peaceful spirit of the present age calls for a very circumstantial account of such deplorable occurrences. I shall therefore pass rapidly onward to that period of our history, when these physical contests were partially abated by the establishment of the triennial assemblies of Tara.

The princes who filled the throne of Ireland, from the death of

\* The Milesian brothers denominated the island *Scoto* in honor of their mother who had fallen in its conquest.



Heremon to the time of *Ollamh Fodhla*, were *Muimhne*, *Luighne*, *Laishne*, *Irial*, *Eithrial*, *Connaol*, *Tighernmas*, *Eochaidh*, *Cearman*, *Eochaidh II.*, *Fiachadh*, *Eochaidh III.*, *Aongus*, *Eadhna*, *Rotheachta*, *Seadhna*, *Fiachadh II.*, *Muincheamboin*, and *Aldergoid*; viz., nineteen kings during the space of about four hundred years.

In the course of these four hundred years, the island increased considerably in its population, importance, foreign traffic, &c. The forests of oak, with which, we are informed, the whole face of the country was originally covered, had been nearly all cut down. Agriculture had progressed under the care of royal husbandmen. The Phœnicians, from which people these settlers had directly emanated, were still the leading nation of Europe and the East, and had kept up a considerable traffic with the Milesians of Ireland. Rome had not yet begun even an embryo existence; and the islands of *Hellas*—i. e., the Greek islands—had only begun to emerge from the most unlettered barbarism. Although the Milesian princes battled among themselves for political or supreme sway, as most of the ancients did, yet art, science, literature, manufacture, &c., progressed under them with an expansive speed, which does not at all surprise us when we recollect the degree of refinement and advancement their immediate progenitors had maintained for many previous centuries.

During the reign of *Tighernmas*, (included in the nineteen kings,) literature, arts, and agriculture, flourished. The old bards and historians celebrate this monarch for having introduced the scale and degrees of colors to be worn by the several orders of the people. By him it was ordained that princes of the blood royal were to have *seven* colors in their garments. The monarch was known by his mantle of yellow and purple, for *green* had not yet become the national color. The vesture of the Druids, ollamhs, bards, and artists, was variegated by *six* dyes; that of the nobility and knights by *five*; of betachs, or keepers of the houses of free hospitality, by *four*; of commanders of battalions, *three*; of private gentlemen, *two*; and of peasantry and soldiers, *one*. The provisions of this regulation were observed for many ages with the most rigid attention. The regulation had scriptural authority to sustain it; for it existed among the chosen of God. We are told that “Jacob loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age, and he made him a *coat of many colors*.” The national observance of this custom tended to induce the cultivation of colors amongst the people. The authority of foreign writers exists, which proves that the Irish carried the art of dyeing to

great perfection. Bishop *Nicholson*, a learned authority, tells us they understood the composition of the celebrated Tyrian purple, which was extracted from a small shell-fish found in abundance round the Irish coast. Red, purple, and crimson, are frequently mentioned by the old poets in their descriptions of the attire of their heroes. The learned and accomplished English author, Colonel *Vallancey*, says, on this head, "Though the garb of the ancient Irish was simple in its fashion, yet the materials of which it was composed were of the most costly quality. Their kings wore mantles of an immense size, generally nine ells, of yellow and purple silk, which were studded with gems and precious stones. Their helmets, shields, and ensign staffs, were of pure gold, as the country abounded with that precious metal." The learned Dr. O'Connor also refers to that period in the following passage: "The dress of the ancient Scots [Irish] was plain as their manners. The fashion of their vesture was admirably adapted to the manners of a martial nation, and it received very little change through all ages; it helped to display action, and exhibited the actor in the most advantageous manner; it bears a perfect resemblance to the costume of the ancient Greeks, [who must have fashioned after the Phœnicians, their superiors in manufacture and art.] One piece of the dress covered the legs and thighs of the wearer very closely. The *braccon*, or vest, was fastened with golden clasps, and so conveniently contrived as to cover the breast better than any modern garment, while the close sleeves of a flowing mantle gave the soldier all the advantages he could require in the use of arms. Over the whole they wore a *fallung*, or wide cloak, which covered them from the sun and rain, in time of inaction; and in time of war it served them for a bed in the field tents. I have seen a representation of these dresses in the carving on the king of Connaught's tomb, [Feidlim O'Connor,] in the abbey of Roscommon, and I am certain that the remains of this species of dress are still preserved in the Highlands of Scotland."

These and other testimonies sustain us in believing the advanced degree of maturity to which civilization, art, and manufacture, had arrived at that period amongst the ancient Irish. In the reign of this prince, also, were many mines of great value discovered and opened in Ireland. Some goblets have been found in the bog of Allen, which were made in the reign of Tighearnmas, and their sculptured devices afford a proof of the proficiency of the ancient Irish in the working of metals, &c. Dr. Warner says, referring to this era in our history, that "gold and silver must have been very plenty in this country in ancient times, as

all the knights wore golden helmets, and chains, and shields of the same precious metal." A bit of a bridle, of solid gold, of ten ounces, which was found in digging some ground, was sent as a present to Charles the First, by the Earl of Strafford. The same nobleman sent also an ingot of silver to the royal mint, from the mines of Tipperary, which weighed three hundred ounces, and a crown of gold was also found, and many other evidences of ancient wealth and art. Heraldry and heraldic orders had been introduced into the customs of the gentry and chiefs, which were more generally observed by those classes in subsequent times.

Another of the nineteen kings, viz., *Eithrial*, wrote the history of his ancestors, from the great *Phenius* down to his own days. "According to Colgan and Molloy," says Pepper, "this work of our royal historian existed in the archives of Tara, until St. Patrick, in the too ardent glow of his Christian zeal, committed it to the flames, with very many more of our antique works." O'Halloran says that King *Eithrial* sent an embassy to Greece, consisting of many learned men, at the head of which was the Druid *Abaris*, who instructed the inhabitants of the Hellas in many of the arts and sciences then familiar to the Irish. This embassy proceeded to Egypt, to explore the rich mines of knowledge existing there, and returned through the Phœnician territories, carrying back to Ireland great additions to the national science and knowledge. Diodorus, quoting Heccatacus, the Egyptian writer, confirms this. See "Round Towers," further on.

B. C. 920. We now come to the reign of Ollamh Fodhla. This prince, memorable for the wise institutions which he founded in Ireland, came to the throne of the Milesian kings after a bloody contest. He was of the line of Ir; was crowned with the utmost grandeur as King *Eochaidh*, which was his real name; but, being a prince of profound acquirements, and having been, before his elevation, one of the bardic order, he assumed the name of OLLAMH FODHLA, viz., *Learned Doctor*, or Doctor of Ireland. His reign constitutes the most memorable epoch in the annals of the ancient Milesians: he saw and deplored the strife which continued to grow from the opposing and ambitious impulses of rival chieftains; he had witnessed the frequent acts of injustice practised by local petty chieftains on their vassals, and he had the wisdom, as well as magnanimity, to propose a tribunal, before which he, as well as all other men in the country, must bow — to which all should be responsible. This tribunal consisted of "the assembly of the estates," which this great man proposed should meet every third year at

the palace of Tara. It was composed of the provincial princes, nobles, Druids, brehons, bards, artists, and workers in metals. This parliament was assembled under the grandest order of ceremonies ; for the accommodation of the members, who consisted of a thousand persons, an extensive hall was erected, principally of oak, the fronts of which were supported by richly carved and ornamented pillars of the same wood. This national hall was five hundred feet long, sixty wide, and one hundred high. It had fourteen principal entrances, many of which opened into banqueting rooms, libraries, and courts of judgment. This extensive erection of wood gave place, in the third century of the Christian era, to a magnificent edifice of marble, raised by the profound scholar and king, *Cormac* ; of which more in its place.

In this great assembly the utmost decorum was observed ; each member had his place prescribed ; his shield of arms was fixed over his seat ; the princes of the royal Milesian blood had their seats next the monarch ; the provincial kings had seats immediately around his person. Ireland had been, at this time, divided into the provinces of Leinster, Munster, Connaught, and Ulster, over each of which there was a provincial king, or governor, who reigned both by election and by blood. The monarch of Ireland was generally chosen by the voice of the assembly from these four princes ; his power extended over all Ireland, while theirs extended only over their respective districts. It was the practice of the Irish kings to suggest or name, during their lifetime, their successors in the monarchy, which nomination required to be approved by the national assembly.

The members, sitting under their respective armorial shields and standards, the provincial princes, and the monarch in the midst, must have exhibited a splendid spectacle to a free and enthusiastic people. When we consider, that this legislative body consisted of nearly one thousand persons, and that the people, to whom they gave laws, did not exceed two millions, we may then form some idea of the *democracy* of that assembly, and proudly contrast *that feature* with any modern parliament or house of legislation in the world.

Business commenced in the parliament of Tara with great solemnity. The Druids were occupied, for three days previous to its commencement, in offering their mysterious sacrifices to the sun and moon. Those ceremonies were performed in the view of thousands ; there were numerous trains of virgins, called vestals of the moon, who assisted at the ceremonies, attired in white dresses richly adorned with gems and precious stones. After these ceremonies had passed away, the mem-



bers were called to their duties by a flourish of musical instruments. Their first business was to call on the *Sheanachies*, or provincial historians, to read their reports of all public occurrences, crime, or oppression, from their respective districts. These *Sheanachies* were selected from the most trustworthy: they had lands appropriated to their use, and were rendered perfectly independent of their prince. They were expected to utter nothing that was not strictly correct. The *Sheanachie* was liable to severe punishment, expulsion from the legislature, and even death, if found guilty of the slightest deviation from truth. The learned and celebrated Primate Usher says of this class of public officers, "The *Brehon Fileas* [*Sheanachies*] were commissioned to set down in writing every remarkable transaction worth recording that happened in the kingdom, as well as in the neighboring states, agreeably to the truth of the facts. And, lest any error or false insinuation should creep in, or be introduced, they were bound, in the general convention, or in the presence of the chief monarch and a select committee of the nobility and Bards, to produce their writings every three years, when, after a diligent examination, and having expunged every fact, which appeared either uncertain or of doubtful authority, from the record, none was preserved but that which was sanctioned by the votes of all, as worthy of the great *Psalter of Tara*; so called because it was compiled in verse to aid the memory, and to guard against corruptions and falsifications."

Each province sent its *Sheanachie* before the assembly, and that which he reported, when undisputed, was committed to the great book of Tara, called the *Sheanachie More*, or *Great Antiquity*; otherwise the *Psalter of Tara*. This chief record was carried on by the Milesians, from the beginning of their power in Ireland, after the manner of their ancestors, the Phœnicians, who kept their national history, from the infancy of primeval time, in the record named *Sanconiathon*.

When all those reports were heard and recorded in the great book, then was the assembly called upon to make suitable laws to repress crime, to regulate the enterprise or stimulate the industry of the people. Prominent amongst the ancient laws which emanated from Tara was the celebrated **LAW OF HOSPITALITY**. This provided for the maintenance of public places of entertainment, at suitable distances from each other, where the traveller was ever sure to find food and a home. Liberal grants of land were made by the state, and by princes, for this purpose. The officer appointed to administer the national hospitality was called the *betagh*, (that is, *hospitaler*;) and the lands he occupied were called the *bally betagh*. He was enjoined to keep grazing in his pastures six herds of cattle, each herd to number one hundred and

twenty head, and to have seven ploughs continually working in his fallows. He was to have food at all times prepared for those who travelled, or were in want. There was no such thing known, for ages upon ages, in Ireland, as a public inn, hotel, or other such establishment, in which a charge was made for entertainment. This public custom continued in Ireland many centuries, even long after its connection with England; at least through three fourths of the kingdom, which, until the sixteenth century of the Christian era, had never submitted to the English crown. There were eighteen hundred of those houses in the province of Munster. In the reign of James the First, the Irish attorney-general of that monarch, namely, *Sir John Davies*, reported, under his own hand, to his royal master, that, *in the single county of Monahan*, there then were *ninety-six thousand acres of betagh lands*; all of which were duly seized by his *religious* majesty, and divided, with other similar lands, amongst his canting followers. When Ireland became Christian, the lands which, in pagan times, were thus administered, passed into the management of the Christian priesthood. Hospitality ever after appeared as the handmaid of Religion. The people imbibed the social virtue as a tenet of their faith, and entwined it in the code of their religious observances. It has descended to their children, and is practised, even in their fall, as one of their most paramount duties. The dwelling of the humblest peasant in Ireland, like that of the proudest lord, bears testimony to the prevalence of this exalted virtue. Every traveller who visits Ireland bears a hearty attestation to this. Go into the poorest cottage at meal-time, — the board may be poorly furnished, — the dish may consist of potatoes only, — whatever it is, you are welcome to a share of it; for hospitality is part of the national sentiment of Ireland; and O, may that Christian, godlike virtue never abandon the hearts of her children in exile, wheresoever chance or persecution may drive them!

The next important law that emanated from Tara was the law of *gavel*. This was a law which obliged the rich parent to divide, at his death, all his property, share and share alike, amongst his children. The jurist, the true political economist, and the democrat, will acknowledge this law to be amongst the very best that could be devised, to subdivide masses of property amongst a people. They must acknowledge it to be the very wisest of human devices for repressing the growth of an aristocracy. To estimate truly the value of this law, we should weigh it with its opposite, the law of *primogeniture*. That celebrated *baron law* was instituted in England by William the Conqueror, in the eleventh century, and transferred to Ireland after her complete

connection with the British crown, in the sixteenth century. The law of primogeniture, or *entail*, prohibits the owners of the chief estates in Britain, or Ireland, from selling any portion of them, dividing them amongst children, or any way disposing of them, except by the aristocracy-sustaining regulations which it prescribes. These *compel* the parent, at his death, to bequeath the whole of his land estate to his next male heir, to the manifest deprivation of the rights of his other children.

Every man can see, by this comparison, how well calculated was the old Irish law of gavel for diffusing wealth, and distributing amongst the people the social and political power which it always confers. Every man, also, can estimate the aid which the law of primogeniture offers to tyranny, by concentrating vast property in the hands of a few, by giving that few unlimited power, which the few have never failed to use to debauch the press, corrupt the legislature, demoralize public sentiment, and oppress the people. If we would thoroughly understand its nature, let us observe its action in Britain and Ireland. The whole surface of those kingdoms is owned by about five thousand prime proprietors in fee. The joint population of Britain and Ireland amounts to some seven-and-twenty millions, and these five thousand, with their families, by their compact action and great wealth, contrive to fill the two houses of parliament with themselves and their nominees. It has been proved that the British house of commons contains four hundred members, out of six hundred and fifty-eight, who are directly returned to parliament by the landed interest. It is hardly necessary to add that the British house of lords is made up nearly entirely of the landed aristocracy; and this faction have continued, and do continue, to rob the people of both nations of twenty millions sterling per annum by their corn tariff, and of forty millions sterling per annum by their national debt, which they borrowed to preserve their estates, and which they compel the people to pay.

The law of primogeniture prevailed in the American states as long as they were subject to the same British faction. On the establishment of American independence, the British law of primogeniture was abolished, and the Irish law of *gavel* was substituted. Up to the year 1800, the law of primogeniture lingered in Virginia and Kentucky; but at present there is not a remnant of that tyrannic law remaining in existence throughout the entire Union.

Equalling the foregoing in importance, and springing from the same source, was the trial of the **TWELVE MEN**, or, in other words, the *trial by jury*. That was, and is, essentially an Irish law. Leland, who

though he was writing, to screen the English Government, tells us, in the preface to his History of Ireland, that among the old Brehon laws of Ireland was one which referred all disputes about *land* to the decision of twelve men. All personal disputes in those ages, under the head of "offences against the person," were decided by *wager of battle*, or personal combat. The law of the twelve men prevailed in Ireland for many ages before the time of King Alfred. That truly great prince and his brother were driven into exile by the Danes. They were received in Ireland, and were educated in the college of Mayo, where Alfred not only acquired a thorough knowledge of the whole system of Irish jurisprudence, but learned also to play well on the Irish harp, which proved of the utmost service to him in his celebrated conflicts with the Danes. It is related of that great prince, that he entered the Danish quarters disguised as a wandering harper, and played so admirably on the instrument, that he obtained their confidence, and made himself acquainted with all their plans, which knowledge he communicated to his countrymen, who were thereby inspired to make that vigorous effort which freed his country, during *his* life, from the Danish yoke.

The whole superstructure of Irish law was transferred by Alfred to England, including the law of gavel, the trial of the twelve men, the chief court of judgment. The great book of maxims, commonly called the *Doomsday Book*, which still remains in the archives of Oxford, was modeled after the Psalter of Tara. The only merit due to King Alfred, in reference to the trial by jury, is, he extended the Irish law of the twelve men to all questions relating to the *person*, as well as to property. I may add here that, when Alfred was firmly established on the throne of his fathers, he brought over Irish preceptors, and, amongst others, the celebrated *Erigena*, under whose management he founded the university of Oxford — that Oxford which has, in latter years, so frequently poured out its hireling venom on Ireland and Irishmen.

The office of the *Sheanachie* comprehended other duties than the recording of public occurrences. The *Sheanachie* was a petty judge in his district, and decided on matters of secondary importance. This officer is still continued in the British and American constitution, in the person of the *recorder*. The duties performed at present by the recorders of London, Dublin, and New York, are not very dissimilar to those performed by the ancient *Sheanachies* of Ireland. The great book of antiquity kept at Tara, called the *Sheanachie More*, was a record of all the maxims of law and government, which had grown from



the experience of ages. It was, in fact, the code of common law, the maxims of which had grown into proverbs, and were turned by the bards into verse, the better to fasten them in the memories of the people.

The estates of Tara instituted a chief court, before which all appeals, disputes, and complaints, from every part of the kingdom, were brought for final adjudication. The most careless observer will recognize, in that ancient Irish tribunal, the origin of the present Courts of Chancery of England and Ireland, and the Supreme Court of the United States. In the first session of the assembly of Tara, it was established, says the Abbé M'Geoghagan, as a fundamental law of the land, that, every three years, the king, nobility, and principal men in the kingdom, should, under certain penalties, repair in person, or, in case of sickness or any other obstacle, send *proxies* to Tara at the time fixed, there to deliberate on the necessities of the state, to establish laws, and confirm or change the old ones, as the general welfare might require. It was afterwards decreed by the assembly that each lord should maintain, at his own expense, a judge and historian, to whom he should assign a portion of land sufficient for the maintenance of their family, so that, free from all domestic embarrassments, they might devote their time exclusively to their employment. The business of the historian, who was a sort of notary, was to preserve, in writing, a record of their genealogies, alliances, and noble actions, which was presented, every three years, to the national assembly, to undergo the criticism of a committee of nine, viz., three princes, three Druids, and three historians: an abstract of these things, to give them validity, was registered in the Psalter of Tara. This custom of examining the annals of private families, and enrolling them in the Psalter of Tara, lasted, without interruption, till the twelfth century of the Christian era, and without any change, except that, when the pagan priesthood was abolished by the preaching of the gospel, in the fifth century, the three Druids were replaced by three bishops. So, when St. Patrick assisted as judge, with other bishops, at one of those assemblies, he had all the ancient books of the Milesians brought before him, and, having examined them all very carefully, he approved of the Psalter of Tara, with several other histories, written long before his time, and at the same time condemned and burnt one hundred and eighty volumes of the bardic compositions.

Besides the public offices created in the assembly of Tara, every lord or chief had a physician, poet, and musician, to each of whom he

assigned a certain portion of land. These lands, like those of the judges and historians, were considered sacred, and were exempt from all taxes and impositions, even in time of war, like those of the Druid priests of Egypt — a convincing proof of the taste of the Milesians for the politer arts in those remote times. Wise laws were also enacted to maintain the public peace. All violence against members of the assembly, during the session, was prohibited under pain of death. The same sentence was pronounced against those guilty of murder, violation, and robbery, without the monarch having the power to pardon. Copies of these ordinances were distributed amongst all the private judges in the kingdom, to serve as rules in the administration of justice.

A celebrated regulation was instituted for mechanics. They appointed sixty of each trade in every district to inspect and govern the others. No one was allowed to work at any trade without having been approved of by these commissioners, who were called, in the language of the country, "*Jollamuiddh*," which signifies expert in their art or profession. Such was the first organization of bodies of trades and mechanics in Ireland; and such was the origin of corporations, first instituted for the management of trades, and subsequently for the management of town and city affairs. The English are indebted to Ireland for their corporate institutions, but have not the honesty to admit it: on the contrary, they would rather acknowledge themselves indebted for these institutions to the Romans, their conquerors, than to the Irish, their ancient allies. But justice will be done to ancient Ireland, nevertheless, by the enlightened opinion of mankind. Ireland was familiar with those laws and institutions ere Carthage or Rome had yet been cities, ere Greece was honored by Solon and Lycurgus; three centuries before Rome received from the Athenians the laws of the twelve tables. I extract entire from the Abbé M'Geoghegan the following gratifying paragraph: —

"About the time of our Saviour the learned in the jurisprudence of the country began to make collections of the laws, and to commit them to writing, several of which are mentioned by their historians. In the time of Conquovar, king of Ulster, who began to reign some years before the Christian era, Forchern and Neid-Mac-Aidnha, two celebrated poets, composed a dialogue on the laws. The same, with Athinne, chief poet of Conquovar, were the authors of the axioms of the laws, called '*judicia cœlestia*,' [celestial judgments,] as the axioms of the sages of Greece were called '*dicta sapientium*.' Fearadach,

the monarch, and Moran, his judge, were celebrated for their justice and their writings on the laws. Modain-Mac-Tolbain, judge under Constantine, surnamed Keadeaba, made a collection of laws, called 'Meill-breatha.' Fiothall, or Fithic F'iorgothia, one of the legislators at Tara, under Cormac, surnamed Ulfada, has left a treatise upon laws entitled 'Fiondsuith.' King Cormac and Cairbre, his son, made a code of laws, called 'Dula,' which was divided into three parts, and contained regulations on various matters.

"All those works on law, with many others of the same nature, were collected in the eighth century, and formed into one body of laws, by three brothers, Faranan, Boethgal, and Moeltul, the first of whom was a bishop, the second a judge, and the third a poet and antiquarian. This collection was called 'Brathancimhadh,' signifying 'sacred judgments.' The matter it contained is briefly explained in the following Irish lines: —

‘Eaghluis, flatha Agus filidh  
Breitheamh Dhios gacbdligh,  
Na bruigh fo aibh dar linn,  
Na saor agus na gabhan;’

which are thus translated into Latin by Gratianus Lucius: —

‘Quid sit jus cleri, satrapæ, vatisque, fabrique,  
Nec non agricolæ, liber iste docebit abundè;’

and into English for the information of all: —

Priests, bards, and poets,  
Judges, human and divine,  
That never oppressed, in our time,  
Trades, arts, or science.

"Gratianus Lucius mentions his having seen several large volumes on Irish laws, written in large characters on parchment —

"‘I myself have seen many thick volumes of Irish laws, written on parchment, and among them the text written in large characters, having the lines moderately separated, for the more easy interpretation of the words compressed in smaller letters. We see more copious comments introduced in the page, having the text the same as in books of laws.’”\*

[These Irish laws were adopted by Alfred and Edward the Confessor, kings of England, who formed the Domesday Book. Lyttleton was the

\* Several vols. of Brehon laws, in the Irish character, are now in Trinity College.

first Englishman who wrote a small work on the laws, which formed texts for Coke and others, who followed and enlarged.] *Ollamh Fodhla*, having a pure taste for literature, gave every encouragement to the bards and historians: he founded several public places of instruction, and a chief one near his own palace of Tara, where the higher mysteries of the Druids and the superior branches of knowledge were taught; he also wrote with his own hand a history of the Milesians in Ireland, from their first landing down to the period of his reign, which he prefaced by an account of their ancestors, the Phœnicians, tracing their pedigree back almost to the flood. This work was submitted by him to the estates of Tara, received, and adopted, as the beginning of their national journal, the *Psalter of Tara*: several copies were made of that great book, and were kept in the capitals of the provinces, which gave rise to the Psalter of Cashell, the Psalter of Ardmagh, of Glendelagh, Tuam, &c., and several others, which were regularly continued transcripts of the great national journal kept in Tara.

This prince, during a reign which extended to forty years, regulated the laws and customs of heraldry. Previous to his time, the Milesians did not observe very exactly any particular order; they had a banner, bearing, as an escutcheon, a dead serpent and a wand, in memory of the cure of *Gaodhal* by *Moses*. The Milesian genealogists traced their connection to *Gaodhal*, and therefrom assumed as their distinguishing emblem the dead serpent and wand. King *Ollamh Fodhla*, however, instituted symbols and ensigns for all his chiefs, which symbols were affixed to their seats in the hall of legislation, to prevent all jealousy and confusion. The Milesians, according to Keating, evinced a strong partiality for heraldic distinctions. Our early annalists, says he, inform us that Hector, the Trojan hero, bore sable two lions combatant; Osiris, the Egyptian, bore a sceptre-royal, ensigned on the top with an eye; Hercules, the Phœnician, bore a lion rampant holding a battle-axe; the arms of the kingdom of Macedon were a wolf; the Scythians, who remained in the country, and made no conquests abroad, assumed a thunderbolt; the Egyptians bore an ox; the Phrygians, a swine; the Thracians painted the god Mars upon their banners; the Romans, an eagle; and the Persians, bows and arrows. Homer relates that the shield of Achilles had several curious devices raised on it; Alexander the Great bore a lion rampant, and ordered his soldiers to display the same upon their shields; Augustus Cæsar bore the image of Alexander the Great; the Phœnicians, being a commercial nation, assumed the prow of a ship. The author of the *Leabhar Leatha* says the twelve tribes



of Israel bore each different symbols, to distinguish them in their march through the desert. Dr. Warner says there was no nation where heraldic distinctions were more strictly regulated than in Ireland. When a chieftain distinguished himself against the enemy, his name and exploit were immediately entered into the records of his house, to be transmitted down from father to son, and by that means to inspire the several branches of the family with an emulation to imitate such a great example.

The harp was the earliest national symbol of the *Firbolgs*, or first inhabitants. When Heber and Heremon divided the kingdom between them, they differed about a musician and poet; but the matter was settled in a friendly manner by Ambergin, their brother, who adjudged the musician to Heber, and the poet to Heremon; the brothers then assumed the *harp* as an emblem of the harmony that prevailed between them. The yellow banner, emblazoned with the dead serpent and the rod of Moses, was borne by the standard-bearer of Roderick O'Connor, king of Connaught, when that monarch had an interview with Henry the Second of England. Brian Borohme bore on his standard, at Clontarf, the sun bursting through a cloud. It may be that I shall enter more fully on the subject of Irish heraldry in the progress of this work, if I think it will not swell the volume to an inconvenient bulk. I pass on from the topic, merely observing that the whole system and superstructure of English and French heraldry have been modeled after the old orders and creations of Tara. These heraldic laws and symbols were introduced into Gaul, (France,) and into Europe generally, by the celebrated Charlemagne, on the re-establishment of civilization, in the eighth century. It is distinctly recorded of that distinguished king and scholar, that he brought from Ireland several learned men, under whose direction he founded universities in various parts of his dominions. Amongst these learned Irishmen were Claude Clement and John Scott, who were installed by Charlemagne professors over the universities of Pavia and Paris.

The palace and the assemblies of Tara were adorned by the BEAUTY of the land. Modern belles and beaux imagine that in ancient times the human face bore no traces or lineaments of heaven's divine creation. They firmly believe, indeed, that, before the discovery of certain *soaps*, *washes*, and *composites*, the cheek of woman threw out no lovely glow, and her eye no kindling ray; that men were a sort of wild animals, with bushy hair and ferocious aspects, and, of course, insensible to the more refined influence of the superior sex. Such

sapient thinkers should be reminded that the gorgeous sun shone in the heavens three thousand years ago as brightly as it does now ; that the moon glided then through her silvery path with the same regularity and bewitching brightness she does at present ; that the firmament was studded with the same bright stars we now look upon with so much rapture ; that Nature, through her successive seasons, put forth her changing beauties with the same pleasing variety, in endless continuation, breathing through rich foliage her balmy incense, filling the flowers with vivifying perfume, prompting millions of winged choristers to chirp the same light and happy strains which we see, and feel, and hear, at this day ; that Nature was the same throughout all time, under the rule of one great God ; and man has ever been subject to the same natural laws.

Every account of the transactions of Tara, which the old historians have left us, bears ample evidence of the grandeur of their various ceremonies, whether of business or pleasure, the magnificence of their festivals, the innocence, and, at the same time, utility of their sports and amusements. To the ladies present on all or any of these occasions, the utmost deference was paid : a special palace was appropriated to their use, which was called *Griannan na Ninghean*, or the Council of the Ladies. This council had delegated to it power to regulate all things appertaining to woman. In such an assembly, we may readily imagine, music held a prominent consideration. Such was the case. The oldest and most polished instrument of the Milesians, the HARP, was the favorite instrument of the refined then, as it now is, boxed though it be in the case of a piano-forte, and struck by leathern hammers instead of fairy fingers. The "harps of Tara" have long been the theme of the bard and poet. MOORE, the sweetest bard of modern times,—of whom Erin may well be proud,—has linked the "harp of Tara" with immortal verse.

## COME, RAISE A CHEER FOR ERIN!

WORDS BY T. MOONEY.

*Written on the Mississippi, while on my Western Repeal Mission in 1841-2, and published in the Dublin Pilot, in one of a series of letters, addressed by me to that paper, under the title of "American Correspondence."* T. M.

1. Come, raise a cheer for E - - rin! Her

sun a - gain will shine out bright! Come,

raise a shout for E - rin! She'll soon e-merge from

slavery's night. Come,

raise the toast to E - rin ! Tho' wa - ter sparkle

in the bowl, I'll drink thy health, dear E - rin ; Thy

burn - ing flame still lights my soul !

## 2.

There was a time when, Erin,  
 You gave the haughty Briton laws ; \*  
 There was a time when, Erin,  
 Your children won the world's applause !  
 And the time again is nearing,  
 When Freedom's sword we'll bravely draw,  
 To guard your soil, dear Erin,  
 And give your people their own law.

\* See the foregoing section, under the head of "Trial by Jury."



## 3.

Then rouse your heart, dear Erin,  
 And sound your voice from shore to shore!  
 Demand your rights, brave Erin,  
 And your parliament they'll soon restore;  
 And lift on high your streaming  
 Green banner, as in days gone by.  
 The nations aid you, Erin!  
 And Heaven smiles a cheer from high!

There are three other sets of words to this beautiful old Irish air, viz.: "*Maurian a Gibberlaun*," an old Irish composition; "The rose-tree full in bearing;" and "I'd mourn the hopes that leave me," by Moore. The latter I append, because it was addressed by the author to his wife.

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## I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

## 1.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,  
 If thy smiles had left me too;  
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,  
 Hadst thou been, like them, untrue.  
 But while I've thee before me,  
 With heart so warm, and eyes so bright,  
 No clouds can linger o'er me;  
 That smile turns them all to light.

## 2.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,  
 While fate leaves thy love to me;  
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,  
 Unless joy be shared with thee;  
 One minute's dream about thee,  
 Were worth a long, and endless year  
 Of waking bliss without thee,  
 My own love, my only dear!

## 3.

And though the hope be gone, love,  
 That long sparkled o'er our way,

O! we shall journey on, love,  
 More safely without its ray.  
 Far better lights shall win me,  
 Along the path I've yet to roam,—  
 The mind that burns within me,  
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

## 4.

Thus, when the lamp, that lighted  
 The traveller, at first goes out,  
 He feels awhile benighted,  
 And looks round in fear and doubt;  
 But soon, the prospect clearing,  
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,  
 And thinks no lamp so cheering  
 As that light which heaven sheds!

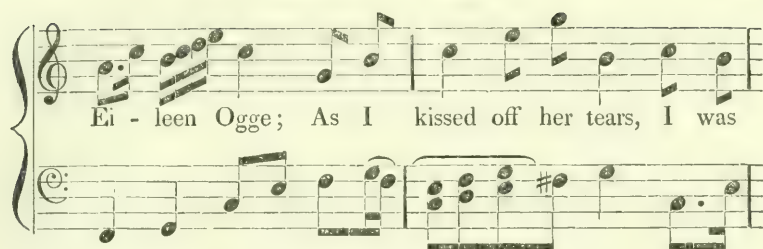
## SHAVOURNEEN DHEELISH.

[MY BEAUTIFUL YOUNG ELLEN DEAR.]

BY LADY MORGAN.

1. O! the mo - - ment was sad, when my

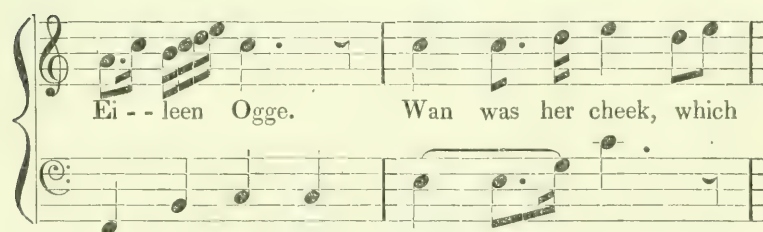
love and I part - ed! Sha - vour - neen Dheel - ish



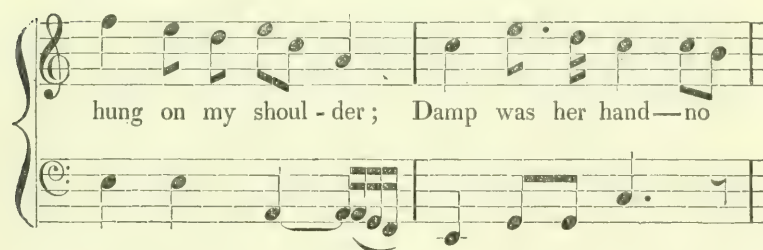
Ei - leen Ogge; As I kissed off her tears, I was



nigh broken - heart - ed; Sha - - your - neen Dheel - ish



Ei - - leen Ogge. Wan was her cheek, which



hung on my shoul - der; Damp was her hand—no



mar - ble was cold - er; I felt in my heart I ne'er

more should be - hold her, Sha - your - neen Dheel - ish

Ei - - leen Ogge.

## 2.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true love,  
 Shavourneen Dheelish Eileén Ogge ;  
 All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you, love,  
 Shavourneen Dheelish Eileen Ogge ;  
 Peace was proclaimed ; escaped from the slaughter,  
 Landed at home, my sweet girl soon I sought her ;  
 But sorrow, alas ! to the cold grave had brought her,  
 Shavourneen Dheelish Eileen Ogge.



## CAROLAN'S FAREWELL TO MUSIC.



## HUMORS OF MULLINAFAWNA.



## LECTURE IV.

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### THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

#### SECTION I.

The Irish Language.—Attempts to suppress it.—Professor of the Irish Language appointed by the Dublin University.—The oldest Manuscripts in Europe in the Irish Language.—Irish Dictionaries.—Ancient Writers on the Language.—Etruscan, Celtic, and Irish Language identical.—Sir William Betham's Opinion thereon.—Much of the Latin derived from the Irish.—Criterion to judge.—Refinement of the Phœncio-Etruscans.—Ancient Irish Alphabet.—Compared with the Egyptio-Irish Ogham.—Five of the Zodiacal Signs are Letters of the Irish Alphabet.—Gave to Perry, of the Morning Chronicle, the Idea of Short Hand Writing.—Moore's Opinion on the Language.—Fidelity of the Irish to their Letters and Language.—Irish Alphabet printed by Order of Bonaparte.—Ireland the School of the Saxons.—Mother Tongues of Europe.—Alphabets now in Use in the World.—Suggestions for restoring the Language.—Its musical Properties.—Ancient Irish and Egyptians the same Family.—Origin of the prefixes *O* and *Mac*.—Meaning of the Term *Celt*.—Languages liable to alter in Pronunciation and in Spelling.—Efforts of the British to root the Language out of Scotland and Wales.—Estimate of the Numbers who still speak the Irish Language in Wales and Scotland.—Like Estimate for Ireland.—Like Estimate of those Exiles who speak it.—Efforts lately made to revive it.—Irish Language the Key to most others.—Efforts of the learned Men of Ireland to restore it.—Suggestions to Parents in this Country.—Irish History and Language not taught in this Country.—Appeal to wealthy Irishmen on this Continent to revive it.

HAVING introduced to the reader the principal settlers of ancient Ireland, and traced their origin, migration, settlement, government, laws, &c., downwards for about five hundred years, I will now treat of their language, historians, architecture, bards, poets, music, &c. ; after which, in my fifth lecture, I will resume the historic narrative.

In offering a few words on the Irish language, I confess, with humility, my inability to do even limited justice to a question so profound. I cannot even devote space to the opinions of others. The "Irish language," as a topic, would require an entire volume to elucidate ; and yet, even though I had the ability to compile such a work, and the

capital to bring it through the press, where, in this country, should I find purchasers in sufficient numbers to cover the expense? The Irish language had been, in the course of the last three centuries, driven from the schools and universities of Ireland by the tyrant policy of Britain. Acts of parliament, queenly and kingly proclamations, penalties, and every species of persecution, were called up to suppress its use in Ireland, and in Ireland's ancient colony of Caledonia. It was proclaimed down at court, discountenanced by the affluent, discouraged by the patrons of literature, suppressed totally in the English and Irish schools and colleges. My father told me that he, when at school, has had a wooden *gag* put into his mouth by his teacher, as a punishment for having spoken occasional words of the Irish language during school time. It is really wonderful how a language, so *hunted* from school and cabin by the severest kind of persecution, did yet survive; and still more wonderful is it to see the descendants of those, who made war upon that language, now exerting themselves to reëstablish it in those very universities from which they formerly hunted it with such senseless barbarity!

In the university of Dublin, called Trinity College, a professor of the Irish language was appointed in the year 1841. On this head, Sir William Betham, in his very able work, from which I have quoted so largely, has the following:—

“Until last year the university of Dublin had *no professor of Irish!* A reverend and learned gentleman has been recently appointed. It is said he speaks the vernacular Irish fluently. Let us hope that, by his means, the most ancient written living language in Europe may take its just place in the estimation of the learned, and escape from the undeserved and illiberal criticism of those who, while they condemn, acknowledge their incapacity to judge, and virtually the injustice of their judgment. It has long been a reproach to the Irish university, that, possessing the most ancient and valuable Irish manuscripts in their library, they had no one competent to explain their contents. They have long had professors of the Oriental languages, and even writers on Ethiopic and Sanscrit; but, till now, *no professor of Irish.* Not one of the fellows has ever been induced to make himself acquainted with the *Iberno-Celtic*, [the Irish,] which may justly contend with the most ancient language of the East for precedence in antiquity.

“A more just consideration of the claims of the old tongue of Ireland, it is to be hoped, will now be accorded; and it will not be despised because it is not understood. It will, I trust, be examined by

a scholar, a man of liberal education and enlightened mind; one who will commence, perhaps, in some measure influenced by the prejudices of education, but who, duly weighing every point of evidence, will accord due weight to each. Such a man will discover in the Irish language a mine of philological wealth; a guide which will explain most of the difficulties which have hitherto so much obscured the history of the ancient people and languages of Europe."

"It is a singular fact, not generally known," continues Sir William, "THAT THE MOST ANCIENT EUROPEAN MANUSCRIPTS NOW EXISTING ARE IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE, and that *the most ancient Latin manuscripts in Europe were written by IRISHMEN*. I have in my own library manuscripts unintelligible to common Irish scholars. The *present* Irish vernacular has a very limited vocabulary; only so much as is necessary for the purposes of rural life, and the wants of the peasant. Nine tenths of the language have become obsolete, and only to be found in ancient glossaries and manuscripts. Fortunately, the labors of a few scholars, within the last two centuries, have collected the ancient words into the form of a dictionary: among these the late Mr. William Halliday, the compiler of the best Irish grammar, deserves honorable mention. By his premature death, Irish literature sustained a heavy loss. That learned and talented individual collected materials on the basis of Shaw's Gaelic Dictionary, which the late Edward O'Reilly added to and published. Four fifths of the words contained in this work are now obsolete and unintelligible to the Scottish Highlander and the speakers of Irish of the present day. Much of the Gaelic, in the translations which I have given of the Etruscan and Eugubian Tables, is certainly obsolete and unintelligible to the Scottish Gael, and to those who merely speak the modern Irish. *The Scots, having no ancient manuscripts*, know nothing of their tongue beyond what is acquired orally, which is limited and meagre when compared with the old language.

"It has been said that the modern Gaelic has no terms of art or science. This is to be attributed to their having been lost by non-usage; for the *ancient* Irish possesses all the terms of art or science known at the time it was colloquial. The present Irish vernacular has not now in use one fifth of the words to be found in the ancient glossaries, [dictionaries;] it is, therefore, not a matter of surprise that these works are not understood by those who speak the limited and corrupted vocabulary of the present day, and who are, also, for the most part, illiterate. To many of those who read and write the



modern language, ancient manuscripts are unintelligible, and even to those who pretend to translate them. It is in the ancient manuscripts that the old Celtic language is presented in its purity. Glossaries of the Irish Gaelic exist in manuscript, written some centuries since, explaining words even at that time obsolete. At the same time, it must be observed that much of the Gaelic, which I have placed in juxtaposition with the Etruscan, is intelligible even to the vernacular Irishman or Scottish Highlander. *The similarity, the almost identity, is remarkable ; there are very few variations even of a letter.*

"The most celebrated of the ancient Irish glossaries [dictionaries] is that ascribed to *Cormac*, bishop of Cashel, who lived about A. D. 901. There are two or three copies of this work in Trinity College, Dublin. A copy of this glossary, made for General Vallancey, by Peter Connell, who was a good ancient Irish scholar, with many glosses and additional explanations, I have had copied and collated, with many others, and translated all the explanations into English. I have had copies made of O'Clery's and many other glossaries, and believe I possess copies of the best, if not of all, that are extant. In addition to which, I have interleaved dictionaries with many thousand words added from the *books of Ballymote* and *Lecan*, and the *Leabhar Brean*, *Brchon laws*, and other ancient manuscripts, glossed and explained by interlineations, especially those of the ancient laws. The language of the Eugubian Tables, being so ancient, may be considered as the inchoate, primitive, monosyllabic roots, from which the more modern compound language may be ascertained by analysis, and, being understood, will assist greatly in determining the sources of many other modern tongues. \* \* \*

"The essence of the languages of the Etruscans and Celts may fairly be considered IDENTICAL. At the same time, no one could flatter himself that a translation of such difficulty could be made perfect by a first effort. I commenced the study of the Irish language late in life, and would willingly have foregone the laborious exertion, could I have been fortunate enough to have met with an Irish scholar capable and willing to have done justice to the subject which so much interested my thoughts. If, in early life, I had been acquainted with the language, the task might have been accomplished with less labor, and perhaps more perfectly."

Sir William then goes into a lengthened critical analysis of the Irish language, tracing its letters and sounds to the most remote antiquity. "It is," he says, "*the most ancient living language ; more*

ancient than the Greek itself." He proves, as I have in another place quoted him, that the language spoken throughout the Phœnician empire was that which we now call *Irish*. It was the language of *Tyre*, of Carthage, of the refined and learned inhabitants of Italy, ages before "Rome" was dreamed of. Moreover, it is a twin dialect to the *Syriac*, the language which the Redeemer used while on earth. Italy was the first great colony of the Phœnicians which improved on the state of civilization, derived from their Tyrian ancestors, even more than Carthage. On this head my learned authority says, "When we assert that the roots of many words in the Greek and Latin are to be found in the *Irish language*, it may excite surprise in the minds of some; but if we are able to show that the Irish language is the same as that spoken by the people who occupied Italy and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, the absurdity vanishes, and the fact ceases to surprise. A man will laugh in your face if you assert that the Latin is mostly derived from the Irish; but if you are able to show that the Etruscan inhabitants of Italy spoke the same or a kindred language, if he be not convinced, his sarcasm and ridicule will certainly be deprived of all its point." The very learned and able Dr. O'Brien, the compiler of the first published Irish dictionary, in his preface to that work, gives a long list of words in the Irish, having a strong affinity with the Latin and Greek, "which," he says, "should, I presume, be esteemed a strong proof that the *Lingua Prisca* [first language] of the aborigines of Italy, from which the Latin of the twelve tables, and afterwards the Roman language, was derived, could be nothing else but a dialect of the original Celtic — a dialect, indeed, which, in process of time, received some mixture of Greek, especially the Æolic, from the colonies, or rather adventurers, which anciently came to Italy from Peloponnesus, agreeably to the saying of Dionysius Halicarnassus. The language used by the Romans is neither absolutely barbarous, or Greek, but a mixture of both: in many respects it is similar to the Æolic language."

"And at the same time," continues Dr. O'Brien, "to show that the Ibero-Celtic did not borrow from the Latin any of those words in which both languages agree, I shall only lay down, on the part of the Irish, those which are expressive of ideas which no language can want words for, even in its most incult state, and are, at the same time, the only words in common use, in that language, to signify, precisely and properly, the things they are appropriated to — two characteristics which plainly demonstrate that they are not derivatives of any other language,

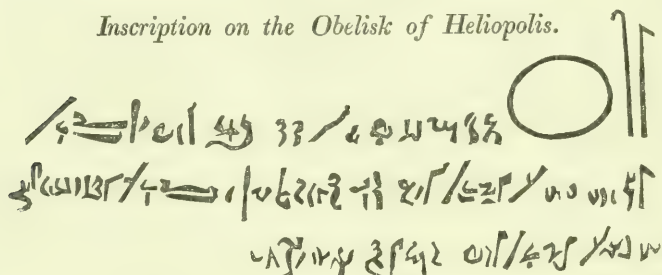
but rather genuine original words of the Celtic tongue, *from which circumstances, joined to the plain marks of derivation with which the corresponding Latin words are stamped, it will evidently appear that the Latin words are derivations of the Celtic*, from which the old Latin, refined by the Romans, had been formed." Again, "Now, it is to be noted, that, inasmuch as it is allowed by the best etymologists, that, of radical words of the same sense in different languages, those should be esteemed the more ancient that consist of fewest letters, and that, of words agreeing only in part, those which have the additional letters or syllables are, for the most part, derivations, — it follows that the Ibero-Celtic, being *chiefly monosyllabic*, should be esteemed the radical and ancient words. The Latin words, agreeing in sense with the Irish monosyllables, are generally of two or more syllables." *Dionysius Halicarnassus*, who wrote a short time previous to the birth of Christ, says, the Etruscans had their own language, rites, manners, and laws, which were original and independent. Referring to their inscriptions on the Eugubian Tables, Sir William Betham remarks, "That the sixth and seventh tables, written in the Roman character, were examined by their framers with great care before they were placed where they were found, appears, from certain erasures and insertions, *by way of correction of errors* committed by the engraver, exhibiting a great desire for accuracy, as well as demonstrating that the language was then governed by rules of orthography and grammar — a most significant test of a high state of civilization and progress in literature, the result of a long period of enjoyment, of repose, and political security, and the development of the highest exertions of the human intellect. The works of mind of this wonderful people, in the various departments of literature, science, sculpture, painting, commerce, architecture, mining, navigation, astronomy, and, in short, every other art and token of civilization, fill the mind with astonishment; all having germinated and been brought to light principally by themselves, and from them communicated to the rest of the world, and, as has been elegantly expressed by Professor Haron, the gentle attrition of commerce thus lighted up the flame of civilization."

There is no doubt but the Etruscan language and character so referred to, as the twin dialect of the Irish, are directly traceable to the era of symbolic writing, when ideas were represented by figures of men, beasts, trees, birds, fishes, weapons, &c.; when, as I have before noted, writers abbreviated those signs, marking only the legs of the man, the tail or horns of the beast, branches of the tree, feathers of the bird, or portions of the fish or weapons, and so formed an alphabet. The Per-

sians marked their ideas by the signs of arrows in various positions, and the ancient Chinese, by knots on cords.

I give, in a wood cut, a specimen of the most ancient writing of the Egyptians, which, when compared with the old Irish letters placed in the same diagram, will be found to exhibit a very close relationship. It will be seen there is no great difference in the construction of the letters of both nations, not greater than might exist between the writings of any two men we should select promiscuously.

*Inscription on the Obelisk of Heliopolis.*



Translation by Champollion:—"Pharaoh; SUN OFFERED TO THE WORLD; lord of Upper and Lower Egypt; the living of men; son of the sun; OSORTASEN," &c.

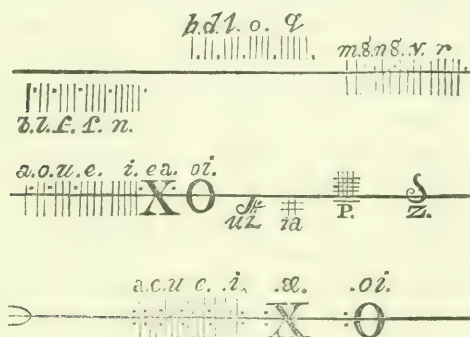
The following are terms used in an ancient Irish music book, explanatory of musical notes:—*Given in Walker's Bards.*

α̇ορ	
Ḟái, oṅàv̇ē	
τρε̇ορ,	..... Long Sound.
5̇ε̇α̇ι, δ̇ί̇β̇α̇, η̇ν̇τ̇,	..... Long or Short Sounds.
ċε̇υ̇ι	..... Long Sound.
<hr/> ṁi̇α̇η	..... Long Sound.
Ḟi̇ορ,	..... Long or Short Sounds.
δ̇υ̇ τ̇υ̇ι̇5,	
<hr/> ċι̇η̇	
Ḟú̇α̇τ̇, Ṁú̇α̇5	..... Long or Short Sounds.

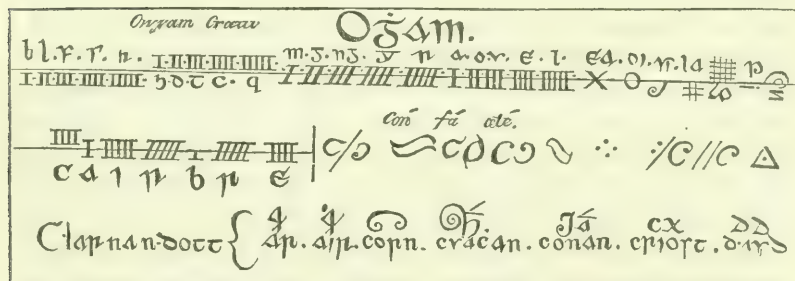


Here are specimens of the Irish *Ogham*, or secret characters, used by the Druids, and continued among the learned down to the last generation. M'Curtain wrote, in 1760, that he knew of two-and-thirty separate oghams which then existed in the county of Clare. Letters of the alphabet are placed over or under each sign, to give the reader an idea of their import.

### Simple Ogham.



*Complex Ogham.*



The following is another specimen of the ogham characters:—



















[illegible]

which, translated, reads, "*Dermoind O'Sullevoine.*"

These oghams were used by the most learned Druids and scribes, to communicate, exclusively to each other, the secret instructions and ordinances of their order. They were not for the use of the profane, but the initiated. The very term itself, *ogma*, in the Celtic, means "secret letters," and the practice is directly traceable to the custom of the Phœnician and Egyptian priests. Each upright line or dot in the ogham, or secret alphabet, expressed a word, an idea, or part of an idea.\* The learned Irish antiquarian, *Ware*, writing of these Irish "ogham colls," says, "They were writings that represented the branches of trees," and adds, "I have a book of parchment filled with these kinds of characters." Like the ancient Hebrew and the Ionic, the ogham scale consists of only sixteen simple elements; from the alphabetic Psalms it would appear that the Hebrew had twenty-two letters; but these Psalms are not older than the times of David. Scaliger demonstrates that the original Hebrew alphabet consisted only of sixteen letters, as did the Etruscan, according to Gori; as did the Ionic, according to Pliny, Suidas, Polybius, and others. But, even as early as the time of Herodotus, the original forms of the Ionic letters were lost. Sir R. Phillips says, "The Hebrew written character was the Phœnician; but in the captivity they acquired the square Chaldaic, and lost the former." In Ireland, however, the original number and forms of the letters, and the very name of the Phœnician alphabet, were, and are still, preserved. Baily and De Gebelin say that the Irish ogham ciphers come nearest to the mysterious inscription at Persepolis. And Sir Richard Phillips, (English authority,) in another part of his able work, says, "The current native language of Ireland is, *verbatim et literatim*, that of Carthage, a territory of Phœnicia. *Plautus* makes Hanno speak in Carthaginian, and '*Haun done Filli hanum bene Filli in mustine*,' is, to a letter, either Irish, Carthaginian, or Phœnician." Many similar passages might be given from *Plautus*. "Scaliger supposes (adds Phillips) the Phœnician to have been the original Hebrew character, otherwise the Samaritan, and it is generally supposed to be that which was used by the Jews from the time of Moses."

\* I have heard it said that the Irish ogham writing, in which there are a thousand arbitrary characters to represent words and ideas, gave to the late Mr. Perry, of the London Morning Chronicle, his idea of short-hand and verbatim reporting of the parliamentary debates. Before Perry's time there were no verbatim reports of parliamentary speeches. Members who would make known their opinions were obliged to publish them in pamphlets. It is a remarkable fact that the majority of the reporters now on the London press are Irishmen; and I may add, that I know some of the very ablest reporters in the United States to be of the same country.

I also present the Irish alphabet, called *Beith Luis Nion*, having the power or sound of each letter denoted by its correspondent in the English language, as arranged by Bishop Molloy, at Lovain and Rome.

	Irish Pronunciation.	Latin Pronunciation.	English Pronunciation and Signification.
	a	.... Ailim.....	Abies.....Fir Tree.....A.
	b	.... Beith.....	Betulla.....Birch.....B.
	c	.... Colt.....	Corylui.....Hazel.....C.
	d	.... Duir.....	Ilex.....Oak.....D.
	e	.... Eadha.....	Tremula.....Aspen.....E.
	f	.... Fearn.....	Alnus.....Alder.....F.
	g	.... Gort.....	Hedera.....Ivy.....G.
	h	.... Huath.....	Oxiacanthus.....White Thorn.....H.
	i	.... Idho.....	Taxus.....Yew.....I.
	l	.... Luis.....	Ornus.....Wild Ash.....L.
	m	.... Muin.....	Vitis.....Vine.....M.
	n	.... Nion.....	Fraxinus.....Ash.....N.
	o	.... Oun.....	Genista.....Broom.....O.
	p	.... Potte.....	<i>Not explained.</i> .....P.
	r	.... Ruis.....	Sambucus.....Elder.....R.
	s	.... Duil.....	Salix.....Willow.....S.
	t	.... Tinne.....	<i>Not explained, probably the Deity.</i> .....T.
	u	.... Ur.....	Eric or Erica.....Heath.....U.

O'Halloran gives but sixteen letters, omitting the signs (English) F and H; but Molloy, Vallancy, M'Geogheghan, Dunlevy, and Halliday, give *eighteen* letters, — which I have supplied as above, — together with the Latin and English significations of all.

It is a very remarkable circumstance, and proves the great antiquity of the Irish language, that some of the zodiacal signs, and those of the planets and satellites, are really letters of the Irish alphabet. The Irish letters S, M, O, and G, are zodiacal signs; B, R, and D are signs of satellites. Some of the ogham signs appear to have an identity with the signs of the planets and satellites. This proves that when men first began to spell their way through the heavens, the signs by which they denoted the most striking objects were the signs then used to denote the ordinary sounds of the human voice. And these signs the Irish have preserved for at least three thousand five hundred years, — *an evi-*

dence that identifies the Irish language with the earliest development of astronomical science. Nor ought it to be left unsaid here, that eighteen in twenty-six of the ordinary manuscript characters which I am now using, writing in the English language for the printer, and that which all English people use in their ordinary writings, are the letters of the old Irish alphabet. Perhaps not one English scholar in a million is aware of this so very apparent fact, nor aware of the historical attestation of Bede, Camden, and other English authors, which tells us that "the Saxons received, in the sixth century, their literature, language, and the forms of their letters, from the Hibernians."

Moore devotes several pages of learned research to this interesting subject. From him I make a few brief extracts:—

"Abundant and various as are the monuments to which Ireland can point, as mute evidences of her antiquity, she boasts a yet more striking proof in the living language of her people,—in that most genuine, if not only-existing dialect of the oldest of all European tongues,—the tongue which, by whatever name it may be called, according to the various theories respecting it, whether Japhetan, Cimmerian, Pelasgic, or Celtic, is accounted most generally to have been the earliest brought from the East, and to have been *the vehicle of the first knowledge that dawned upon Europe*. In the still written and spoken dialect of this primeval language we possess a monument of the high antiquity of the people to whom it belongs, which no cavil can reach, nor any doubts disturb. According to the view of some learned philologers, the very imperfections attributed to the Irish language—the predominance in it of gutturals, and the incompleteness of its alphabet—are both but additional and convincing proofs as well of its directly Eastern origin as of its remote antiquity. The tongues of the East, before the introduction of aspirates, abounded with gutturals, which softened by degrees into aspirates; the alphabet, derived from the Phœnicians by the Greeks, having had but the same limited number of letters which compose the Irish. That the original Cadmian number was no more than sixteen is the opinion, with but few exceptions, of the whole learned world; and that such exactly is the number of the genuine Irish alphabet has been proved satisfactorily by the learned librarian of Stowe, Dr. O'Connor. Thus, while all the more recent and mixed forms of language adopted the *additional letters* which the Greeks introduced, the Irish alone continued to adhere to the original number—the same number and the same character, no doubt, which Herodotus saw graven on the tripods in the temple of Apollo at



Thebes. To so characteristic an extent did the Irish people imitate this fidelity, that even the introduction among them of the Roman alphabet, by St. Patrick, did not tempt them into any innovation upon their own. On the contrary, so wedded were they to their own letters, that, even in writing Latin words, they would never admit any Roman character that was not to be found in their primitive alphabet, but employed two or more of their own ancient characters to represent the same organic sound. Thus, in all words begun or ended by *x*, instead of writing that simple character, they used the double letters *qs*, or *es*—a trouble they might have saved themselves, had they not rejected it as an exotic character not existing in their alphabet.

“According to the learned *Lazius*, the Irish language abounds with Hebrew words, and had its origin in the remotest ages of the world. The eminent French writer *Marcel* endorses this opinion. This writer, who was director of the chief school of literature in France, under Napoleon, published an Irish alphabet, from the types belonging to the Propaganda of Rome, which were sent by the order of Napoleon to Paris: from the types of the Propaganda, the Irish catechism of *Molloy*, called *Lucerna Fidelium*, was also printed.”

Similar considerations induced the great *Leibnitz* to recommend a diligent study of the Irish language, as highly conducive, in his opinion, to the knowledge and promotion of Celtic literature.

The eminent Dr. WARNER, an English historian, says, “The great antiquity of the Irish language, which is the same as the ancient Scythian, affords another proof of the Phœnician origin of the Irish nation, and that the elements of their idiom were brought to Ireland when the use of letters was in its infancy. Indeed, the old Irish bears so great an affinity to the ancient Hebrew, that, to those who are masters of both, they appear plainly to be only dialects of the same tongue. This surely lays a fair foundation for an ancient history to be built upon; for a nation and language are both of an age, and if a language be ancient, the people must be as old.”

*Raymond*, another English antiquarian, says, “In order to discover the original of the Irish nation, I was at the pains to compare all European languages with that of Ireland, and I found it had little agreement with any of them. I then had recourse to the Celtic, the original language of the ancient Celtæ, or Scythians; and I found the affinity so great that there was scarcely a shade of difference, there being such an exact agreement between them, and the Irish language having no

affinity with any known language in the world, excepting the Hebrew and Phœnician. This is sufficient, I think, to procure that credit to Irish history which it may justly challenge." — "When we add to all this," says Moore, "that, at the time when the Irish first broke forth, as scholars and missionaries, upon Europe, they were found in possession of modes of writing peculiar to themselves, of elements acknowledged to have no prototypes in any known language, and differing in name, number, and order, from those of every other existing alphabet, such a coincidence, with all that we know of the early fortunes of the country, as well as with all that her own traditions lay claim to, forms a case for the antiquity of her history and language, and priority of her literature, not easily controverted." The learned Camden, himself an Englishman, acknowledged that the Saxons received and adopted the Irish letters — *Anglo-Saxones rationem formandi literas accepisse ab Hibernis, cum eodem plane characteri fuerit qui Bodie Hibernes est in usu.* Free translation — "The Anglo-Saxons received a knowledge of letters from the Hibernians; whose idiom, or dialect, was soft and expressive." — Bede, the Saxon ecclesiastic, who wrote anno 730, states that, in his time, the Irish language was spoken generally in the north of England, and in Caledonia, together with three or four others, namely, the Latin, Pictish, English, or Saxon, and the British, which was a dialect of Welsh. Camden, in another place, says, "St. Patrick's disciples, in Ireland, were such great proficient in the Christian religion, that, in the age following, [the close of the fifth century,] Ireland was termed *sanctorum patria*,—that is, the country of saints. \* \* \* \* The Saxons, in that age, flocked thither as to the great mart of learning; and this is the reason why we find this so often in our writers — *Amondatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia*—'Such a one was sent over into Ireland to be educated.'"

The French geographer *Sanson* says there are six mother languages in Europe, viz., the Irish, Finlandish, Welsh, Biscayan, Hungarian, and Albanian. The Irish language, continues he, is, besides in Ireland, still spoken in the north of Scotland. The Finlandish is used in Scandinavia, which comprises Finland and Lapland. The Bretonic, which is the language of Lower Brittany, in France, is likewise called Welsh, after a province of England. The Biscayan comprises Lower Navarre, with Cabour in France, and Biscay in Spain. The Hungarian is the language of Hungary and Transylvania, which countries belong to Turkey in Europe; and the Albanian is thus named from Albania, a country also of Turkey in Europe.

The present alphabets, of different nations, contain the following number of letters, according to Phillips: —

Irish, (Phœnician,) 16;	Persian, . . . . . 32;
Hebrew, . . . . . 22;	Sanscrit, . . . . . 50;
Greek, . . . . . 24;	Chinese, . . . . . 214;
Latin, . . . . . 22;	Turkish, . . . . . 33;
Slavonic, . . . . . 27;	German, . . . . . 26;
Spanish, . . . . . 27;	French, . . . . . 25;
Russian, . . . . . 41;	English, . . . . . 26.
Arabic, . . . . . 28;	

The first letter, or *sound*, of the Phœnician [Irish] and Hebrew alphabet, was *aleph*, which the Greeks called *alpha*; and which was originally denoted, symbolically, by the figure of a man walking; which, in process of symbolic writing, was contracted to the figure made by the man's *legs*; thus, [Λ] our present A. So might we go through the entire alphabets that follow the *present Irish*, and prove their derivations *from it*, which was itself formed from the first symbolic mode of painting sounds, adopted by any of the human race. The Hebrew language and letters are believed, by the most learned, to be derived from the Phœnician; since Tyre, Sidon, &c., were distinguished cities in the age of Moses and Joshua; and even Abraham lived in their territory.

An apparently well-informed writer, in Walker's *Irish Bards*, says, "Another fatal injury, which the Irish language sustained, was from the first missionaries, who gave us an alphabet which did not express all the sounds in the Celtic. This alphabet very remarkably agrees with the Runic. The vowel *i* was used for *e*, as double *c* was for *g*, and *b* for *p*. No two or three vowels, joined together in the same word, can form two different syllables for rhymes; and hence the bards, to multiply syllables for their rhymes, threw between the vowels a *d*, or *g*, aspirated by an *h*; thus corrupting and disguising the natural structure of the word. *C* is constantly pronounced as a *k*. Unable, from insufficiency of letters, to express the sounds of the Irish language, these consequences were inevitable, viz., its orthography and orthoëpy were altered; its accentuation was lost; the sonorous vowel *e* was not used. *I* supplied its place, though less adapted to the inflections of the voice; and hence the coarse descriptive terms applied to the language by some writers, ancient and modern.

It is one of Lhuyd's observations, that the Irish have kept their letters and orthography beyond all their neighboring nations, and still continue the same letters and orthography, which makes their written language appear very different from what they speak. The latter followed, of course, from not having letters enough to express sounds; the enunciation and written language could never agree. But the former part of the assertion is a gross error; for the Irish endeavored to correct the want of letters, to express all their sounds, by introducing the palatals *g*, *ch*, *gh*, *h*, in after ages, to preserve some resemblance between the writing and sound; and also by the addition of the vowels *e*, *y*, the labials *p*, *ph*, and *v*, and the linguals *th*, *dh*, and *z*.

A countryman and namesake of my own, residing in Boston, who reads and writes the Irish character, intimates that he always understood there were five vowels and twelve consonants in the Celtic alphabet.

A writer in Walker offers the following suggestions for the revival of the language: "Is this venerable tongue to be suffered to go into total oblivion? By no means. The best thing that, in my opinion, can be done, is, to collect from the various dialects of the Celtic its original existing words into a vocabulary, as a standard to explain obscure terms. Let all the scattered fragments be collected carefully; let the canting phraseology of lawyers and physicians be investigated, and a key from those will be formed to decipher the Brehon laws. A good Irish scholar, thoroughly versed in ancient manuscript, I do aver, would, from the intelligible commentary annexed to those laws, be able, in a short time, to make a canting dictionary which would render the whole perfectly easy."

An eminent musical writer, in the same work, has the following observations on the musical properties of the Irish language: "In the Irish language, all vowels meeting in one word, without a consonant between them, make but one syllable, whether it be long or short; but an aspirated consonant between two vowels makes them separate syllables. This property of the Irish language renders it exceedingly harmonious, and well calculated for poetical and musical compositions; far superior either to the Latin or any of the modern tongues—a circumstance that confirms the assertion of *Cambrensis*, who, speaking of the Irish music of his day, [A. D. 1180,] says it was much superior to the Welsh; theirs being of a grave and solemn nature, whereas that of the Irish was soft, lively, and melodious, emitting soft and pleasant notes, divided by just proportions into concords and discords, making a complete melody, all of which depended upon the power and variety of the sounds and length of the Irish vowels, and to which the Welsh language is a stranger."



From the specimens of the ancient Egyptian and Irish writing, which I have given in previous pages, (see page 83,) it will easily be seen that the Irish language was that spoken and written in the valley of the Nile, four thousand years ago; and the inference flowing from that identity is, that the first settlers in Ireland spoke and wrote the language of the Pharaohs, and, as I shall prove in another place, practised the same customs, religious, political, and social; wore the same dresses, manufactured the same textile fabrics, and were learned in the same arts and sciences. On this head the learned English antiquarian, Colonel Vallancey, has the following: "If they [the Irish] had not had an intercourse, in former days, with the Egyptians, Persians, and Phœnicians, how is it possible so many idioms of speech, so many technical terms, in the arts of those ages, could have been introduced into the old Irish dialect? — terms not to be met with in the dialect of any other northern or western nation. What people, the Egyptians and Irish excepted, named the harp, or music, *owini*? — Irish *aine*, that is, *oirfideadh*, that is, music, a musical instrument: *orphideadh* expresses the action of playing. What people in the world, the Orientalists and the Irish excepted, called the copy of a book *the son of a book*, and *echo* the daughter of a voice? With what northern nation, the Irish excepted, can the Oriental names of the tools and implements of the stone-cutter, the carpenter, the ship-builder, the weaver, be found? And with what people, the old Irish and Egyptians excepted, does the word *ogham* signify a book, and the name of Hercules or Mercury? The Egyptian name of *ermes* lies concealed in the Irish compound *ed-airmes*; that is, the root or art of invention. And in what part of the globe, Egypt, Ireland, and Scotland, excepted, were priests, or holy persons, denominated *culdes*, or *caldes*? in the *Coptic*, (Egyptian,) *kaldes sanctitus*? Again, the Coptic *esonab sacerdos* is the Irish *easgab*, a bishop. To these examples we may add six hundred others, of which in their proper place. But the most striking instance of the intercourse of the Hiberno-Scythians with Egyptians and Phœnicians is the prefixes to surnames, O, UA, and MAC; the former denoting the eldest of the family, the second being a general name for the son — *O'Stirps*, *familia*; hence *O Siris*. Thus the Irish use either *O* or *Ua*; as, *UaConcobhar*; in English, *O'Connor*. Among what people, the Egyptians and Irish excepted, did *seach nab* signify the writing priest? — he who was skilled in the sacred writing, &c."

Vallancey thus continues, in a most interesting paper on the language, manners, and customs, of the ancient Irish, to discuss their identity with the Egyptians and Phœnicians, which I may refer to again in the progress of this work

The pioneers of colonization, who issued from the cradle and school of the human race, in the valley of the Nile, and along the shores of the Mediterranean, were called, very generally, *Celts*; which means *quick movers, voyagers*. The term was synonymous with *Phœnician*: both denominations appear to have been applied to the same people. — The Phœnicians were a permanent nation, occupying the region now known as Syria, and the Delta. The *Celtæ* were that portion of the great families, either Egyptian or Phœnician, who *moved* off in quest of new settlements. The word *celerity* (speed) is evidently a derivation from the term. The fertile lands of Italy, Sicily, Spain, Gaul, (France,) and Ireland, were those first settled by these enterprising bands. They separated into cantons or nations that acquired or assumed distinctive appellations. *Celt*, or *Kelt*, seemed to be the genus; *Gael*, *Gaul*, *Cymri*, *Belgæ*, *Teutons*, &c., the species. Dr. Murray observes, “Each horde soon multiplied into various nations, regulated by similar customs, and loosely connected by language.” Various circumstances, operating on their common speech, gave rise to peculiar pronunciation or dialect. The change of old, the substitution of new words, and other causes affecting articulation, produce, in time, great difference between the speech of distant places in an extensive country; but among nations of identic origin there must long continue a close affinity of language. An eminent French author, *M. Bullet*, says the difference of *climate* will alter a language. The extension of science, manufactures, and commerce, will alter the character of a nation’s language, fill it with new terms for the inventions and improvements made, and produce, by the introduction of foreigners, a change in its pronunciation. *Polybius*, the Greek writer of Roman history, &c., tells us that the Latin was, in his time, [two hundred years before Christ,] so different from what it had been in the time of Lucius Junius Brutus and Marcus Valerius, three hundred years previously, who were consuls when the first treaty between the Romans and Carthaginians was made, that little of that document could be then understood; and Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, when treating with the Gauls, was obliged to employ an interpreter, though the Gauls originally spoke the same language, and were, in fact, a part of the Carthaginian family.

Logan, the compiler of a work on Scottish antiquities, though he has, like many other of his countrymen, endeavored to appropriate the ancient military and literary renown of Ireland, *without offering a particle of documentary evidence in support of his claim*, has, however, gathered together a goodly volume of ancient traditional fragments, which are agreeably arranged, and offer a recreative study to the antiquarian.

From Mr. Logan's work I may occasionally pluck a flower to variegate or adorn my own. On the language of the *Celts*, that writer has the following passage in the closing pages of his book : —

“The Celtic language has been several times the object of legislative severity. In Ierland several enactments were passed against it, as was the case in Wales, about 1700. Even so late as 1769, a plan was entertained by the bishops to extinguish *Cumrag*, by having the church service performed in the English only — a circumstance that but too often occurs, it is to be feared, without such a design. In Scotland I have often heard it complained that clergymen were put into a living who were quite unable to preach to the people in their vernacular tongue. It was attempted to root out the Gaelic, [Irish ;] but, as might be expected, the design was impracticable. I do not know if the French ever thought of abolishing the Breton language, which, by Lagonidec, is said to be still spoken by upwards of four millions of people ; a trial would have shown that no measures could accomplish this. The case of the Wends, whose language it was attempted to suppress, shows the impracticability of forcibly changing the mother tongue of any people. In 1765, it was thought expedient to eradicate the Bohemian language, and the design was long prosecuted, before the impossibility of accomplishing the object was discovered.

“The nobility and gentry of Ireland continued to speak and write their native language until the reign of Elizabeth, or James the First. The Highlanders relinquished the practice of writing in Gaelic before they had acquired any taste for conversation in English. *Rory Mor*, chief of the M'Leods, is said to have been the last of the Gael, who continued to write in the language of his fathers.

“There are at present upwards of three millions of people in the British isles, who speak Celtic, viz., about two millions in Ireland, [in this calculation Mr. Logan is far under the mark ; I shall refer to it at the close of the quotation,] about four hundred thousand in Scotland, and about seven hundred thousand in Wales. This latter country began very early to pay considerable attention to the printing of books in the native language. By a catalogue, published in 1710, there appears to have been then upwards of seventy. Almanacs, magazines, dictionaries, grammars, religious books, and even several scientific works, have been published, and the number is supposed now to exceed ten thousand. The first Welsh Bible, a black letter folio, was printed in 1563 ; the first in Ireland, I believe, was in 1609. Bishop Kerswell's Liturgy, 1566, appears to have been the first book printed

in Gaelic. The Bible, and many other books, among which are not to be forgotten the poems of Ossian, from the original manuscripts by the Highland Society, have been since published; yet education and literature were certainly less attended to by the Highlanders than their characteristic thirst for knowledge might have led us to expect. But the cause is to be found in the unsettled state of society. Wales is nearly four times richer than Scotland, [*which I doubt much,*] and supports seven or eight periodicals in the native language, while Scotland has only recently established one, the *Teachdaire Gaëlach*, or Highland Messenger, which, however, appears to meet with suitable encouragement.

“The want of a Gaelic dictionary was long felt in Scotland; but that of Mr. Armstrong, published in 1825, was hailed with satisfaction, and the labors of the gentlemen employed by the Highland Society have more recently appeared in the *Dictionarium Scoto-Celticum*, in two large volumes, quarto, which will now preserve this pure and valuable dialect of a language once universal in Europe. It will also fix the orthography, which was previously so unsettled. The learned have frequently suggested means of simplifying the spelling, by getting rid of numerous consonants which are retained without being at all sounded. The Celtic Society of Glasgow have this year, 1833, offered four prizes for the best essays on the subject; but their exertions have come too late, it is to be feared, to produce any effect. The apparently useless consonants are retained to show the root or primitive of a word, and thereby prevent confusion.

“*Notwithstanding the important assistance which, in acquiring other languages, would be derived from a knowledge of this primitive tongue*, there is not a Celtic professorship in any seminary of learning in the kingdom.” [A professor of the Irish language has been recently appointed in Trinity College, Dublin.]

Mr. Logan evidently underrated the numbers in Ireland, who still speak the Irish language, in fixing them at two millions. All the inhabitants of Connaught, with very few exceptions, speak the Irish, in their ordinary conversations. The people of that province alone number over *two millions*; in the southern province of Munster, whose population is rather more than two millions, the Irish language is spoken with nearly equal generality. There are many parts of the south and west of Ireland in which the English language is very seldom spoken, and very little understood. At the “monster meeting,” held, in the autumn of 1843, at Skibbereen, in the western part of the county of Cork, O’Connell was interrupted, in his English speech, by an old



man, who, with thousands of others on the spot, could not understand a word of what he said. The old man exclaimed in Irish, "Lawir Gailie!" upon which the Liberator, with astonishing promptitude and ease, changed the vehicle of his ideas to the old language of the nation, in which medium he continued, to the end of his speech, to pour out the burning lava of his heart upon the mass of boiling blood, which had gathered at his call from a thousand sources in the neighboring mountains.

The Irish spoken in Munster is esteemed by the best judges to be purer, and more classical, than that spoken in any other part of Ireland, or in Wales, or Scotland. The Irish spoken in the province of Connaught is said, by competent judges, to be the sweeter in accent. The people of the south of Ireland generally cultivate the Irish tongue with classical care, and are so thoroughly conversant with its *radices*, that they master, with little difficulty, most other languages. It is no uncommon thing, as remarked by learned travellers through Ireland, to find the working peasants, in many parts of the south of Ireland, conversant with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, in the original text. The cultivation of letters seems to be a natural instinct of the southern inhabitants of Ireland. Although not more brave than their countrymen in the other provinces, they were more fortunate in maintaining their independence, and with it their letters, language, and chivalrous spirit, against all sorts of British force and influence, longer than any other portion of their countrymen. The south of Ireland has given to the world, certainly, the most learned and eloquent men; and this may be, in a great degree, attributed to their careful and classical cultivation of the pure Irish language, which offers a thorough key to the other languages of Europe, and enables the orator or writer to select, with ease, the most powerfully expressive words to convey the conceptions of his mind.

I confidently believe that *five* millions of the eight and a half, which compose the population of Ireland, speak the Irish language. In Munster, eleven speak Irish to three who speak English; in Connaught, the proportion is thirteen to one. In Leinster about one half, and in Ulster two thirds, speak the Irish language. There are a couple of millions of Irishmen living by their labor in England; of these, I am certain, one third, at least, speak the ancient language of their country. In America, I am a witness that it is freely spoken by Irishmen, at their work, in New Orleans, New York, and Newfoundland. There are upwards of four millions of Irish people scattered along the American continent, under the various governments of Britain, United States, Mexico, &c.; of these scattered exiles, the half speak the language of

their fathers. Then there are the British colonies in the West and East Indies, and towards the south pole, and, besides, the numerous ships and armies of Britain, which carry with them, wheresoever they go, the persecuted language, with the oppressed sons, of Ireland.

Thus I compute, that the Celtico-Gaelic is yet spoken by eight millions of native born Irishmen, and by eleven hundred thousand Scotch and Welshmen — much more than five times the number in the whole world who speak Greek, and ten times the number in the world who speak Latin, and twenty times the number of those who speak Hebrew, dialects so much cultivated by the learned world. And when we reflect, that those who speak the “ancient tongue,” are generally illiterate, and stick to it in defiance of fashion, derision, ridicule, and interest, how exalted must be our ideas of the *vitality* of that language, which vitality is chiefly — perhaps alone — attributable to its brevity, melody, power, and expression !

I do not conceive how any man, ignorant of the Irish language, can be deemed a complete scholar. Without its aid he cannot penetrate the archives of literature that lie behind Greece and Rome. I am fortified in this position by the opinion of a popular and judicious English writer of the present times, namely, Sir Richard Phillips ; from whose work on ancient and modern history, languages, and literature, I have already drawn many appropriate supplies.

“Every thing in Europe is modern and imitative, in relation to the history, science, and literature, of the Arabians, [the Egyptians and Phœnicians,] and the nations who wrote and spoke in their language. The Greeks were their servile imitators ; and *study*, in Greece, was to visit those countries and borrow from them. Pythagoras even served in the Chaldaic armies, and Solon, Plato, Anaxagoras, and others, travelled in Arabian countries before they professed wisdom. *We also might drink at the same fountain*, but by a strange fatality have preferred the *muddy stream of Greek and Roman derivation*. Scarcely fifty in all Europe understand Arabic, [the ancient Phœnician,] but five thousand Greek, and a million Latin ; though the Romans merely copied the Greeks, who mutilated their own original.”

Let us hope that the senseless prejudice, raised by our tyrant foes against the powerfully expressive and truly melodious language of our forefathers, shall not, in our days, be suffered to prevail against it. We are struggling hard to restore our country to her place amongst the nations ; we must be successful if we but persevere, and act in concert. Let us make an effort, a collateral effort, to revive her literature and

her language; let those who shall come after us be told, that there lived men in this generation who felt all the ennobling pride of ancestry, of nation, and of tongue, and who offered at their holy shrines the homage of hearts and hands pulsating with Milesian blood.

Within the last four or five years, a vigorous spirit of nationality, in respect to language, has grown up in Ireland: this spirit has been quickened by occasional essays on the ancient tongue, published in the periodical press. There is also established an Archæological Society, to revive the literature and language of the country, at the head of which, as secretary, presides a most erudite Irish scholar in the person of O'Donovan. The elaborately learned publications of Sir William Betham, on the antiquities and letters of the ancient Celtæ, Etruscans, &c., have done wonders to open men's eyes to the rich mines of literary wealth, that lie unexplored for want of a thorough knowledge of the Irish tongue.

That profoundly learned and purely patriotic divine, the Archbishop of Tuam, popularly called JOHN OF TUAM, and justly designated, by O'Connell, the "Lion of the Fold of Judah," has not been idle in trying to revive the national language. Not only does he preach in the old language himself, but insists on the clergymen, under his episcopal authority, preaching to the people the tidings of the cross through the medium of their ancient tongue. His authority extends over the entire province of Connaught, and his example and influence have proved a wonderful stimulus to the revival of a taste for the Irish language in other parts of the island. His grace has translated several of Moore's most national melodies from the English language into the Irish, for the purpose of diffusing the sentiments of the inspired bard amongst the oppressed people for whom he strung the lyre of his country with such irresistible power — and is, with the same laudable zeal, now translating the Iliad of Homer into Irish. In the clerical colleges of Maynooth, Carlow, and Kilkenny, which are devoted to the education of Catholic clergymen, the Irish language is taught as part of the educational course; and in the colleges where missionaries of opposite forms of creed are educated, it has latterly been made a branch of study and acquirement. Some of these missionaries have gone so far as to print the Scriptures in the Irish language, for distribution in the west and south of Ireland. Though their immediate object — that of changing the people from the old to some of the new forms of faith — has not been accomplished, yet their labors have been productive of great service in reviving the study, the writing, and printing, of the national language.

The writers in the Dublin *NATION* have done their share in the good work, by the frequent publication of very eloquent and interesting essays on the nature of the language. The immortal songs, in the *Nation*, in which are artfully and beautifully woven together, by happy allusions, the literary and military events, and associations, of Irish glory, or Irish sorrow, have stirred through the national heart the slumbering life-blood of Ireland, have awakened a new pulsation for freedom, a new fervor for nationality, a new appetite for Irish literature, language, art, and music.

Such desires and appetites cannot long remain ungratified. Already are there historians, poets, painters, engravers, statuary, and antiquarians, at work, endeavoring to satisfy the new desires that are felt by the sober, regenerated Irish people. The writers in the Dublin *Nation* have suggested the publication of a weekly newspaper in the Irish language, as one of the means which ought to be resorted to for its revival. And they reason on the revival of the language thus: "The bulk of our history and poetry is written in Irish; and shall we, who learn Italian, and Latin, and Greek, to read Dante, Livy, and Homer, in the original, — shall we be content with ignorance, or, perhaps, an ignorant translation of Irish?" A better and cheaper plan, perhaps, would be the publication, in the *Nation*, every week, of a column of news in the Irish, with a juxtaposition translation in the English language. One of the newspapers in New Orleans, where half the population are French, and the other half English, publishes the leading news in a couple of French columns, and also a translation into English, in the same paper. In Montreal and Quebec, likewise, in many of the newspapers, and in all the public proclamations, the matter is published in both the French and English languages. Such a plan would, I am convinced, work admirably in Ireland.

It ought to be made known to every parent, who has it in his power to give his sons a classical education, that the Irish language is the key to all the others. Almost all the distinguished Irishmen, who have kept entranced assemblies hanging on their accents, have been well versed in the Irish language. The great O'Connell is a remarkable instance in illustration; so is Curran; both of whom sucked in the Irish language with their nurses' milk: both of these men were unequalled, at the Irish bar, in getting at the hearts of a jury.

It is an admitted fact that the Irish language is the most touching of any which can be used by the advocate in persuasion, or the lover in



supplication; it is the most scathing in the expression of loathing or scorn, the most animating in war, the most expressive in suffering, the most melting in woe, the most persuasive in debate. He who knows it best, other acquirements being given, will prove the most successful suitor, the most powerful debater.

Would it not be wise, therefore, in parents in America, as in Ireland, who intend to prepare their sons for the learned walks of life, to have instilled into their youthful minds a knowledge of the Irish language? Our Irish colleges, in America, should have a professor of that language. A sort of scholastic foppery prevails in our Irish colleges here, which has kept out our old language from the studies of youth: because, forsooth, it has been proclaimed down in Oxford and Cambridge, it ought, therefore, to be prohibited in those colleges of America which are exclusively filled by the sons of Irish parents. This is false doctrine. With uplifted hands I repudiate it!

Many Irishmen there are in this country who have, by great labor and industry, realized a wealthy competence, and, stimulated by the undying devotion of their race to letters, spare no expense in giving their sons what is called a "splendid education;" but not one word of the history and language of their fathers' country are they taught in the course of this "splendid education." With the beastly ferocity of pagan Rome, with the refined immorality of the Greeks, with the military and manufacturing prowess of bloodstained Britain, with the dazzling frivolity of France, are they made familiar, and with the *infidelity of all* are they deeply saturated; but with the military renown of the country of their fathers, with its morality and letters even before Christianity, with its Christian piety ever since, with its ages of faith, of glory, of law, of government, of literature, of hospitality, of independence, they are left unacquainted. Of its ancient and erudite language they know nothing; its science and art they discredit; its ancient manuscripts, that enrich the shelves of European libraries, they disregard; its classic architectural piles that yet stand, stubbornly above the earth, proclaiming the science and piety of their founders, are unknown, unseen, unheeded. Ireland, whose entire surface, for several feet deep, is enriched with the dust of their sainted forefathers, is excluded from their studies, and forgotten in their hearts; and some of these half-taught fops go to the extremity of denying their extraction, despising their fathers and their fathers' country, and at last abandon the sacred principles of their fathers' religion, taught them by Christ and Saint Patrick.

Let me ask the Irish father, whose heart is proof against the fashionable cant, and duplicity, and villany, to be found in the atmosphere of our great cities, whether this mode of education shall be suffered to continue. Let me ask the clergyman, whose experience must attest the truth of my premises and my inferences, whether IRELAND, and her language, as a study, are to be excluded from the course of education administered to our youth. Let me suggest to the true-hearted Irishmen, who *are* able to pay for the classical education of their sons, to *insist* on their being taught the language and history of their ancestors; the most interesting lay study that can be put before the minds of youth.

What I have written may not fall, in every instance, on inanimate rocks; the spark I fling out may fall on a large Irish heart, a magazine full of the best affections of humanity, the exalted impulses of which may be sustained by affluence. These suggestions may find their way to such a heart, and may light up a resolve within it, to do some substantial thing to perpetuate on this continent the language of ancient Ireland. There are many Irishmen in the United States who have realized very large properties; indeed, there have been some *immense* properties amassed by Irishmen in this country. In St. Louis and other parts of the south and west there are some Irish families excessively wealthy. In Natchez there is an Irish family which has given ten thousand dollars towards the erection of the Catholic church in that place. In some parts of Ohio I have seen schools and churches that have been raised by the beneficence of individual Irishmen, who appropriated lands to their maintenance. The public institutions of Baltimore, St. Louis, and other cities, bear testimony to the magnificent generosity of the Irish heart. The greatest property in America, — that which has just been awarded by the Supreme Court to the children and heirs of General Gaines, — amounting to *fifteen millions* of dollars, arising from a portion of the city of New Orleans, was originally gathered by an Irishman in that city, whose daughter the late General Gaines married. The *Croghans*—Irish also—have immense properties in Pittsburg and Louisville. The *Devereuxs* have immense properties in the state of New York. In Brooklyn, near New York, there is an Irishman worth two millions of dollars. In Boston there is another who is worth, at least, half a million.

Who knows, but these or some others equally wealthy, whom I do not know, into whose hands these pages may fall, and who, admiring

the glorious history of their forefathers, may be induced to appropriate to its honor some five or ten thousand dollars, the interest of which would support forever a professor of the Irish language in some of those chief colleges where the sons of wealthy Irishmen congregate for instruction? What an enduring monument of a good, enlightened man would such a bequest create! It would perpetuate the name of the liberal donor to the remotest generations, and connect it with the classic associations of the Milesian race. The hint I thus cast upon the waves of time may yet be taken up, nursed, and matured into a vigorous realization, and the language of the sages and saints of Ireland may yet be steadily perpetuated along this continent, amongst the descendants of a once illustrious people.

Were those who are blessed with the means of promoting this great object to read the life of FLOOD, — to be found towards the close of this work, — they will there learn the estimate which that truly great Irishman formed of the Irish language, to revive which he bequeathed the reversion of his entire estates. They could hardly resist the appeal of so brilliant a precedent.

Since the foregoing essay was written, I have noticed, in a Dublin paper, the following paragraph, which proves that in the ancient lands of Africa, the language so long preserved in Ireland is occasionally heard.

“Silk Buckingham, by way of settling the question as to the descent of the Irish from the Phœnicians, mentioned a fact, which had come within his knowledge, of a gentleman from Fez, who by means of the language of the mountaineers of Atlas, with which he was intimately acquainted, kept up a conversation with two Irishmen, in their native idiom. He also knew of a Dublin lady, who, by means of the Irish language, conversed freely with the mountaineers of Atlas in their native idiom; these mountaineers being the descendants of Carthaginians who had taken refuge in ancient times in the Atlas range, and preserved the dialect of their Phœnician forefathers.”

## SECTION II.

Notice of the Principal Irish and British Historians of Ireland. — *Amberghin*. — *Ethrial*. — *Ollamh Fodhla*. — “The Black Book.” — “Book of Conquests.” — “Book of Invasions.” — *Psalters of Cashell, Glendelagh, Armagh, Na-Raun, &c.* — *Annals of Tigernachus*. — Ancient Manuscripts found in the Abbey of Icolm-Kille, in Scotland. — *Ware’s Opinion*. — *M’Geoghegan’s Opinion*. — *Annals of Ulster*. — *Usher*. — *Oxford Catalogue of Irish Manuscripts*. — *Abbé M’Geoghegan*. — Manuscripts carried to France by James the Second. — Old Manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin. — First British Historians. — *Gildas*. — *Bede*. — *Cambrensis*. — Falsehood of his Work on Ireland. — Read by him at Oxford. — Exposed during his Lifetime. — Admitted and apologized for by him. — *Ware’s Opinion of Cambrensis*. — Other English Historians. — *Sir James Ware*. — Ireland has a better Right to Antiquity than Rome. — Ancient Manuscripts of Ireland. — Irish and other Authors who have written within the last three Centuries. — *Lombard*. — *Keating*. — *O’Sullivan*. — *Ward*. — *O’Cleary*. — *Roth*. — *Usher*. — *Colgan*. — *Sir James Ware*. — *Belling*. — *Walsh*. — *O’Flaherty*. — *O’Reilly*. — *Porter*. — *Allemand*. — *Molyneux*. — *O’Kennedy*. — *Harris*. — *O’Connor*. — *Leland*. — *Warner*. — *Abbé M’Geoghegan*. — *O’Conor*. — *Ledwich*. — *Scully*. — *Corry*. — *Wise*. — *Colonel Vallancey*. — *O’Halloran*. — *Walker*. — *Plowden*. — *Barrington*. — *Grattan*. — *Wyse*. — *Carey*. — *Pepper*. — *Moore*. — *Life of O’Connell*. — *Battersby*. — *O’Callaghan*. — *O’Connell*. — *Madden*. — *Wolfe Tone*. — *M’Neven*. — *Emmet*, &c.

I PROPOSE, in this place, to give a very brief account of some of the more prominent Irish, British, and other historians, by whom the great fabric of Irish history has been erected. Most historians refer, in very abbreviated notices, to previous authorities, from whom they quote, supposing their readers already acquainted with all those authors: This I have myself always felt to be very unsatisfactory. To those who spend all their time in the company of books, these abbreviated notices are not so great a source of inconvenience as to the great bulk of mankind, who are occupied with affairs far apart from literary study.

As I design this book for young persons, of both sexes, who cannot possibly be acquainted with one tenth of the learned authors to whom reference is made, I shall do my utmost, throughout the work, to render every thing as plain — as easily comprehended — as possible; and, instead of merely referring to authorities which many may not have the inclination or the means of consulting, I will put them in direct communication with the authors themselves, by publishing appropriate extracts; exhibiting, in their own words, the variety, spirit, and material, of their testimony to the ancient civilization and glory of Ireland.

The first literary person that our annals record is *Amberghin*, the brother of *Heber* and *Heremon*, the leaders of the first Milesian colony.



He wrote a poem descriptive of the voyage and adventures of the Milesian colony from Spain. According to O'Flaherty, he was poet and judge of the colony; and Sir William Betham gives in full, in the original text, Amberghin's poem containing all the occurrences, with a literal translation, which that learned man pronounces to be the *Irish* account of the same events as those recorded in engraved characters on the Eugubian brass Tables. The poems of Amberghin are the most ancient compositions in the Irish language. They are altogether historical, and are, in that respect, according to the custom of the ancients, who wrote nearly all their histories, biographies, and laws, in poetic measures, the better to preserve them in the memories of the people. These very ancient poems are found in the Books of Leacan, Ballymote, and the Book of Conquests, says Sir William Betham, copied from more ancient manuscripts now lost, or, if existing, not at present in possession of the learned world. The language of those poems bears a striking and extraordinary resemblance to that of the Etruscan Tables. It is monosyllabic. Many of the expressions are the same, and the style of the whole is very like. There can be no doubt of their very remote antiquity, being handed down by successive transcribers for centuries, who, ignorant of their meaning, had no motive for deception. They transcribed them from more ancient copies, to preserve them as ancient monuments of their country, admitting their incapability to develop their meaning. They have, from their great antiquity, been nearly as much a sealed book as the Eugubian Tables. There are four of these ancient poems, one of which is an account of the passage of a ship across the Bay of Biscay to Ireland; being, as it were, the Irish account of the event celebrated in the Eugubian Tables.

Ethrial, son of Irial, the monarch and prophet of Ireland, wrote, according to Keating, the history of the voyages and migrations of the Milesians down to his time, about forty years after the death of Amberghin. Ethrial also wrote some tracts on laws and medicine.

*Ollamh Fodhla*, the lawgiver and King, about three centuries after Ethrial's time, delivered in to the estates of Tara a history of his ancestors to that time. This great work was received and adopted by the assembled estates as the basis of their national registry. They denominated it the *Psalter* of Tara. Copies of this work were made and kept in *Tuam*, *Glendalough*, *Cashell*, and some other places. The history of Ireland was kept as a business of the king and parliament for very many generations. Collateral with this great registry were written certain auxiliary books, called the "Black Book," the "Book of Con-

quests," the "Book of Invasions." The contents of these ancient books, together with all contained in the great Book of *Tara*, were carefully collated and entered in the *Psalter of Cashell*, by *Cormac M'Cullinane*, Bishop and Governor of Munster, in the beginning of the tenth century.

Cairbre Liffeachair, monarch in the third century of the Christian era, composed the History of Kings, who were his predecessors; "a copy of which," says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, "had been preserved until the last [17th] century, in the abbey of Icolm-Kill, and Sir George M'Kenzie, in his Defence of the Royal Line of Scotland, mentions to have seen it." Since the time of Christianity (I quote from the same author) we have the book called *Na-Geart*, written half in Irish and half in Latin, by St. Benignus, disciple of St. Patrick; the Psalter called *Na-Raun*, the Psalter of *Armagh*, of *Cluan M'Noisk*, *Cluan Aigneach*, and of *Gravela*; the "Books" of *Fionian of Leir*, *Glendaloch*, *Roscrea*, and *Kilkenny*. These "Books" were kept by the bishops or abbots of those places, for they were monasteries with churches attached. They were histories of the country generally, and of the local ecclesiastical institutions. *Gillia Kearin*, in the tenth century, wrote an epic poem, into which he wove the whole history of Ireland from the beginning. In this great work, a copy of which is still extant, he presents the entire thread of Irish history, though, no doubt, highly embellished with poetical colorings. Yet we cannot doubt the existence of the men whom he describes, or the general facts he weaves in, because we may believe the favorite actors of the poet have been overmuch exalted. With equal reason might those who will occupy our places, five hundred years hence, disbelieve the almost incredible exertions of Washington and O'Connell, and, indeed, their very existence, because the grateful people of our day, have almost deified those great men.

The Martyrology of *Marianus Gorman* was written in the eleventh century. This work, together with many Irish manuscripts, was translated into English, in 1627, by *Conall M'Geoghegan*, which is recorded in *O'Flaherty's Ogygia*. The *Annals of Tigernachus*, of *Cluan M'Noisk*, were written in the Irish language and characters, in the eleventh century. They were records of Ireland, kept at that monastery. The *Annals of Enniscail* were written in the thirteenth century, also the *Synchronisms of Flannus a Monasterio*. The greatest part of these writings are still entire.

Sir George M'Kenzie, the Scotch writer already referred to, in his

Defence of the Royal Line of Scotland, printed at Edinburgh, in 1685, speaks of the Irish manuscripts in the abbey of Icolm-Kill, which *he had seen*. The following are his words: "Since I have commenced this work, a very ancient manuscript of the abbey of Icolm-Kill has fallen into my hands. It was written by Cairbre Liffeachair, who lived six generations before St. Patrick, and about the time of our Savior. An exact account is given in it of Irish kings; from whence I infer that, as the Irish had manuscripts at that period, we certainly must have possessed them. I have also seen an ancient genealogy of the kings of the Scots, in Albania, [that is, the Irish colony established in Caledonia, in the reign of Heremon. The ancient Irish were called *Scots*.] which agrees with what has been said in our history on the crowning of Alexander the Second, and which is preserved at Icolm-Kill as a sacred deposit. And I have also seen another ancient manuscript, which sets forth that the Dalreudini [the sons and posterity of the Irish prince Cairbre Raidi, who governed Caledonia in a remote age] of Albania have been established here [in Scotland] six generations before *Eire*, whom Usher calls the father of our kings. From the same manuscript it is discovered that *Angus Thuirtheampher* had reigned in Ireland five hundred years before our Fergus the First. [of Scotland.] which accords with our histories, which say that the Scots inhabited this country for a long period before Feargus established himself in it. These same Irish manuscripts agree also with the history of Cairbre, alluded to above: these are, in fact, the additions made to his book by our ancient Senachies."

The learned *Ware* [Irish writer] quotes the Psalter named "*Narran*," written in the eighth century, half Irish and half Latin, by Aongus Kelide, or Colideus. The same author praises highly the *Psalter of Cashell*, and its learned author, Cormac McCullinnan, Bishop of Cashell and King of the province of Munster, who wrote in the beginning of the tenth century. "He was a man," says *Ware*, "most learned and skilled in the antiquities of Ireland, and wrote in his native language a history, commonly called the Psalter of Cashell, *which is still extant, and held in high esteem*."

There were, besides these distinguished Irish authorities, many of lesser note; viz., *Lecan*, *Molaga*, *Mholing*, *O'Duwegan*, *MEgan*, *Moel Conroy*, *O'Brodeen*, *O'Doran*, *O'Duncn*, &c. All these authors have written one after the other. They have transmitted, age after age, says *MGeoghegan*, and from hand to hand, the thread of the history of the Milesians, from the beginning. Scarcely an age

passes without some who write the history of every country. The last historians, if general, always renew and relate, besides the present, whatever might be contained in the ancient monuments of a country; so that, should the original ones be lost, or consumed by time, (contingencies that have pursued the records of all nations,) their substance is still preserved in modern works. The realities of the monuments of the Milesians cannot be doubted. They are quoted by authors that are well known, and incapable of imposing on them by substituting chimeras for the true ones. Keating, Colgan, Gratianus Lucius, Walsh, O'Flaherty, Kennedy, and others, quote them in every page. The celebrated Protestant Archbishop *Usher* discovered in the ancient archives of the Armagh cathedral (which was built by St. Patrick) a gathering of the most ancient monuments of intellectual greatness. One of these valuable works was called the *Annals of Ulster*, which *Usher* named *Ultonienses*. It was written partly in Irish, and partly in Latin, but in the Irish character. It was a history of all public occurrences in Ireland for many centuries previous, kept by the clergy of that cathedral from the times of St. Patrick, 444. The last writer on this celebrated record was *Roderick Cassidy*, Archdeacon of Clogher, who lived in the eleventh century, and died 1041, and who continued the great work down to his own time.

*Usher* himself has written much on the history of Ireland, and indeed on universal history. He was a very learned man, and may be more indebted for his fame to the rare and ancient records which he discovered in Armagh than the world supposes. He speaks highly of the *Annals of Ulster*, and of the ancient *Annals of Tigernachus*, another historical work of remote ages. One of the most ancient specimens of Greek musical notation that is now in the world, was found here by *Usher*, and published, in the close of the sixteenth century. On this ancient relic I shall have more to say under the head of our "ancient music." *Usher* was a sort of Presbyterian Episcopalian, receiving, in that respect, his hue from James the First of England. His *Chronology*, of the Creation, had been received and adopted by the British parliament in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

There has been published in Oxford a catalogue of the ancient English and Irish manuscripts deposited with the Duke of Chandos, in England, by the Earl of Clarendon.—That ancient seat of learning, I may note in a parenthesis, was originally established in part by Irish professors, in the time of King Alfred.—In that catalogue are the following notices of some of the Irish works in the possession of the Duke:—



“The Annals of Ulster is a book of most ancient character, and has been written partly in Irish, and partly in Latin, but in the Irish characters; it commences with the year of our Lord 444, and ends A. D. 1041, in which Rodericus Cassideus, Archdeacon of Clogher, died; he wrote the latter part of said Annals.” — *Vol. 2.*

“The Annals of Tigernachus (according to Ware) Clonmacnaisensis are mutilated in the beginning. The author touches on universal history, till the coming of St. Patrick; after this he describes the affairs of Ireland, till the year of our Lord 1038, in which he died; the book is in the Irish characters and language.” — *Vol. 3.*

“In the Annals of the Monastery of Innisfail, the author lightly touches on universal history, from the creation of the world to the year of our Lord 430. After this he describes, with great accuracy, Irish affairs to the year of our Lord 1215, in which he lived.” — *Vol. 26.*

The learned Abbé *M'Geoghegan*, a French ecclesiastic, who wrote his History of Ireland, in Paris, in the close of the seventeenth century, which he dedicated to the “Irish brigade,” who followed the fortunes of Sarsfield and King James to France, and who enlisted in the military service of that country, says, “The late king of England, James the Second, had a large manuscript volume in folio, called *Leabar Lecan*, taken from the library of Trinity College, Dublin; it was afterwards, by order of the prince, who had an act passed before notaries for the purpose, deposited in the archives of the Irish College, in Paris, and is carefully preserved. The style of this manuscript is so concise, and the words so abridged, that it is difficult to find any among the learned in that language able to decipher it.

“The translator of Keating’s History into English, printed at Dublin, in 1723, and afterwards in London, informs us, in his preface, that there is in the library of Trinity College, in the same city, among other monuments, a volume, in folio, written upon parchment many centuries ago; that this volume contains extracts from the Psalters of Tara, Cashel, Armagh, and other monuments of antiquity; and in order to obtain the reading of it for six months, that he had been obliged to give security to the amount of one thousand pounds sterling. Would he have dared to publish and to have printed, in the same city, that account, and give the name of Dr. Raymond, during his lifetime, who had been, he says, his security, if he feared that he could be contradicted? That is not probable.

“The monuments to which we have been alluding, besides many others preserved in the cabinets of some lords of the country, are frag-

ments that have escaped the fury of the Danes and Saxons; they can be compared to inscriptions engraven upon columns injured by time, which are at present useless in a country where the language is in its decline. From such sources, those who have treated of the subject within the last two centuries have been supplied: when the language was better understood than at present, it was then possible to consult these monuments; but those opportunities will disappear the more as time advances." See note at page 128.

The first British author, of whom we have any account, is *Gildas Britannicus*, surnamed the *Wise*, who wrote in the sixth century a treatise *De Excidio Britanniae*. He seems to doubt if his countrymen, the ancient Britons, left any monuments or manuscripts; for he says he was obliged to follow, in his writings, the accounts given of his country by foreigners; which is true enough; for Julius Cæsar, who landed in Britain about fifty years before the birth of Christ, was the first person who made any written historical memorial of the inhabitants of Britain. He describes them as being numerous, divided into wandering tribes, without settled habitations, destitute of government, laws, or letters. They drove their flocks from pasture to pasture, and followed them for subsistence. Arts or manufactures they had none; they were clothed in the skins of animals, and painted their bodies blue. They were conquered by Cæsar, and subjected to the sway of Rome without much difficulty; under that power they remained for four centuries. Whatever events grew up in Britain, during all that time, were recorded by the historians of Rome.

After Gildas came the Venerable *Bede*. He was a Saxon ecclesiastic, who wrote historical records of England, about the year 730 of the Christian era; his references to Ireland are frequent and truthful. But the man who stands conspicuous on the page of time, as the historian and traducer of Ireland, is Gerald Barry, commonly called *Giraldus Cambrensis*; he was the first stranger who undertook to write a history of Ireland. Giraldus was a Welsh priest, who followed the fortunes of his relatives and friends, in their invasions of Ireland, from 1169 to 1171. Henry the Second of England had made claim to the Irish soil, at the court of Rome; he represented the Irish people to Pope Adrian (an Englishman) as destitute of religion, law, morals, or government; and to support this representation, with a view to induce the pope to join his cause, he employed Giraldus to write his book. The popes of that epoch had much temporal power awarded to them by the nations of Europe. They were, by a kind of universal consent, referred to as arbiters in all

national or princely disputes. Their decisions were bowed to with implicit obedience by the whole Christian world. Hence the anxiety of Henry to procure a corrupt witness against Ireland, which Giraldus proved himself to be. It appeared that Henry obtained a clandestine bull from Pope Adrian, which (though the genuineness of this document has been disputed by O'Connell and others) conferred authority on Henry to invade Ireland, and force it into subjection to England, and, through the English monarch, more immediately than it had been, to the Pope.

To sustain the king, Cambrensis wrote his History of Ireland. He was only twice in Ireland, once with the adventurers under Strongbow, and once with Prince John, the son of Henry the Second, both visits not occupying more than eighteen months; he only saw about one third of the country; he, or his, durst proceed no farther; he understood not the language of the people, to whom he was a total stranger, and could not, therefore, consult the records of their ancient archives; he was obliged to substitute inventions, and tales, picked up after the manner of our modern travellers, for historical facts; he mixed only with the most common and illiterate, and such tales as he obtained from the lowest, he distorted and mixed up with the most ridiculous inventions of his own, representing the people as little better than barbarians, and their civilization by *conquest* a meritorious act.

Cambrensis wrote five books in Latin; the first three he called the "Topography of Ireland;" the last two, "Ireland conquered by Henry the Second." He spent five years composing these books, which he read before the learned doctors and people of Oxford, after the example of Herodotus, who read his History of Egypt before the Greeks. Cambrensis, in order to run his concoction down the throats of his hearers, resorted to the aid of sweets and sugar-plums. He treated the whole town splendidly for three days; the first day was appropriated to the populace; the second, to the doctors, professors, and principal scholars of the university; and, lastly, on the third day, he regaled the other scholars, soldiers, and citizens of the town, — "a noble and brilliant action," says Cambrensis himself, "whereby the ancient custom of the poets has been, for the first time, renewed in England." The History of Ireland, written by this half-witted calumniator, represents the River Shannon as discharging itself into the *North Sea*, whereas it discharges itself into the South or Atlantic. He scarcely mentions who were the first inhabitants of Ireland; as to the Scoto-

Milesians, who were the peaceful possessors of it for two thousand years, he gives no account whatever, either of their government, laws, battles, or inventions; he says, indeed, there had been one hundred and eighty-one monarchs of that race before his time, but does not give us so much as their names.

Such was the authority, on which the majority of subsequent English writers have deprived Ireland of her two thousand years of literature and glory. The learned *Abbé M<sup>c</sup>Geoghegan*, from whom, in O'Kelly's translation, I have condensed some of the foregoing, asks, with great force, "Have not the Irish an equal right to complain of him, as Josephus [in his first book against Appion] complains of some Greek authors, who undertook to compose the history of the Jewish war, the destruction of Jerusalem, and captivity of the Jews, from hearsay, without having ever been in the country, or seen the things of which they wrote, and who, he said, impudently assumed to themselves the title of historians?"

But, even during the lifetime of Cambrensis, those contemptible fictions of his were exposed, and he was made to feel the stings of conscience so keenly as to prompt him to make a public confession of the incorrectness of his books. He *did recant*, in an apology, published in a second edition of his work, the *Conquest of Ireland*, and in a treatise styled *Recantation*. He acknowledged that, though he had learned, from men of that country worthy of belief, many things which he mentions, he had followed the reports of the vulgar in too many instances. Sir James Ware, the learned Irish antiquarian, speaks of the works of Cambrensis thus: "Many things concerning Ireland could be noticed in this place as fabulous, which Cambrensis hath heaped together in his *Topography*; to analyze or descant upon each would require a whole tract. Caution should be particularly applied by the reader to his *Topography*, which *Giraldus himself confesses*. *I cannot but express my surprise, how men, now-a-days otherwise grave and learned, have obtruded on the world the fictions of Giraldus for truths.*"

Men "grave and learned" have adopted, age after age, the falsehoods of Cambrensis; have added to these falsehoods, and have piled them up with unblushing effrontery: for this they have been well rewarded with fat places and easy chairs by the British government; and the worst of it is, there are plenty of "grave and learned men," in our day, who pursue the self-same course in reference to unhappy Ireland,



and who are rewarded by the self-same power that instigated and rewarded Cambrensis. The works of this false witness lay buried in obscurity for four hundred years, until republished by *Camden*, at Frankfort, in 1602; and thus was the poison generated anew through the mind of Europe. Those old, confronted, and discredited falsehoods were reproduced by the host of calumniators, who grew up after the reformation, and who methodically and unblushingly followed Cambrensis, building up their histories on his fictions; for the same motives that actuated Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, have guided the pens of most of the English historians of Ireland since the reformation. Hanmer, Campion, Spenser, Camden, and Leland, are amongst the most conspicuous of the English defamers of Ireland; whilst it must be confessed, with deep humility, that Ireland herself has vomited forth monstrosities, who have undertaken, for English pay, to disparage and vilify the glorious, though oppressed, land that bore them. Of these in their places.

“Sir James Ware,” says the abbé, “begins his antiquities of Ireland with the reign of Laogare, and the apostleship of St. Patrick. Why he has not taken them from an earlier epoch, he assigns, as a reason, that most of what had been written concerning the predecessors of that monarch was exceedingly mixed with fables and anachronisms. Two things in this must be observed; first, that, from the acknowledgment of the author, there were some kings the predecessors of Laogare, and monuments which speak of them; second, that these monuments were mixed with fable and anachronisms. I have no doubt but his criticism is just; this is a fault common to all ancient histories. What can be known of antiquity, if all history be rejected which contains any thing that may be false, fabulous, or supposed? Is not Herodotus, the father of history, called also the father of falsehood? Why has he put forth things that are doubtful, nay, untrue, according to Manetho, in regard to Egypt and the Egyptians, upon the testimony of Vulcan’s priests, whom he had met with at Memphis? Is he correct in the accounts he gives of the manners and customs of the Scythians, Amazons, and other countries, from hearsay? Have the author of the *Cyropædia*, Titus Livy, Quintus Curtius, and others, been free from the lash of criticism? Have the more modern historians, Camden, Buchanan, De Thou, Mezeray, and Pere d’Orleans, escaped censure? Is not Voltaire convicted of repeated mistakes in his *Age of Louis the Fourteenth*, in his *History of Charles the Twelfth*, and in his *History of the Empire*?

"Can we not with justice say that Ware was not a fit judge in the affair? He did not know the primitive language of Ireland, so as to be able to explore the first periods of its history; he had no opportunity of consulting the Psalters of Teamour, (Tara,) and other monuments, necessary for such an undertaking; he saw but some books of annals, written half in Latin and half in Irish, the dates whereof ran no higher than the Christian era; in a word, every thing, antecedent to that period, is accused by him of containing fable and anachronisms; by these means he exonerates himself from making the researches to which he did not feel himself competent.

"It is further objected, that, because the Romans, and also the Greeks, had not historians more ancient than Herodotus, who lived about four hundred years before the Christian era, the pretensions of the Milesians, with respect to the epoch of their history, cannot be maintained.

"Josephus, in his book against Appion, asserts that, to have a knowledge of antiquity, we must not seek it among the Greeks, whose writings, he says, are imperfect, new, and doubtful; it appears, therefore, that history was not the ruling passion of that people, although polished in other respects.

"As to the Romans, they are more modern. The use of letters, says Livy, was rare among the ancient Romans, the memory being their only depository of time, in the first ages of the republic. If their priests in succeeding ages, transmitted some monuments, they were lost in the burning of the city; and, if we attach belief to Vossius on the subject, Fabius Pictor was the first who wrote the history of the republic, in the year of Rome 485.

"Orpheus of Crotona, in his poem of the Argonauts, and Aristotle, in his book of the World, dedicated to Alexander, make mention of Ireland, under the name of Ierna, from whence Usher takes the opportunity of saying, 'that the Romans could produce no testimony so authentic for the antiquity of their name.' The comparison of Usher is not made in allusion to the soil or land of Rome, nor to that of Ireland, the two countries being in that respect of equal antiquity; the question is with respect to those who *inhabited the two countries*, of which *we* have a more authentic testimony for their antiquity than the other: thus, in the opinion of Usher, the Scoto-Milesians had a better title to antiquity than the Romans.

"The strength of this reasoning will be felt still more forcibly, if, with Camden, we consider that the name *Ierna*, and others, which

strangers give to that island, are derived from Eire, ‘*ab Erin ergo gentis vocabulo originatio pretenda* ;’ a name which has been peculiar to it since the Scoto-Milesians have been in possession of the island, and which is derived from *Ire*, one of their ancient chiefs. If it be then allowed us to think, with Usher, that the Scoto-Milesians were established in Ireland before the Roman name was known, we may likewise suppose that, from being a lettered people, the dates of their histories are much higher than those of the Romans.”

The existing manuscripts which treat of Ireland are, indeed, more voluminous than those of all the rest of Europe put together. How many authentic manuscripts are there remaining in the libraries of the Vatican at Rome, of the king at Paris, and in the Bodleian library at Oxford, which were never published? The history of Ireland rests on the concurring testimony of *fifty* different records, each of which, though differing in object, has an essential connection one with the other. These records are all, or nearly all, written in the Irish language and character. It ought to satisfy us that Keating, Colgan, Gratianus [Lynch,] Bruodine, O’Flaherty, O’Halloran, Sir William Betham, and many others, who made use of, and understood, the Irish language and manuscripts, can warrant them, and say that they bear every mark of the remotest antiquity, and that the extracts which they give from them are faithful. I make a further summary, from the Abbé M’Geoghegan and other writers, of the authors who have written on Ireland before our time.

The authors who have, in the last three centuries, given their attention to the history of Ireland, and that are best known, are Peter Lombard, Keating, Messingham, O’Sullivan, Ward, Clery, Roth, Usher, Colgan, Ware, Bruodine, Gratianus Lucius, Belling, Walsh, O’Flaherty, O’Reilly, Porter, Molyneux, Kennedy, O’Halloran, &c.

Peter Lombard was born in Waterford, and, being brought up from his youth at Westminster, under the eyes of the learned Camden, he displayed great proofs of capacity for the sciences; he afterwards came to Louvain, where he completed his studies, and received the doctor’s cap. The provostship of the cathedral of Cambrai was afterwards conferred on him; lastly, he was appointed archbishop of Armagh, and primate of Ireland. Among his other works, he has left a commentary, in Latin, on the history of Ireland, which was highly esteemed, and was printed after his death, in quarto, at Louvain, in 1632.

Geoffrey Keating was born in Ireland, in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth: being intended for the ecclesias-

tical state, he left his country, in consequence of the persecutions that were carried on against the Catholics, and came to France, where he received the degree of doctor in theology. Returning afterwards to his native country, and being perfect master of the Irish language, he collected every thing that was possible for him, from the ancient monuments of Ireland, and formed the design of reducing them into the shape of history. Two motives induced him to undertake it, as he himself says in his preface — first, to draw from obscurity a people who were equally ancient as they were generous and noble, by preserving from the ravages of time a methodical history of their monuments; secondly, to develop the injustice of some authors, who, without consulting them, propagate against the Irish their false productions, which may be termed satires rather than history. He adds, that every thing which he advances in favor of Ireland arises from his love for truth, and that his testimony should not be suspected, being himself of English origin. This qualification, however, raised suspicions from many quarters against him, particularly in the provinces of Connaught and Ulster, where he was denied access to their documents.

This history, written in the Irish language, which was principally spoken at that time, has been since translated into English, and become thereby open to criticism. Those who think themselves interested in degrading the Irish people, whose antiquity appears to them insupportable, severely censure the history of Keating; while others, more moderate and impartial, consider it a valuable collection of antiquities. It must, however, be acknowledged, that, if the English translation of this history be a faithful one, — which is not very certain, — there are many anachronisms in the work, and accounts which seem to be fabulous and absurd tales. However, these should be attributed rather to the credulity of the author, who has too closely followed, on some occasions, the fictions of the ancient bards, than to any previous intention of degrading the history of the Irish nation. Among all its defects we discover many good and interesting things, which make that work essentially useful: provided it be read with caution, much information may be derived with respect to the origin of the Milesians, their establishment in the island, their wars, government, and the succession of their kings.

Thomas Messingham, a priest, and native of the province of Leinster, also apostolical prothonotary, and superior of a community of Irish in Paris, published, in that city, in 1624, a small folio volume in



Latin, entitled *Florilegium Insulae Sanctorum*; it contains the lives of many of the Irish saints, taken from the best authors.

Philip O'Sullivan, a gentleman of the noble family of O'Sullivan Barry, in the county of Cork, being compelled by the misfortune of the times, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to fly from his country, withdrew to Spain, where, after having completed his studies at Compostella, he composed several works in Latin; amongst others, an abridgment of the history of Ireland, which had for its title *Historica Catholicae Hiberniae Compendium*, dedicated to Philip the Fourth, king of Spain, and printed at Lisbon, in 1621. The fabulous account of St. Patrick's purgatory, introduced into his history, after the Viscount Lamon de Parellos, a Spanish lord, has been injurious to it. In his description of the island, its antiquities, the invasion of the English, the fifteen years' war under Queen Elizabeth, and the persecution under James the First, he appears to be correct. He has drawn upon himself the censure of Usher, who treats him as a faithless author, on account of a tract written against him, under the title of *Archicornigeromastix*.

Hugh Ward, or Wardeus, a native of the county Donegal, in Ulster, was first brought up at Salamanca, where he became one of the order of St. Francis, in 1616; he afterwards completed his studies at Paris, from whence he was called, and nominated lecturer in theology, and afterwards warden, at Louvain. As he was very learned and versed in antiquity, he took the resolution to write a universal history of the saints of his own country. For that object he sent Michael O'Cleary, a monk of his order, to collect materials necessary for it. In the mean time, he composed several works that were afterwards very useful to John Colgan, who undertook, after his death, to finish his intended history.

Michael O'Cleary, a native of the province of Ulster, and monk of the order of St. Francis, was sent, as has been observed, into Ireland, by Ward, to make the researches necessary for the work he had contemplated. This monk performed his commission with all possible attention, without his patron having derived from it any benefit, being prevented by death.

O'Cleary, having formed a taste for that kind of employment, troublesome indeed, but very useful to the public, and being joined by other antiquarians of the country, particularly Ferfessius O'Conry, Peregrin O'Cleary, and Peregrin O'Dubgennan, collected a quantity of materials to serve for an ecclesiastical and civil history, and reduced

them into order. Some ancient monuments he purged, by comparing them with old manuscripts, of the errors which had crept in by the ignorance of the copyists.

The first of these monuments is an historical abridgment of the Irish kings, their reign and succession, their genealogies and death.

The second is a tract on the genealogies of their saints, called *Sanctilogium genealogicum*.

The third treats of the first inhabitants, and different conquests of that island, the succession of her kings, their wars, and other remarkable events, from the deluge until the arrival of the English in the twelfth century. This book is called *Leabhar Gabhaltas*."

The erudite John O'Donovan has as follows:—"The O'Clerys commenced the compilation of these Annals on the 22d of January, 1632, and completed their task on the 18th of August, 1636. The authorities collated and abstracted into this compilation are enumerated in the *testimonium* prefixed to the Annals, and given under the hands of the guardian and brotherhood of the monastery. Of the work so produced there appear to have been four transcripts, all of which, in whole or in part, have come down to the present day. The first volume of the copy executed for O'Gara, after having been carried into Spain by his son, Colonel O'Gara, came ultimately into the possession of the venerable Charles O'Connor, by whose grandson, Dr. O'Connor, it was deposited at Stowe, where it still remains. Another copy, complete, transcribed for the use of the truly learned John Colgan, was by him bequeathed, with his other manuscript collections on Irish history and hagiology, to his convent at Louvain. O'Flaherty, author of *Ogygia*, had a third copy, the second volume of which, wanting a century at the commencement, is now preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. The second volume, complete, of a fourth copy, which seems to have been executed for the use of the O'Clerys themselves, and contains the original dedication and *testimonium* in the proper hand-writing of the respective parties, having come into the possession of the late Austin Cooper, Esq., was purchased at the sale of his library by George Petrie, Esq., of this city, and by him the purchase was generously transferred to the Royal Irish Academy, the ultimate depository and faithful preserver of this, as of many of the other remaining evidences of the learning, piety, and patriotic zeal, of the Irish people in past ages." Mr. O'D. is now translating this work.

James Usher, or Usseus, was a native of Dublin, and well known, in the republic of letters, by his erudition and the great number of

his works, which are a proof of it. The writings of this learned man, that have any reference to our history, are his *Veterum Epistolarum Hibernicarum Sylloge*, and *Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Antiquitates*. The first contains fifty letters upon the Irish people, with some notes from the editor. This small volume was printed first in Dublin, in 1630, and reprinted at Paris, 1665. The second, which was printed at Dublin in 1639, and at London in 1687, treats of the origin of British churches.

John Colgan, a native of the county Donegal, in Ulster, and monk of the order of St. Francis, in the convent of St. Anthony of Padua, at Louvain, where he was professor in theology, was learned in the language and antiquities of his country; he undertook to write the lives of the Irish saints, and was the more capable of undertaking it from being aided by the researches which Ward had made with the same intention. In 1645, a volume in folio was published by him at Louvain; it contained the lives of the saints for the first three months of the year, under the title of *Acta Sanctorum Veteris et Majoris Scotiæ*. A second volume was published at Louvain, in 1647, which had for its title *Triadis Thaumaturgæ*, &c.; it contained the lives of St. Patrick, St. Columb, and St. Bridget. We have likewise a treatise from him on the country, life, and writings, of John Scot, called the subtle doctor, printed in octavo, at Antwerp, in 1655. There are, in fine, many manuscript volumes, at Louvain, of this author, which speak of the apostleship and mission of many Irish saints in foreign countries.

Sir James Ware, or Wareus, a native of Dublin, made many researches useful to the history of Ireland, both in the registries and cloisters of the churches and monasteries of the country, and in the libraries of England. He published first, in Dublin, in 1639, a treatise, in Latin, upon the Irish writers. In 1654 and 1658, he had the antiquities of Ireland published in London, under the title of *De Hibernia et Antiquitatibus ejus Disquisitiones*. In fine, he has furnished a commentary on the Irish prelates, from the conversion of that country down to his time. This work has been printed at Dublin, in 1665, under the title of *De Præsulibus Hiberniæ Commentarius*. All these have been translated into English, and printed in folio, at London, in 1705, to which is subjoined a discourse from Sir John Davis, who was attorney-general to James the First, wherein he examines into the cause of the delay of the conquest of Ireland by the English. Ware's researches on the foundation of the churches, the names and succession

of their prelates, the establishment of monasteries and religious houses, and the learned writers of that country, are extremely interesting. His works, which relate to Ireland, from the invasion of the English, are in general excellent, and worthy a man of his merit ; but his treatise on its antiquities is of small moment ; he was not sufficiently acquainted with its language to be able to consult the monuments of that people, so that he has, at a small expense, acquired for himself the title of antiquarian.

Anthony Bruodine, a native of the county Clare, in Ireland, was a Recollet and professor in theology, in the convent of that order at Prague. Among other works he composed a volume in quarto, entitled *Propugnaculum Catholicæ Veritatis, Pars Primâ historica*, &c., printed at Prague, in 1668.

John Lynch, priest and archdeacon of Tuam, and native of Galway, in Connaught, was learned in the language of his country, and ably conversant in all kinds of literature. The troubles produced to his country by the war of the parliamentarians, and tyranny of Cromwell, obliged him to leave it. In 1652, he came to France, and published, among other works, a volume in folio, printed in 1662, under the title of *Cambrensis Eversus*, and under the borrowed name of Gratianus Lucius. Our author, with much judgment and solidity, refutes the calumnies that Cambrensis had advanced against his country.

Sir Richard Belling, a native of the county Dublin, has left us a volume in duodecimo, printed in Latin, at Paris, in 1650, under the title of *Vindicarum Catholicorum Hiberniæ Libri duo*, and under the borrowed name of Philopater Irenæus. In the first book of this volume we discover a sufficiently exact account of the affairs of Ireland, from the year 1641 till 1649. The second is a refutation of a work written by a monk named Paul King, on Irish affairs.

Peter Walsh was a native of Moortown, in the county Kildare. Being admitted into the order of St. Francis, he studied at Louvain, where he became professor of theology. He begins with the history of the country, to end it with the twelfth century ; but though the recital of facts contained in it be sufficiently correct, still the want of order and system discoverable makes the reading of it irksome. The second part, which he promised, has never appeared.

Roderick O'Flaherty, an Irish gentleman, was born at Moycullin, in the county Galway ; it was the patrimony of his ancestors for many ages, but confiscated in the troubles which had arisen in 1641 ; he was a man of letters, and profoundly skilled in the history of his own and



foreign countries. He has left us a large volume, in Latin, composed from the most authentic monuments, and which he dedicated to the Duke of York, who soon afterwards became king of Great Britain, under the name of James the Second. It was printed in quarto, at London, in 1685, under the title of *Ogygia*, wherein he treats of the ancient history of Ireland, before Christianity. In this book he displays great erudition, and a deep knowledge of chronology, as appears from the testimony of two great men, Loftus and Belling, whose approvals are found printed at the head of his work. Stillingfleet also cites him with eulogy.

Hugh O'Reilly, an Irish gentleman, and native of the county Cavan, was master in the court of chancery, and register to the council under James the Second. Having followed the fortunes of that prince into France, he was nominated his chancellor for the kingdom of Ireland. In 1693, O'Reilly published a small volume in English, which has for its title, *Ireland's Case* briefly stated, that is to say, an abridgment of the state of Ireland, since the reformation, wherein the things which happened in that country are represented without disguise. He reproaches Charles the Second with want of gratitude to his Irish subjects for their services: he shows the injustice and bad policy of that prince, for having confirmed the murderers of the king, his father, in their possessions and wealth, as rewards for their regicide; the old proprietors were, for those objects, stripped of their fortunes, whose only crime was their faithful allegiance to their king. He speaks, in fine, like a man who, in pleading his own cause, pleads that of his country. His complaints, it appears, were well founded; whereas the king, his master, to whom he communicated the purport of his writings, before they would be printed, was pleased to say, that "they contained but too many truths."

Francis Porter, a native of the county of Meath, and monk of the order of St. Francis, was for a long time professor of theology in the College of St. Isidore, at Rome, and president of it for some time. Among other works he has left us a volume in Latin, and printed in quarto, at Rome, in 1690, under the title of *Compendium Annalium Ecclesiasticarum Regni Hiberniæ*. After his description of the kingdom, and a list of its kings, he speaks of the war of the Danes; the remainder relates to the affairs of the church.

Louis Augustin Allemand, a lawyer in the parliament of Paris, published in that city, in 1690, *L'Histoire Monastique d'Irlande*, in the French language, and dedicated it to James the Second, king of Great Britain and Ireland. The learned author follows, with great exact-

ness, those who have written on the same subject before him; namely, Usher, Ware, Colgan, and others; and it can be affirmed, that, for a stranger, who had never seen the country of which he writes, his work is very correct.

William Molyneux was born in Dublin, and has published many excellent works. Amongst others, one upon the State of Ireland, was dedicated by him to the Prince of Orange: he proves in it that that country was never conquered by Henry the Second; that he granted, according to treaty, a parliament and laws to such of the people of Ireland as resided in his pale; that the ecclesiastical state in that country was independent of England, and that the English could not bind the Irish by laws made where the people had not their deputies.

Matthew O'Kennedy, an Irish gentleman, and doctor of laws, master in the court of chancery, and judge of the admiralty, in Ireland, has written a small volume in English, printed at Paris, in 1705: it contains an historical and chronological dissertation on the royal family of the Stuarts, who are (he says) of Irish descent, through the colonies that were sent at different periods into Albania. This treatise has not escaped criticism; it has been abused by Father De la Haye, an Anglo-Scotchman, in a letter to the Duke of Perth, wherein there are more invectives against Kennedy and his country than proofs against his dissertation, the object of his attacks, as appears by Kennedy's reply, in the shape of a letter, to what De la Haye had advanced. This was printed at Paris, in French, in 1715, with the letter of that father subjoined to it.

Walter Harris, counsellor, has published two volumes, in folio, in English, on the history of Ireland, under the title of the Works of Sir James Ware on Ireland, revised and augmented. The first volume was printed at Dublin in 1739, and the second in 1745; a third, which he had promised, never appeared. The Irish people are deeply indebted to this learned man, for the pains he has bestowed, and the interesting researches he has made to complete that work, which he has considerably enlarged, and enriched with many tracts that escaped the vigilance of his prototype, and which merit for him the title of author, instead of editor, which he has modestly taken.

The Dissertations upon the ancient history of Ireland, given in English by an anonymous writer, and published at Dublin, in 1753, through the care of Michael Reilly, display an extensive knowledge in the antiquities of that country. This work is flowery in its style, and the matter handled with peculiar delicacy and neatness. The writer was among

the first of those who began to breathe truth about Ireland, at a period when the tyrannic chain of England held her in silence. This author was the learned O'Connor of Belenagar.

Dr. Thomas Leland was born in Dublin, 1722. He was educated in the school of Dr. Sheridan, so famous for giving brilliant scholars to the world. He became a fellow of Trinity College, and a clergyman of the established church. On the lieutenancy of Lord Townsend, in Ireland, 1768, he was made castle chaplain to that nobleman. Having gathered some materials for a history of Ireland, he ventured to give them to the world. From the slanders of Cambrensis, Cox, Temple, and other defamers of his country, he drew his supplies. To vilify the creed of his fathers seemed to be his chief object, for he was a parson of that "Establishment" which had possessed itself of the property of the believers in the old creed; and he was the pampered tool of that Orange faction which so often steeped his country in its bravest blood. His history covers the period from the reign of Henry the Second, 1172, to that of William the Third, 1691. Dr. Johnson said of him that "he began his history of Ireland too late," for he despatched two thousand years of ancient Irish history in a few pages of "introduction." Plowden says of him, "The late Dr. Leland is well known to have written his history of Ireland for a bishopric, which he never attained." He died in 1785.

Warner, an Englishman of more justice and greater industry, has written much of Ireland, her ancient story, and her high antiquity. He acknowledges that "Ireland had the start of the Britons, for many ages, in arts and sciences, in learning and in laws."

Curry, an Irishman, wrote, in the middle of the eighteenth century, a history of the civil wars of Ireland, which embraces that period covered by the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, Charles the First, Cromwell, Charles the Second, James the Second. It is an able work, and one which has fully vindicated Ireland from the charges of cruelty in those unfortunate struggles, which had been so plentifully heaped on her by Leland and others.

The Abbé M'Geoghegan, who was of Irish descent, wrote, in Paris, a very able, though brief history of Ireland, which he brought down to his own time, namely, the close of the seventeenth century. This work was compiled from a variety of Irish manuscripts and other records, brought to France by the leading Irish exiles, before and after the fall of James the Second. He dedicated his work to the "Irish brigade," then in the service of Louis the Fifteenth, a legion composed of the Irish

refugees in France, who, after the example of the glorious Sarsfield, enlisted in the French king's service, and, single-handed, defeated the English frequently. This work has been lately translated by Mr. O'Kelly, and republished in Ireland, in a very able manner, by Mr. Duffy. I am indebted to it for much valuable matter not to be found in other publications.

Dr. O'Connor, of Belenagar, wrote his *Dissertations on Irish history* in about 1750: the work purposed to be only a series of papers on ancient Ireland. Mr. O'Connor had in his possession very many ancient historical manuscripts, and other records, which came to him from his ancestors, who were of the royal line of O'Connor, kings of Ireland — the possession of which enabled him to give to the world a most important volume. It is to be regretted that his grandson, the late Dr. O'Connor, found himself necessitated to part with all those invaluable, those truly national records. He sold them to the English Duke of Buckingham, the owner of the celebrated library of Stowe, where they now remain in *bondage*, somewhat like the country of which they tell. Dr. O'Connor undertook, while enjoying the patronage and friendship of the Duke of Buckingham, to write a history of Ireland, based upon the foundation laid by his grandfather. This work has been censured by some of the most patriotic of our modern historians and writers, for its imperfect presentation of the noble superstructure of Irish history. It was written under English influence, and *for* English booksellers, and it is not uncharitable to suppose that, written and published under such circumstances, its tone is subdued and its style pliant. However, the publication of the doctor's work in England did great good, for it attracted the attention of such men as the late Sir James Mackintosh, who declared, after perusing it, that "Dr. O'Connor had *exhibited proofs* which showed that the Irish nation were possessed of laws and letters, arts and sciences, centuries before the British had yet emerged from barbarism." If Dr. O'Connor's book did no more than draw this admission from so learned and eminent a man, it has not been written in vain.

Dr. Ledwich, an Irishman, undertook to present the historical features of his country, and has so greatly distorted them that Ireland disowns his work, and repudiates his authority. He has been proved to be a false witness against his native land, and must be classed with the monster, or rather the reptile race, that seem to be yet uneradicated from the Irish soil. Ledwich was originally a Catholic, but became a Protestant for the sake of the loaves and fishes which awaited his apostasy; to sustain or countenance which, he calumniated his former creed, and traduced his country.



Mr. Scully, an Irish gentleman of Tipperary, wrote, in the middle of the eighteenth century, a powerful and well-digested account of the "penal laws." It made a tremendous impression on the minds of the Roman Catholics of Ireland and England, for it held a faithful mirror to the body, political and social, and affrighted them to that activity which eventuated in the formation of the first Catholic committee. That committee was the acorn, from which has grown the majestic oak of Irish agitation. Mr. Scully, Mr. Wyse, (father of the present accomplished Thomas Wyse, member for Waterford,) and Mr. O'Connor of Belenagar, formed the first glorious triumviri who agitated for liberty, though laden with the chains of the oppressor. Though their agitation produced nothing, they transmitted the duty and trust which they assumed to the succeeding generation. Henry Grattan, the patriotic John Keogh, and the great-minded but unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone, with others, took up and carried on the great cause, and succeeded, in 1793, in striking off the first series of Ireland's galling chains.

Colonel Vallancey, an Englishman, an enthusiastic antiquarian, devoted his mind to the study of Ireland's ancient history, and her antiquities. To him she offered unexplored mines of the richest ore. He was employed as an architect and engineer to erect fortifications round the Irish coast. His wealth and opportunities enabled him to gratify his taste, and he entered on the great work with extraordinary zeal. He not only studied the history of Ireland, but her ancient language also; and employed some of the best Irish scholars he could procure to assist him in the meritorious labor of unravelling the tangled hank of her antiquities. He went so far as to prepare and publish a brief glossary or dictionary of the Irish language, as spoken in Wexford, and in some other parts of Ireland; and it must be acknowledged that he rendered, as far as his necessarily limited acquaintance with the Irish language permitted, a valuable addition to the already existing enormous stock of materials for a comprehensive history of Ireland.

Dr. Sylvester O'Halloran, a native of the county Limerick, in Ireland, a gentleman of ancient family, and of great literary attainments, published, by subscription, about the year 1786, the first part of what he designed to be a comprehensive history of Ireland. Being a profound Irish scholar, besides a thorough patriot and philanthropist, he infused into the work, as far as it went, all the dignity, eloquence, and research, which characterize the writers of the most refined ages, ancient or modern. Unfortunately, he did not carry his history farther than the twelfth century: death shortened a life devoted to the perpetuation of the history

of his country — a fate which, by some special destiny, prematurely overtook many other men who engaged in the same laborious work! His book is a splendid and truthful one as far as it goes. He had had the advantage of the zealous and learned labors of the very many erudite men who wrote before him; and it is creditable to the Irish character that, in a period just emerging from the gloom of the penal code, under whose terrible influence the intellect of Ireland was darkened, so powerful a writer as O'Halloran just then made his appearance, who flung out on the world a brilliant reflection of the almost departed rays of Ireland's renown and glory. O'Halloran, full of acquired lore, apposite similes, and biographical anecdote, frequently suspends his narrative while he empties his full-charged mind upon the page. His digressions for that reason are, though always interesting, sometimes inconveniently long; which effaces or disturbs the order of historical facts in the reader's mind. This, I think, is the only fault which can be alleged against the work. It is otherwise a splendid production, sustained by authority, enlightened by reason, enriched by a wondrous gathering of facts, and adorned by a beautiful style, which continues its elevated tone from the beginning to the end. These combined properties of O'Halloran's work justified *Pepper* in denominating him the **IRISH LIVY**.

Joseph C. Walker, a native of Dublin, wrote an historical memoir of the Irish bards, Irish music, instruments, weapons, &c., published in 1786. Mr. Walker's was the first effort to gather into an historical record the interesting reminiscences of Irish poetry and music. Walker acknowledges himself indebted to many eminent men of Ireland, for various papers and essays of inestimable value. These are published, in his work, under the signatures of the various learned and tasteful contributors, which include the names of O'Connor, O'Halloran, Vallancey, Beauford, Hawkins, Dr. Young, Archdale, Ousley, &c. Mr. Walker had good opportunities to acquire the necessary knowledge. He was an officer in the treasury chambers of Dublin, and was one of those who were warmed into the necessary enthusiasm of authorship by the kindling influence of national independence which Ireland enjoyed in his time. Since Walker wrote, Bunting, Moore, Hardiman, Murphy, and others, have made efforts to rescue our music and history from oblivion.

Francis Plowden, an Englishman, wrote an honest, though abridged, history of Ireland, from its connection with England in 1172 to 1800; and a continuation of Irish history from 1801 to 1811. His latter work

is invaluable as proving, by documentary evidence, the atrocious villany of those who concocted, aided, and acted as agents of blood, in bringing about the fraudulent UNION. Mr. Plowden's first work on Ireland was a volunteer publication, entitled a *Review of Irish History*. This work, for its extreme impartiality, was attacked by the Orange writers of the day. He then entered the field as a vigorous historian, searching the archives of Ireland for proof to sustain his general accusations against England, her ministers, and their bloodthirsty agents in Ireland, the notorious Orangemen. Mr. Plowden, I have heard, was prosecuted for libel by some of the persons whose deeds he brought to light, and under a government where the publication of *truth* is declared libel, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be fined and imprisoned; to escape which, he fled to France, where, I have heard, he died.

Sir Jonah Barrington, a native of Dublin, a member of the Irish parliament, and a judge of the admiralty, published, in Paris, a splendid historical work, denominated the *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, which embraces the gloomy events of Ireland, that grew up under the penal laws — the times of Grattan, the Irish volunteers, and the *fall* of Ireland at the union. His history of the union is the most truthful and comprehensive work published on the subject. The author was himself a member of the Irish parliament, and voted to the last against its annihilation: he wrote and published his history in Paris, whither he retired after the fall of his country. His is an eloquent and a truthful picture of the times in which he lived — the most glorious, as well as the most gloomy, recorded in Irish history. His work was published in 1833.

Martin M'Dermott, of the Coulavin family, died in London, 1821, at thirty-one years of age, while superintending the publication of his history of Ireland. Pepper lauds that portion which appeared, very highly; and says, no historian of Ireland has infused so much of the spirit of historical eloquence into the narrative of his country's story, as that gifted and lamented son of Irish genius.

Grattan's *Life*, by his son, (Henry,) covers nearly the same ground as that trodden by Barrington. Grattan having been the chief actor during the days of Ireland's glory, from 1777 to 1795, his *Life* discloses a brilliant succession of incidents, a great number of documents, letters of a very interesting character, especially so to the statesman and general politician. This work was published in Dublin, in 1840.

The present Thomas Wyse, the eloquent member for Waterford, wrote, in 1830, a history of the Catholic Association. His work takes in the penal code, and the efforts made by previous associations of Cath-

olies to efface that code from the constitution. Mr. Wyse's work carries on the thread of Irish history, with circumstantial detail, to the passing of the reform bill, in 1831.

Matthew Carey, of Philadelphia, published in that city a very able but brief work, a few years ago, entitled *Ireland Vindicated*.

PEPPER, the eloquent, talented, and learned Pepper, published in Boston, in 1836, a history of Ireland, which he brought down only to the twelfth century. He intended to carry the history to his own times, and was preparing to go to Ireland to collect documents; but he *livea* not to complete his work. Pepper was a native of Ardree, near Drogheda, where, previous to his departure for this country, he was engaged in the flour business. He established, in New York, the *Irish Shield*, which, on removing to Philadelphia, he continued, in that city, to its fourth volume. It was a spirited weekly publication, which fully realized its title. He was editor of the *Boston Sentinel*, and the early series of the *Boston Pilot*. His work on Ireland is extremely eloquent: indeed, some persons think his style rather inflated; but this is a small fault. The immense quantity and the great variety of the facts, notes, and appropriate quotations from other authors, which he has put together in his eloquent book, must forever preserve his name amongst the most talented and patriotic of his countrymen. He died in Boston, of a violent cold and fever, caught from stripping off his coat to cover some unfriended countryman of his own. Poor Pepper, though endowed with splendid talents, was encountered, in this asylum of the oppressed, by petty personal attacks, which he repelled with scathing power and crushing effect. To honor his memory, some patriotic and warm-hearted sons of Ireland have caused a marble obelisk to be erected over his remains in Charlestown burial-ground. The workmanship was executed, in a very able manner, by MICHAEL GALLAGHER, of Canton. It bears the simple inscription that follows:—

GEORGE PEPPER,

HISTORIAN OF IRELAND;

BORN IN TALLISTOWN, CO. LOUTH, IRELAND.

Died in Boston, May 11th, 1837.

— AGED 45 YEARS. —

Thomas Moore commenced the publication of his history of Ireland



in the year 1835; and though he has no doubt prosecuted the work with as much vigor as he could summon, and devoted as much time to it as his other engagements would permit, it is not yet completed. It brings the history of Ireland down to the time of Elizabeth, 1550, and a very important space yet remains to be described. Although it must be a species of presumption in me to attempt to say any thing of one whose works have made him known to every nation, still a few lines in *this place* may be pardoned. The family of Moore were from Wexford, in Ireland. The poet was born in Dublin, whither the family came to carry on business. They opened a grocer's store in Aungier Street, in that city; and young Moore was educated in Trinity College. His poetry points the speeches of every patriot, and graces, while it conveys, the sentiments of every drawing-room miss.\* Few men had better opportunities than Moore to gather materials; yet there are some eminent Irishmen not well satisfied with his history of Ireland: amongst these are O'Reilly, Dalton, O'Brien, Pepper, Sir William Betham, and the writers of the Dublin Nation. I should be the last man in creation to cast the shadow of censure on Mr. Moore's history, whose style is so eloquent, whose learning is so great, whose fame is so well and so deservedly established; but after all this, I must confess, there is more favor shown to England in his work than England deserves: however, on this head I shall speak in the proper place.

The Life of O'Connell has been published by Robert Huish. The book touches the outlines of Irish history from 1800 to 1833. The author, having put together four or five hundred pages filled with the sayings and doings of this great man, flings upon his hero, at the conclusion of the work, one of the usual canting taunts about his reception of an annual stipend from his countrymen. The author wrote for the English. The Life of O'Connell is yet to be written.

The Repealer's Manual, by Mr. Battersby, of Dublin, published in 1832, is an invaluable compilation of facts, figures, and documents, connected with the fatal union. I wish it were reprinted, and put into the hands of every repealer in England, Ireland, and America. From it I have gleaned many valuable facts, nowhere else to be obtained.

The Green Book, by John Cornelius O'Callaghan, now of Dublin, but whose family, I believe, are from the south of Ireland, was published in Dublin in 1840. Its historical part is devoted to the affairs of Ireland under James the Second and William the Third. The various battles which took place, on Irish ground, between these kings, are ably re-

\* See my sketch of him, page 1100.

viewed; the English accounts are ripped up, and a new reading of the memorable events is given to the world, well fortified by indisputable authorities. Mr. O'Callaghan had been a contributor of prose and poetic pieces to the *Dublin Comet*, which was a brilliant weekly paper of the Anglesey reign. It did good service to the cause of freedom, in those days of terror. The *Parson's Horn-Book* was enlivened by some of the squibs and crackers of O'Callaghan. Brown and Sheehan, however, were the chief writers of that very able book. Brown is now employed on the *Washington Globe*, in America; Sheehan on one of the London newspapers, from which he draws a handsome salary, and infuses into the periodical all the poetry, sarcasm, and spirit, which characterized the *Comet* and *Horn-Book*.

Daniel O'Connell, the *LIBERATOR*, published, in 1842, a "Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon," which does not pretend to be more than an historical indictment against the Saxon. It begins with the invasion by Strongbow, in 1169, and concludes with the reign of James the First. It is indeed a terrible indictment against England, and terribly has she felt it. It is a gathering of horrors, poured out on the head of the oppressor with an unsparing hand. This work has furnished the repealers of Europe and America with material enough to excite their indignation, and feed their eloquence. On Daniel O'Connell, the author of that work, I shall have a special lecture, which see.

Madden's *History of the United Irishmen*, Cloney's *Narrative*, Wolfe Tone's *Memoirs*, Gordon's *History*, and Taylor's *Rebellion of 1798*, together with *Fragments of Irish History*, published by Macneven and Emmet, in New York, furnish pretty full materials relating to the unfortunate affairs of Ireland during the rebellion of 1798, and the times immediately previous and subsequent. Besides these, the innumerable biographies of distinguished Irishmen furnish material abundant to sustain that part of the undertaking.

These are the principal authorities from which I have compiled this work. The greater portion of the modern authors above enumerated are in my possession. I need not express how intensely I feel the responsibility which I incur. If I shall live to complete this book, and present to my countrymen in America a familiar digest of their glorious history, together with some specimens of their music, — if I shall win the character of having done no damage to their name and cause in this endeavor, — let me have the honor of a place in this distinguished catalogue of her historians.

NOTE referred to at page 108.

Whitelaw gives a list of the Irish manuscripts in the Irish character still existing in the archives of Trinity College, Dublin, and in the private libraries of members of the Gaelic or Hiberno-Celtic Society of Ireland. There are *forty-one* manuscripts on antiquities; *thirty* on battles; *eight* on laws; *eleven* on medicine and botany; *four* on science; *eleven* on morals and religion; *ten* dictionaries and glossaries; *fourteen* romances and dramatic tracts, forming altogether one hundred and twenty-nine very ancient and very rare works. See Whitelaw's Dublin, Appendix, 78, and Nicholson's Irish Historical Dictionary, Dublin, 1723. The Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, bishop of Cork, has ten thousand quarto pages, transcribed from old Irish manuscripts of a more modern date.

## THE LAMENTATION OF THE AGED WOMEN.

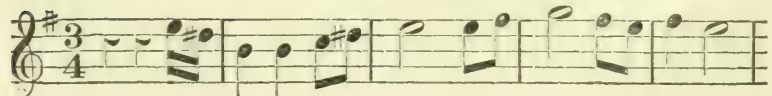


## MARY, YOU HAVE ELOPED FROM ME.



## SAY, MY CHARMING FAIR.

(ABAIR A CUMAN GILE.)

*Melody of an age beyond the period of memory.*





## O! MY BLACK SORROW.

(ULLICAN DUB O!)

*Melody of an age beyond the period of memory.*

## SECTION III.

First Erections of the Milesians. — Round Towers. — Probable Uses. — Specimens of ancient Round Towers. — Egyptian. — Indian. — Irish. — Obelisks of Egypt. — Round Towers of India. — Religious Systems of India. — Buddhism. — Druids. — Cæsar's Description of them. — Tower of Ardmore, in Ireland. — Experiments at the Foundation. — Number and Size of the Irish Round Towers. — Marks of Christianity found on them. — Identity of the old Irish Castles with Egyptian Houses proved. — Gobbawn Seir. — Drawings of Egyptian Houses. — Irish Castles. — Drawing of an ancient Egyptian Sandal, found in Ireland. — Mr. Gliddon's Opinion thereon. — Egyptian Writer Heccatæus on Ireland. — Cromleachs. — Caves, &c.

THE *ancient* architecture of the Milesians deserves here a special notice. It must be kept in our minds, totally distinct from the architecture of the ages which came immediately before and followed the introduction of Christianity. The first erections of this singular people yet live. They have lived on for thousands of years, through storm and through convulsion; and they yet exist above the earth, defying, like the proud race of the land, both time and tyranny.

The stone erections of the ancient Irish were of two kinds, viz., the round, pointed towers, and the square, vaulted castles. The former were sepulchres, and, as some very learned men assert, were used also for religious purposes and astronomical observations; the latter for the habitations of chiefs. There are many of both kinds of building yet existing in Ireland. The material of which they are composed seems calculated to endure forever. Many of the round towers are yet in a perfectly whole and sound condition, though erected more than three thousand years ago! The material of them all is stone and cement. The latter was formed of properties unknown to modern science. The scientific men of modern times cannot, by the most minute analysis, discover the nature of that cement, which has bound the stones together for so many ages. The origin and uses of these round towers have been the topic of a prolonged controversy between some of the most eminent scholars of Europe. Several books have been written to prove one side or other of the different positions assumed by the respective writers. No reasonable man could expect, from a work so general as this, a critical inquiry into a vexed question so learnedly discussed. A *glance* at the curious and interesting subject is all I propose to give.

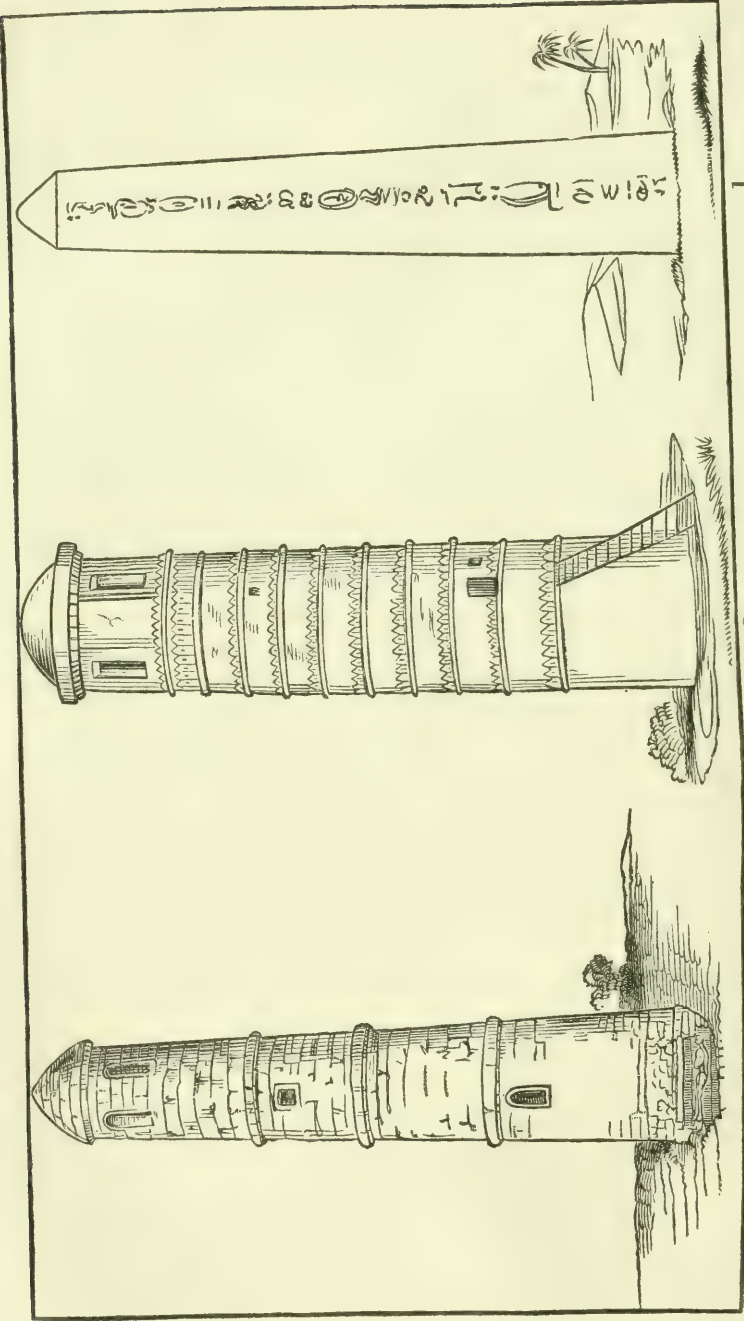
Sir William Betham has entered into the profoundest depths of the round tower inquiry. Ancient and modern history, the experiments

and observations of travellers in all countries, have been compared with each other. The ground under and around the foundations of some of these towers has been dug, under the superintendence of gentlemen whose only object was to elicit truth. An *OPINION*, formed upon concurring experiments, made not only in Ireland, but in India, Egypt, Italy, and elsewhere, has been established; the substance of which is, that these towers were erected in those ages when men conceived their greatest honor, while living, consisted in the dimensions of the monument they could raise up for the reception of their ashes.

This was the spirit which animated the Pharaohs of Egypt to the erection of the pyramids, those huge masses of stone and cement, which have certainly perpetuated the fame of the race of kings that raised them, in defiance of time or invasion, through many and many an age. Mr. Moore, while devoting several pages of his work to this topic, thinks these towers were used as well for astronomical purposes as religious. The four windows generally found at the top, as pointing to the four cardinal points of the compass, — north, south, east, west, — the stone steps, leading upwards, through the inside, to these apertures, plainly prove these towers to have been erected for utility as well as show. There is, in my opinion, nothing in the supposition inconsistent with the wisdom and pride of our progenitors. We can readily conceive the motives of a distinguished man, who, in raising a monument to perpetuate his memory, chose a mode which would forever connect his name with science, and preserve a recollection of his existence in the minds of enlightened men.\*

Before I enter farther into this question, I deem it proper to present outlines of *three* of these ancient erections, which are evidently akin to each other. No. 1 is Egyptian; No. 2, Indian; No. 3, Irish.

\* See note, in reference to Mr. Peitre's new theory on this subject, at the end of the book.





No. 1. The obelisk of Heliopolis is the sole remaining one of a pair that stood together, which were erected by Osortasen, king of Egypt, about 2070 B. C. Gliddon tells us that, about six hundred and forty-seven years ago, Abd-el-Cateef, the Arab historian, wrote there were *then* two upon the spot. The height of the remaining pillar is about sixty-one feet, and its base six and a half. The Pharaohs of Egypt erected these comparatively small towers before their great monuments and pyramids, to receive the written memorials of their existence and quality. That presented in the annexed diagram contains a series of hieroglyphic characters; the translation of some of which is as follows: — “Pharaoh, SUN OFFERED TO THE WORLD, lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, the living of men, son of the sun, OSORTASEN,” &c. &c. — This obelisk was dedicated *to the sun*, to which was dedicated the city, on the ruins of which it still stands. There are several of these Egyptian obelisks existing in Thebes, Alexandria, and other cities, along the Nile. All of these contain inscriptions of some sort or another, recording the deeds of kings and heroes. By some these erections have been called Cleopatra’s *Needles*, but this is a popular misnomer. The obelisk in the Hippodrome, at Constantinople, is a work of Thotinus the Fourth. That at Rome bears inscriptions of various Pharaohs and Roman emperors. Of all the obelisks, the largest and most beautiful is that of Karnac, at Thebes, cut by Queen Amense, before Christ 1760. It is a single shaft, of the purest and most exquisitely polished sienite, in height about ninety feet, and in weight about four hundred tons.

In Egypt, where the passion for erecting stupendous monuments over the dead was nurtured for ages by national policy and popular sentiment, these obelisks were of secondary importance — something in the way of ornament to the main erection; but in those distant countries into which the Egyptians and Phœnicians penetrated, where the population was yet thin, and building material scanty, their kings and chiefs contented themselves with erecting the smaller towers, which, according to the changing circumstances of climate and country, were linked by the builders, for the reasons already stated, with both the religious and scientific studies of the people.

In reference to the Indian tower, marked No. 2, all we can learn about it is little indeed. Sir William Betham says, “We find round towers in every respect identical with our own, scattered over the entire surface of the peninsulas of India. Two Buddhist towers are now standing at Bigpore, described by Lord Valentia, and there is another standing at Cole, near Allyghur, as appears from a drawing by my friend

Captain Smith, late of the 44th. His lordship observes, ‘It is singular that there is no tradition concerning them, nor are they held in any respect by the Hindoos of this country. The rajah, Jyanagur, considers them holy, and has erected a small building to shelter the great number of his subjects who privately come to worship them.’” On their general uses, and their identity with the age and objects of the Irish towers, Sir William Betham thus reasons: “The opinions and tenets of the Buddhist faith supply the strongest evidence that the towers of India and those of Ireland originated with the same opinions, and were erected for the same purpose—evidence which, taken as a whole, I never even hoped would be so satisfactory and conclusive as it now appears. In papers published in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, I attempted to show that the Ptolemaic maritime geographical names of the Indian seas were significant of the local character and peculiarities of each place in the Irish language. This was to me a matter of surprise, but at that time I did not contemplate that the tenets of the Buddhist faith, (the faith, be it remembered, which preceded the Brahmans in India,) the most ancient faith of all India, and still of the Island of Ceylon, the ancient Taprobana, and the greater part of the further peninsula of India and China, should be found nearly in perfect accordance with that of the Celtic Druids. Such, however, is the fact, as far as we know of the latter, and the remains of that people in our island also coincide.\*

“Buddha Gaudma is supposed to be an incarnation of the deity. There were many before him; he is now the Buddhó. The Lama of Tibet is supposed also to be a living incarnation, or representation of Buddhó, by the Chinese called *Foe*, and on the death of his body, the soul immediately is born again in another person. It is necessary to say thus much to account for the numerous holy relics of Buddha, which have been deposited in many *dagobas*, *topes*, and *towers*, in India.

“The Buddhist believes in a future state of rewards and punishments, in the transmigration of souls. A bad man may be born again a pismire; a good one, a heavenly being, an angel. Heaven awards not its blessings, or hell its pains, eternally, but according to the merits or demerits of the individual.

“Buddha issued *ten* commandments! Of these —

“1. Thou shalt not kill.

“2. Thou shalt not steal.

“3. Thou shalt not commit fornication.

\* See a further evidence of this identity in language at page 101.

“ 4. Thou shalt not say any manner of falsehood.

“ 5. Thou shalt not drink any intoxicating liquor.

“ These five were to be observed by all his disciples, but by the holy priests are added to the third above recited, ‘ *or admit a lustful desire, or suffer the touch of a woman.*’

“ 6. Thou shalt not eat at any unpermitted hour.

“ 7. Thou shalt not dance, sing, or play music, or see them done.

“ 8. Thou shalt not use high and great seats.

“ To the inferior priests are enjoined the following, in addition : —

“ 9. Thou shalt abstain from the use of flowers or perfumes.

“ 10. Thou shalt not receive, use, or touch gold, silver, or money of any kind.

“ The breach of these laws is committed by thought, word, and deed, thus, in stealing : —

“ 1. The knowledge that the property is another’s.

“ 2. The desire of stealing.

“ 3. Projecting means to steal.

“ 4. Actual commission of theft.

“ The 3d, of fornication : —

“ 1. Desiring a woman not your wife, or a woman a man not her husband.

“ 2. Lustful desire in man or woman.

“ 3. Planning a committal.

“ 4. Actual commission.

“ The 4th, of falsehood : —

“ 1. The knowledge of its being a falsehood.

“ 2. The saying it.

“ 3. The making the hearer believe it.

“ The 5th, drinking intoxicating liquor : —

“ 1. The knowledge of its being intoxicating.

“ 2. The drinking it.

“ 3. Suffering under its effects.

“ There are ten sins : *three* committed by deeds — killing, stealing, and debauching.

“ *Four* by words — lying, backbiting, slandering, or speaking to hurt another’s feelings, and idle talk.

“ *Three* by mind — covetousness, envy, and false belief.

“ This brief statement of the opinions and belief of Buddhism clearly shows that the late Mr. O’Brien totally misunderstood its precepts, and that, all his premises being erroneous, his conclusions must be equally so.

The religion of Buddha has nothing in common with the obscenities of Siva, or the worship of the Phallus.

“I do not mean to say that the Buddhist religion is pure in its practical effects: its theory alone is pure; but it requires something more than pure laws to produce pure lives. It is well said, ‘It inculcates benevolence, tenderness, forgiveness of injuries, and love of enemies; it forbids sensuality, love of pleasure, and attachment to worldly objects; yet it is destitute of power to produce the former or subdue the latter. It is like an alabaster image, beautiful in all its parts, but *destitute of life*, and being so, provides no atonement for sin. Here, also, the Gospel triumphs over this and every other religion.’ \* \* \*

“The Druids have long ceased to exist in Gaul and Britain, and none of the Roman or Greek writers afford any satisfactory clew to their doctrines and dogmas, except what we find in Cæsar. We, in fact, know but little of them; St. Patrick’s zeal for the Christian faith destroyed all the books of the Irish Druids.

“The little Cæsar supplies is, however, of the first importance. To the pen of that great man we are indebted for what we know of the early history of the British islands. He possessed the highest order of human intellect; he was the greatest soldier, the most profound statesman, and most elegant scholar, not only of his own day, but of the periods which preceded him, at least so far as profane history speaks.”

It is due to truth to insert here the character of Julius Cæsar by the learned Sir Richard Phillips: “He was a profligate young patrician, who, being two millions in debt, obtained by corruption the command of the army, with which he plundered and enslaved several nations, and then turned it against the freedom of his own. He ultimately paid the penalty of his tyranny and treachery by the loss of his life at the Capitol. Most of the commentaries which bear his name were written by *Hirtius* and *Appianus*.”

“Cæsar says, ‘The Druids are occupied with the sacred duties of expounding their religion, and ordering the ceremonies of their public and private sacrifices. To them the youth are committed for education, and they are held in such honor and reputation, that all controversies, or disputes, both public and private, are referred to their decision. If any offence be committed, as murder or manslaughter, or any dispute respecting estates, lands, or inheritance, it is the Druids who decide, punishing the guilty and rewarding the virtuous.’

“‘They teach, as their chief doctrine, that men’s souls are immortal, and move from one body to another after death.’



“Let us now compare the Druid and Buddhist systems, and first their religion. They both believe in the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls — a system so peculiar and singular in its character and ramifications, as to negative at once the idea that it could have originated from separate sources; the most credulous and speculative would scarcely venture an assertion so improbable. If this be admitted, we know that the metempsychosis was essentially an opinion taught by Pythagoras, and promulgated over the world by the Phœnician people, both in the east and west.

“The Druids and Buddhists were both skilful astronomers; of this I have already given sufficient evidence in Cæsar and Upham, and the Mahawansa.

“BAAL.

“Among other coincidences between the opinions and customs of the Buddhists and the Celts, is to be numbered the *planet worship* of the *Baalim*, which prevails in Ceylon, and wherever Buddhism rules. It will not be denied that the worship of Baal prevailed in Ireland, and other Celtic countries, except by those whose ignorance is only to be equalled by the confidence with which they put forth their pretensions to knowledge. The lighting of the fires of the *Bealtin*, on the eve of the summer solstice, the name of Baal scattered over the whole of Ireland, in its topography, as *Baal tigh more*, the great house of Baal, in Cork; *Baltinglass*, the Green of Baal’s Fire, in Wicklow; *Baall agh*, or Baal’s Ford, in Mayo, at which place, by the bye, is a round tower, prove the fact: it is useless to multiply examples.

“Mr. Upham says of the doctrines of the Bali in Ceylon, (page 116,)

“‘Planet influence is styled *Bal-le-ah*, which may bear affinity to *Baal*.’

“These Indian towers, like the Irish, are circular; they are both solitary buildings, with an entrance elevated from eight to twelve feet from the ground; they each have small apertures for the admission of light, at regular distances from the elevation, with four apertures near the top, at the four cardinal points, and each is covered with a round or conical top. The Buddhist writings declare that they were built over the bones or relics of their saints, or to commemorate some act of their incarnate Buddho. In the tower of Timahoe, in Ireland, an urn was found, which contained human bones.

“In India are abundance of dagobas, or mausolea of dome-like masses, covering the body of a deceased Buddho, solid, save the chamber, where the body was deposited. In Ireland we have conical hills, as New

Grange, Killeavy, Dowth, Ratoath, Cloncurry, of exactly the same character."

The tower of Ardmore, No. 3, in the diagram, stands in the county of Waterford, on the coast, near the entrance of Youghal Bay. It is above one hundred feet high, forty-two feet in circumference, fifteen in diameter. "It is divided on the outside, by projecting bands, into four unequal stories, with a window in each, except the upper, in which are four opposite to each other. The door is about fifteen feet from the ground. This is the only tower in Ireland (at least I believe so) which has the projecting bands, in which it resembles much the Indian towers of Boglipor."

Sir William Betham, in concert with other antiquarians of Ireland, has had many of those Irish towers closely examined, and the earth dug up for several feet beneath their foundations. As the description of one experiment would *nearly* answer for all, I content myself with giving that made in Ardmore, in July, 1841, by Mr. Hackett, who describes the root of the tower thus: "Mr. Odell's letter described our labor in reaching the bottom; let me now describe what appears to have been the manner in which the builders of the tower proceeded. They first went about ten feet, or more, below the surface, and there laid their foundation of large rocks; about four feet from the bottom they laid the body across, the head and feet resting on the rocks at the opposite side, the body lying on a bed of mould, four or five feet in diameter; they then continued to carry up the foundation, the ends irregularly serrated, so as to overlay the head on one side, and the feet on the other; they then covered the body with about two feet of mould, which they covered with a floor of mortar; over this, they wedged in, with such force as to render them impervious to ordinary labor, large blocks forming a compact mass of unhewn stones, and above them another layer of similar stones, but not so compact; over this were indications of another mortar floor, which being only visible at the edges, indicated a former attempt at exploration. Only about one course or two of large blocks were laid higher than the outside plinth; above these was a loose mass of small stones, five or six feet deep, of the same kind of stones as the substratum of blocks, all of which are different from the stone of which the tower was built. I am thus minute in the description, because it has been suggested that, as the skeleton was found lying east and west, as the bodies do in the surrounding cemetery, the tower had been built over a grave unknown to the builders. This induced me to examine it with more care, and I took with me an intelligent mason, who agreed with

me that this tower was certainly intended as a sepulchre, for the whole was carefully and artificially prepared for that purpose ; first, laying down a concrete floor, then four successive layers of mason's work, and finally, above these, a second floor of concrete ; all this would not be accidentally built over a body previously deposited, for the last floor and the walls rest on the solid rock.

"On the 29th of July, I received a letter from my friend, John Windele, Esq., of Cork, confirming Mr. Hackett's statements ; and, on the 18th of August following, one from Mr. Odell, stating that he had discovered a second skeleton, so imbedded in the solid work of the tower, he had 'not been able to extract it, but that it can be got out without, in the slightest degree, interfering with or endangering the foundation, which rests, as I had anticipated, upon the rock.'"

Similar experiments were made in the foundations of the towers of Cashell, Cloyne, Roscrea, Drumbo, Maghera, and other places. There are sixty of these ancient edifices in Ireland, and two in Scotland, viz., at Brechin and Abernethy ; their general height ranges between ninety and one hundred and twenty feet. Moore says of them, in the conclusion of his interesting essay, (published, however, previous to the important discoveries made by Sir William Betham and his friends,) "They [the towers] must therefore be referred to times beyond the reach of historical record." That they were destined originally to religious purposes, can hardly admit of question ; nor can those who have satisfied themselves, from the strong evidence which is found in the writings of antiquity, that there existed between Ireland and some parts of the East an early and intimate intercourse, harbor much doubt as to the real birthplace of the now unknown worship, of which these towers remain the solitary and enduring monuments.

Some of the round towers have marks of Christianity cut in the door-ways, and in other parts of the building. From this circumstance, certain writers have taken occasion to insist that some of them were built in Christian times ; but, on examination, this will be found untenable. We know that the early Christian missionaries adopted the policy of weaving in as many of the previous customs of their converts as, consistent with their principles, they could. For instance, the Baaltine fires, lit up throughout Ireland at midsummer, in honor of Baal, (the sun,) were not suppressed by St. Patrick, but the custom was turned to Christian account, by annexing to it the festival of St. John : thus did they in all countries. These venerated towers were not destroyed, nor the custom of assembling round them abolished ; but

Christian churches were erected close to them, and the Christian rites were performed nearly on the very sites of the pagan sacrifices. Even in our own times, a reverend gentleman in the south of Ireland has erected two round towers on the ancient principle.

With a view of proving the identity of the early buildings of Ireland and those of Egypt, I present drawings of an old Egyptian house, and of a building which is a specimen of many that are yet to be seen in Ireland. No. 1, I have copied from a drawing presented by Mr. Gliddon in his lectures on Egypt, which he sketched from one of the ancient Egyptian houses to be found in the valley of the Nile. No. 2, I have sketched, according to the impressions made on my memory of an old castle to be found in Ireland, near the banks of the Grand Canal, at the village of *Balateage*, about twenty-four miles south-west of Dublin. I have seen this old castle many a time, and have often run up its old stone steps when a boy. The old arched vault is still in perfect order, and over it is a layer of earth, which forms a second floor or story. The roof has long since decayed away, and the upper part of the walls are mouldering slowly.\* This castle, like all the others of its kind through Ireland, is supposed to have been erected several centuries ago by a certain *Gobbawn Seir*, or masonic conjurer, whom popular tradition has linked with every extraordinary or ancient building of which there is no certain history known. No. 3, is a sketch of the ancient Castle of Carlingford, near Dundalk, in the county Louth. Near this castle is the ruin of an old abbey, which was erected several ages ago: the castle was *then* an ancient ruin. There are still lingering in Ireland a few others of those very ancient erections, — one at Kilgobbin, another at Kilcullen, &c. There can be no doubt entertained by any man, that they are of Egyptian origin, and are nearly coeval in date with similar erections yet found in the valley of the Nile, which gives them an age of better than three thousand years.

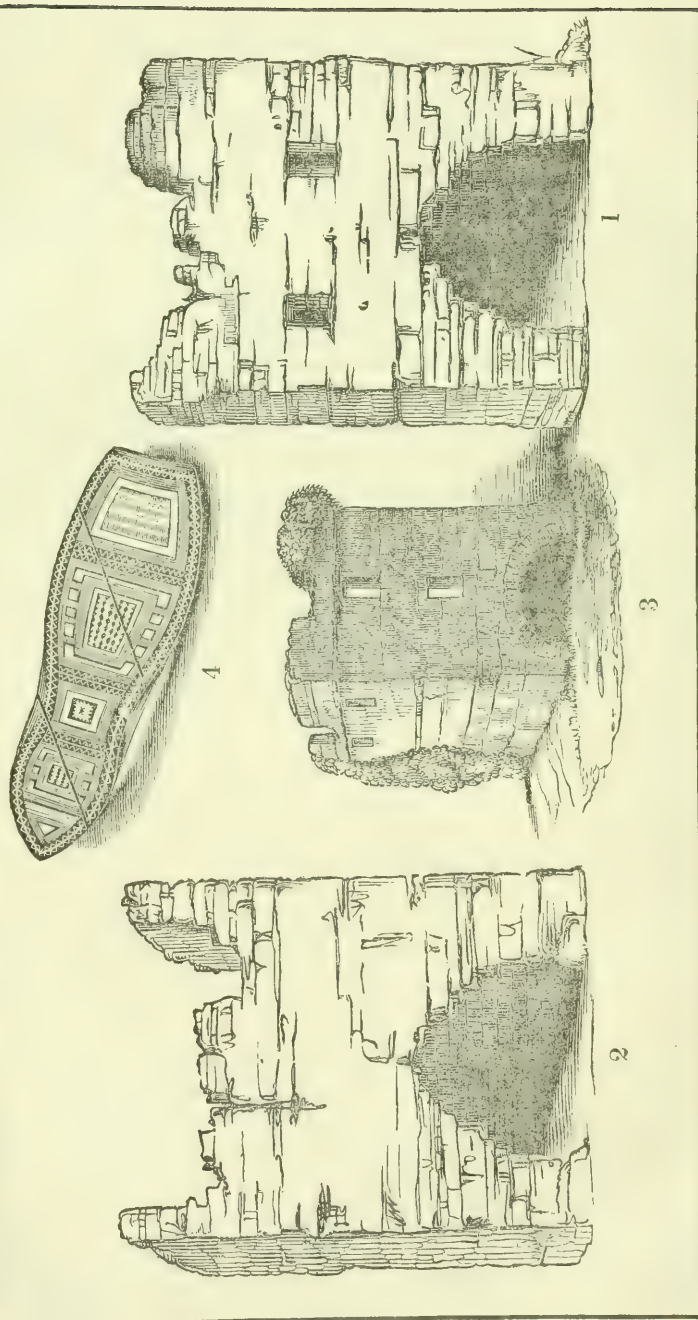
No. 4, is an accurate drawing of a leather sandal, found in the year 1833, by some turf-cutters, deep in the bog near Kilnemnon, in the county Tipperary. I take the engraving and description from Fold's Dublin Magazine, 1834. The gentleman who describes it says, "The drawing is done to life; the smallest *minutiæ* of the carving, and even two cuts, which the sandal unfortunately received from the tools of the workman ere it was discovered, being faithfully delineated. This valuable relic of antiquity is made of leather curiously carved;

\* These walls are eight feet thick.



and I need not add, that it is well tanned. The possessor is of opinion that it is near a thousand years old."

I took this drawing to Mr. Gliddon, of whom I have made honorable mention on several previous occasions, to ascertain his opinion as to its origin. He, without hesitation, declared it to be an Egyptian sandal. Mr. Gliddon resided in Egypt three-and-twenty years as the consul of the United States, and, during that time, made the antiquities of that country his favorite study. He pointed out to me, amongst his drawings, the outline or profiles of many Celtic heads, which are still seen chiseled in the monuments of Thebes. He assured me that it was the opinion of the learned, who had studied this subject, that these profiles bore so strong a resemblance to the Irish of the present day, that they might be said to be sketches of the living race, instead of their progenitors entableted near four thousand years ago! I could indeed give other engravings of ancient coins, weapons, and ornaments, which will go still farther to prove the immediate relationship of ancient Ireland with Egypt.



Here, perhaps, is the best place to introduce the celebrated passage from the Egyptian writer Heccataeus, transcribed by Diodorus the Sicilian, in reference to the "Land of the Hyperboreans," which proves how highly Ireland was then esteemed by the scribes of that great nation. "They say that Latona was born here, [in Ireland,] and, therefore, that they worshipped Apollo above all other gods; and, because they are daily singing songs in praise of this god, and ascribing to him the highest honors, they say that those inhabitants demean themselves as if they were Apollo's priests, who has here a stately grove and renowned temple of round form, beautified with many rich gifts; that there is a city likewise consecrated to this god, whose citizens are most of them harpers, who, playing on the harp, chant sacred hymns to Apollo in the temple, setting forth his glorious acts. The Hyperboreans use their own natural language; but, of long and ancient time, have had a special kindness for the Grecians, and more especially for the Athenians, and them of Delos; and that some of the Grecians passed over to the Hyperboreans, and left behind them divers presents, inscribed with Greek characters; and that *Abaris formerly travelled from thence into Greece, and renewed the ancient league of friendship with the Delians,*" &c.

These drawings, and what I have said respecting them, relate only to the *ancient* architecture of Ireland. The ages antecedent and subsequent to Christianity gave birth to a different, and a more varied, style, which shall, when we come to the affairs of those ages, be fully considered.

Under the head of "ancient erections" of Ireland may be ranked the *cromleaghs* and caves, which were of Phœnicio-Etruscan origin.

"The Etruscan mode of burial was the most sumptuous and expensive of any ancient nation, except, perhaps, the Egyptians. It does not appear that they embalmed the bodies of the dead, but they hewed out chambers in the natural rock, in which they placed sarcophagi of marble, and other stones, and also of burned clay, and placed about them vases and bronzes of great beauty and exquisite taste; on the bodies they left sumptuous ornaments of gold and precious stones.

"To give even a sketch of this very interesting portion of the Etruscan remains, would occupy too much space. The object here is merely to make a comparison between the mode of sepulture of the ancient inhabitants of Ireland and those of Italy.

"The damp climate, and consequent wetness of the soil of Ireland, forbids the general adoption of excavating chambers in the natural

rock ; nor does the hard stone, of which Irish rocks are, for the most part, composed, admit of such an operation ; while the soft tufa of Italy is peculiarly fitted for the purpose : we cannot, therefore, expect to find many similar chambers in Ireland. The Etruscans, however, had also their large artificial hills, or tumuli, with long galleries, or passages, leading to the centre, where were lofty chambers, formed of large stones of Cyclopiian architecture, in which they deposited the mighty dead.

“The monument, or tumulus, called Cucumella, in the plains of *Canino*, partakes of the character of the round tower, as well as of the tumulus. It closely resembled Newgrange, Dowth, and many other Irish sepulchral tumuli, as to its external appearance, before it was opened.”

Ireland still presents evidences, in her caves and cromleachs, of her Phœnicio-Etruscan origin. There are celebrated caves in all parts of the country, some of them evidencing, in the inside, the expenditure of considerable labor and taste. That in the plains of Louth is inlaid with marble, on which figures in basso relievo have been well carved. “St. Patrick’s Purgatory” is a narrow cell in one of the islands of Lough Derg. It is hewn out of the solid rock, and was a place of penance, of voluntary imprisonment, which the holy man prepared for himself, and to which he frequently retired as a punishment for his sins. Skeheewrinky, near Cahir, is a splendid cave: after descending by a ladder of thirty steps, the visitor can wander for half a mile under ground, and find on every side rocky altars, columns, spires, and architectural ruins, resembling a fallen city. Bally Cassidy, near Enniskillen, is a cave, the dome of which rises to the elevation of twenty-five feet, and the different chambers are adorned with Tuscan columns of limestone. Indeed, in every part of Ireland, there are time-honored caves, to which the enthusiasts in religion or science withdrew, to enkindle in their souls, unimpeded by the gross world without, the celestial fires of that heaven which they worshipped.

For a further account of Irish architecture, see page 485.

In the month of August, 1844, and since the preceding pages were stereotyped, one of those colossal mounds, having a cave beneath, was accidentally opened by some laborers, near Tarbert, on the Kerry side of the Shannon. It is described as a conical hill, two hundred yards from the base to the summit. It is surmounted by an ancient fort. Beneath the summit was discovered a vertical entrance, a common doorway, of about two feet square, and about six feet below the surface.



Five or six persons who had ventured in, one after the other, were suffocated by the confined air. At length, when its suffocating properties were somewhat neutralized by the admixture of a fresh current, others entered, and having dragged out the lifeless bodies, report that they proceeded through the narrow passage before described, and at the distance of a few feet were able to stand nearly erect; they thus advanced through four cellars, each about six feet long, connected, in a circuitous direction, by narrow apertures, the walls of the cellar being formed of grit-stone, overlapping each other.

Having passed through these, the party reached a straight hall, about twelve feet long, at the end of which the leader (Bunnian) struck upon one of the bodies they were seeking. It is probable that before this book goes to press, some further information may be obtained about the interior of this second Irish pyramid. This discovery, together with the pyramid called *New Grange*, near Drogheda, discovered only seventy years ago, leaves no longer any doubt that the original settlers of Ireland were from the shores of the Nile. The following beautiful stanzas, by *Desmond*, in the *Dublin Nation*, are appropriate: —

## THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

“The pillar towers of Ireland — how wondrously they stand,  
By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land!  
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,  
These gray old pillar temples — these conquerors of time!  
Two favorites hath Time — the pyramids of Nile,  
And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle;  
As the breeze o’er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,  
Passeth Time o’er Egypt’s tombs and the temples of the West!  
The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,  
Like the dry branch in the fire, or the body in the tomb;  
But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast —  
These temples of forgotten gods — these relics of the past!  
Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane,  
The captives of Armórica, the cavaliers of Spain,  
Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman peers,  
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs of later years!  
How many different rites have these gray old temples known!  
To the mind what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone!  
What terror, and what error, what gleams of love and truth,  
Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its youth!  
Here blazed the sacred fire; and, when the sun was gone,  
As a star from afar, to the traveller it shone;  
And the warm blood of the victim have these gray old temples drunk,  
And the death-song of the Druid, and the matin of the monk.”

## EDMUND OF THE HILL.

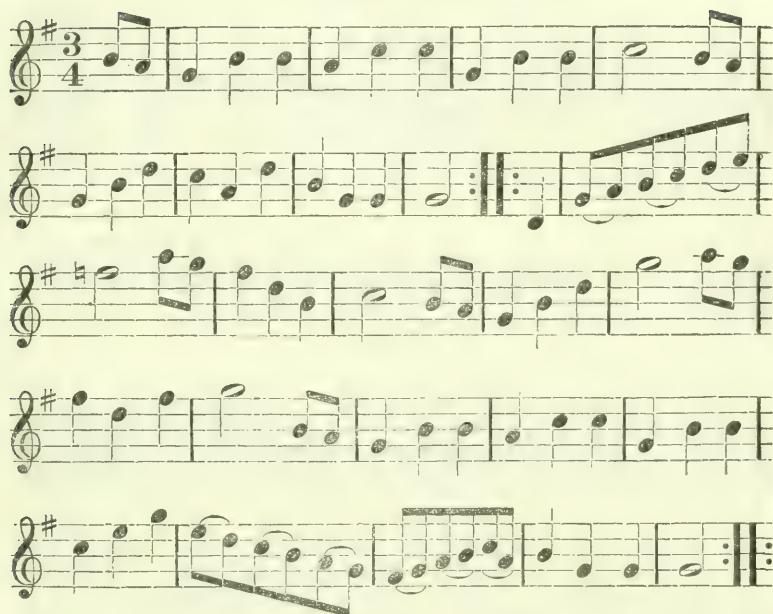
(EAMON A CNICK.)



## ADIEU, THOU FAITHLESS WORLD.



## SHEELA NA GUIRA.



## SLEEP ON, MY KATHLEEN DEAR.



## CAROLAN'S FAREWELL.





## LECTURE V.

### THE BARDS.

The Bards.—Their ancient Duties.—Respect shown them.—Nature of Poetry.—Music defined.—Bards were cherished by the Ancients.—Their Mode of helping the Memory.—Material of their Books.—Public Lectures of the Bards delivered in Recitative.—Helped their Voice with the Harp.—Academies of the Bards.—The Barred and Ring.—Bards led the Armies to Battle.—Their Influence.—Their Dress.—Value of their Dress.—Their Duties at the Burial of the Dead.—The *Caion*.—Lamentation over Chucullen's Tomb.—The *Ulluluth*, or Irish Cry over the Dead.—Female Voice mingled in the Lamentation.—Bardesses.—Bards acted as Registrars.—Were taken as Hostages.—Blair's Estimate of their Character.—Grew in Numbers prodigiously.—Limited by King Hugh in the sixth Century.—Columba Kille comes from Scotland to plead for them.—Their excessive Numbers prove the poetical and musical Taste of the People.—The Scottish Bards received their Education in Ireland.—Destruction of Irish poetic Manuscripts.—Irish Poetry.—Rules of the Poets.—The twenty-four Laws of Irish Poetry introduced into Wales in the eleventh Century.—The Irish Masters of every Sort of Versification.—Their Rules adopted by modern Poets.—Specimens of ancient Irish Poetry.—Irish Triads.—Classified Definition of English Versification by Sir R. Phillips.—Oisín the old Bard of Erin.—Learned Disputes about his Poems.—Homer's subject to similar Disputes.—Oisín an Irishman.—The most learned Men admit it.—Macpherson's Translation.—Character of Macpherson.—Specimens of the Oisíanic Poetry.—Fionnmaccaimhall's Advice to his Son.—Oisín's Lamentation for the Loss of his Sight.

Our idea of a bard differs materially from that entertained by our Milesian forefathers. By us, the bard is viewed as a wandering rhymersongster, or some eccentric person of that nature. But in the early ages of Ireland, and during her long career of independence, the bard was esteemed a most important officer. In his person were united the attributes and functions of historian, legislator, judge, poet, and musi-

cian, and sometimes the functions also of Druid. From the very first settlement of the Milesians in Ireland, the bard was viewed by the people with the highest respect. In the reign of the enlightened Irish king Tigernmass, about nine hundred years before Christ, the high respect entertained for the bardic order was distinctly marked in the sumptuary laws established by that monarch to regulate the colors in the people's dress. That celebrated law limited the common people and soldiery to one color; military officers and private gentlemen to two colors; commanders of battalions to three colors; beataghs, or keepers of houses of hospitality, to four; the principal nobility and knights to five; and the *ollamhs*, or **DIGNIFIED BARDS**, to six; whilst to the king *seven* colors, and no more, were permitted. This law, while it marked distinctly the respect rendered to the bards, ranking them next to royalty itself, proves, at the same time, the *order* which, in that remote age, prevailed amongst the ancient Irish, and establishes, beyond the power of calumniators to deny, the science and taste which must have been called into action, to supply the public appetite for those various colors. The Franks, or French, in the time of Pepin, adopted this custom from the Irish, and have continued it from that time to the present. The many-colored garments of the French are to be traced to the Irish custom here noted. Walker, reflecting on this law, asks, with patriotic exultation, "Can that nation be deemed unenlightened or barbarous, in which learning shared the honors next to royalty? Warlike as the Irish were in those days, even arms were less respected amongst them than letters. Read this, ye *polished* nations of the earth, and blush!"

In all ages, and in every nation, poetry and music were ever held in estimation. Every man is more or less a poet or musician, and is affected more or less with the one or the other expression of human feeling, in proportion as his physical and mental faculties are natural, healthy, developed, and cultivated. Poetry is the regulated effervescence of the brain; it is part of the excitement which takes place beyond the demands for natural wants, and thus displays itself in flights called imagination; those flights are often eccentric, and produce evil. But "good poetry," says Sir R. Phillips, "is the able display of *feeling*; and good prose, the able display of *fact, correct reasoning, and acquired knowledge*."

Music is the more sublimated expression of human feeling; its effect depends upon the power and variation of the sounds which convey it. Music may be defined an agreeable stream of well-con-

trusted sounds, formed by the standard of the human voice in a natural key, continually varying from that to a lower or higher pitch, but uttered in a manner agreeably to the organs of hearing, or the seat of sensations in the brain. Music, like language, delights in simple sounds; yet refinement, as it proceeds, sanctions a skilful deviation from simple sounds, as the acme of science. An ear accustomed or educated to these deviations must be continually fed by the like sounds, for it sickens at the pure voice of nature. In the same way does the physical appetite of one, who has been fed from childhood on food tortured from its natural flavor by every imaginable invention, sicken against plain meats in their original elements.

In the next section, I shall enter more fully into the subject of MUSIC; the present is devoted to the "bards."

Ancient Ireland was surpassed by no nation on the earth in political, literary, and religious institutions. The bards, as heads of education, and administrators of laws, were a privileged and an influential class. They were greatly respected by the ancients of every nation. The Egyptians and Phœnicians honored them highly; and the Greeks and Romans — pupils of those learned nations — honored their bards after the custom of their great teachers. Even Alexander the Great was accompanied by a bard, *Cherylus*, who received a piece of gold for every good verse, and a blow for every bad one. Our great Irish bard Oisín speaks of a king\* who kept one hundred bards in his court.

As books were very scarce in those ancient times, the bards turned their histories and laws into poetic or rhyming metre, the more easily to fasten them in the memories of the *brehons* (judges) and legislators. Some classes of the bards were required to recite from memory the genealogies and history of twenty kings. Others were required to recite in verse the whole history of Ireland, including all the laws and battles that had taken place from the first landing of the Milesians to their own times. These exercises must have wonderfully increased the power of their memories. Their academical discipline enjoined that, on every new day, the business of the preceding should be rehearsed, the conversations and exercises renewed, till all that was deemed most valuable was stamped indelibly on the leaves of memory. It was the practice of those learned men to store their *heads* with knowledge. The learned of our days keep their knowledge packed in their libraries.

The bards wrote on the inner bark of the beech-tree. The term *book* was derived from *bench*, a beech-tree. The book of *Declan*,

\* Cormac, in the third century.

written in Ireland before the Christian era, which was deposited by James the Second in the College of Paris, is of that material. The Egyptians cut their laws and histories on stone. They also wrote them on leaves of the papyrus plant. The Phœnicians engraved on bronze tables; the Romans on ivory; and the Irish on wood, iron, bark, and the skins of beasts. Parchment *volumes* were commonly rolled on a stick having a ball at each end; the composition began at the centre. These were called "volumes," and the outsides were inscribed just as we now letter books. Flatted horn and thin plates of brass were used in religious recitals, and in schools. The horn-book of our nurseries is a primitive book. Parchment volumes were scarce; they frequently sold for double their weight in gold. Information was communicated to assemblies by the bard, as it now is by the lecturer. He recited, in sweetly-modulated tones and in metre, the deeds of kings, heroes, adventurers, mariners at sea, the relations which the stars bore towards each other, &c.

All they deemed worth preserving, in science, law, or worship, was committed to verse, and, through the sweet medium of poetry, conducted to the heart, and marked on the memory.

Each succeeding generation of the Milesian family recognized the attributes and authority of the "bard," as a legislator, an administrator of the law, poet, historian, and instructor of youth. Occasionally their voices were accompanied by an instrument — the harp, most likely, as that instrument was very generally in use, in those ages, in Ireland.

We are told by the Abbé Dubois, an old French writer, that the early Grecian and Roman orators, in their public orations, sustained their voices by musical accompaniments. Thales, the Cretan legislator, conveyed his precepts in verse, and sung them to his lyre. In Ireland, there were places set apart for the education of the "bards." These sacred recesses of study were generally sunk in sequestered woods. The eye of day was excluded, and learners studied by the light of tapers, torches, and lamps. The *ollamh* studied twelve years, each three of which were devoted to a chief branch of science. It was in those primary recesses of learning that the Druids instructed the bards. The diet and dress of the students were regulated by the most rigid rules of prudence. The attractions and lures of pleasure were strictly kept away from these homes of study; all was peaceful, silent, and awful; here the troubles of the world found no entrance; here genius was fostered, and the soul sublimed.

In after ages, colleges of extensive dimensions were founded on these



principles in Ireland. Clogher, Armagh, Lismore, and Tamour, were amongst the chief seats of learning. The regulations of those primary seats of literature were afterwards copied by the universities of France, Germany, and England. The bard, thus educated for about twelve years, received his degree as *ollamh*, or doctor, when the square cap, or *barred*, was put on his head, and a *ring* on his finger, in token of his learning and station; and these insignia of the learned are continued to our own time, especially in the ecclesiastical customs of the Christian church. The square cap, worn by modern ecclesiastics in the pulpit &c., is the *barred* of the ancient Irish.

There were several orders of bards. The most learned were admitted into the order of the Druids, which was the highest of all. They were trained to arms, and, though not bearing arms in the field, joined in every battle, exciting the warriors, by singing the praises and glories of their fathers. Their persons were held sacred by all sides; it was a sort of sacrilege to injure them in person, property, or reputation. They animated the troops, before and during an engagement, with *Rusga-Catha*, — the inspiring war-song, — and, when they shook the “chain of silence,” contending armies stopped the battle, and listened to the voice of negotiation. They were the heralds and constant attendants, in the field of battle, of the chiefs whom they served, marching at the head of their armies, arrayed in white flowing robes, harps glittering in their hands, and their persons surrounded with a staff of vocal and instrumental musicians. While the battle raged, they stood apart, and watched, in security, every action of the chief. Their business on the field of danger was as much to record the noble deeds of their chiefs, as to stimulate them by the animating strains of their martial music.

“The Muse her piercing glances throws around,  
And quick discovers every worthy deed.”

It was the province of one of these bardic orders, the *filea*, to mark the backsliding of his chief, and correct any tendency to evil he might discover in him. Mr. O’Conor, of Belenagar, says, that these bards were supposed by the common people to be gifted with the power of prophecy; and this delusion was favored and encouraged by the military chieftains, in whose interest they exerted their extraordinary influence over the people in the various struggles for governmental sway, which then, as now, possessed the hearts of men.

The dress of these bards, as I have said, consisted of a white flowing

toga, or *cotha*, hung loosely over their shoulders, bound by a girdle round the loins. The *cotha* of the Irish was the *toga* of the Romans. The limbs were encased in a *thruise*, made of web, which fitted so closely, that the action of the muscles could readily be seen through the web. This *thruise* went down to the ankles, where it was tightly fastened, and there was observable, in stripes, the exact number of colors peculiar to his order. He wore his beard long, and his flowing locks, which reached over his neck and shoulders, were bound round by a golden fillet. His harp, in good grace, was pendent before him. And thus in a moment of inspiration does he move.

“He is entranced. The fillet bursts that bound  
His liberal locks. His snowy vestments fall  
In ampler folds; and all his floating form  
Doth seem to glisten with divinity!”

The value of a bard's dress was fixed by a royal ordinance of *Mogha Nuadhad*, one hundred and eighty years after Christ, at five milch cows, which would equal fifty pounds of present British currency. There are frequent allusions in this ordinance to the “old laws,” which prove that, in very remote ages, this matter was attended to by the kings. We see, from the whole train of Irish history, that this order of men possessed a very considerable influence in the affairs of Ireland. They appeared to be, in those early ages, the models and the censors of society. Their duty, as expressed by one of their order, was, to

“Applaud the valiant, and the base control,  
Disturb, exalt, enchant, the human soul!”

Another office, performed by the bard with pomp and circumstance, was the ceremony of lamentation at the burial of the dead. When a prince or a chief fell in battle, or died by the course of nature, “the stones of his fame” were raised amid the voices of bards. On this occasion, the Druid having performed the rites prescribed by religion, and the pedigree of the deceased being recited aloud by his *seanachai*, the *caione*, or funeral song, (composed and set to music for the occasion,) was sung in recitativo over his grave by a *racaraide*, or rhapsodist, who occasionally sustained his voice, with arpeggios swept over the strings of his harp; the symphonic parts of this solemn ceremony being performed by minstrels who chanted a chorus at intervals, in which they were joined responsively by other attending bards, the relations and friends of the deceased mingling their sighs and tears.

The following lamentation of the bards over *Chucullen's* tomb, as translated into English, will give an idea of the *soul* they infused into their compositions:—

“By the dark rolling waves of Lego,  
 They raised the hero's tomb, Luáth;  
 At a distance lie the companions  
 Of Chucullen at the chase.  
 Blest be thy soul, son of Semo!  
 Thou wert mighty in battle!  
 Thy strength was like the strength  
 Of a stream; thy speed like the eagle's wing.  
 Thy path in the battle was terrible;  
 The steps of death were behind thy sword.  
 Blest be thy soul, son of Semo!  
 Thou hast not fallen by the sword of the mighty;  
 Neither was thy blood on the spear of the valiant.  
 The arrow came, like the sting  
 Of death, in a blast; nor did  
 The feeble hand which drew the bow  
 Perceive it. Peace to thy soul in thy cave,  
 Chief of the Isle of Mist!  
 The mighty are dispersed, O Mora!  
 There is none in Cormac's hall:  
 The king mourns in his youth, for  
 He does not behold thy coming.  
 The sound of thy shield is ceased;  
 His foes are gathering round:  
 Soft be thy rest, in thy cave, chief of Erin's wars.  
 Bragcla will not hope thy return,  
 Or see thy sails in ocean's foam;  
 Her steps are not on the shore, nor  
 Her ear open to the voice of thy rowers.  
 She sits in the hall of shells,\* and sees  
 The arms of him that is no more.  
 Thine eyes are full of tears, daughter  
 Of car-borne Sorglars.  
 Blest be thy soul in death, O chief of shady Cromla.”

The custom was founded in sound policy. The bards were directed to seize on the solemn occasion of interments to soothe the tumultuous passions of human nature, and to impress on the minds of their hearers a reverence and imitation of virtue, or what in those heathenish days

\* Hall of music; so called from various musical shells used by the ancients; the musical principles of which have been imitated in modern brass instruments.

was deemed virtue. They dwelt on the excellences and heroism of the deceased, recounting all his acts of humanity and valor; closing every stanza with some remarkable epithet of their hero. Walker observes on this custom, "David's lamentation for Jonathan, and the *conclamatio* over the Phœnician Dido, as described by Virgil, coincide with the *caione*, or Irish cry: the *uhuluh* of the Irish, and the Greek word of the same import, are exactly alike."

This ceremony was considered of such moment that the man to whom it was denied was deemed accursed, and his ghost supposed to wander through the woods bewailing his miserable fate. Thus the woods and wilds became peopled with shadowy beings, whose cries were supposed to be heard in the piping winds, and the *banshee's* moans were believed to mingle in the terrific lamentation,

"Deepening the murmur of the falling floods,  
And breathing browner horrors on the woods."

The melting sweetness of the female voice was deemed necessary in the chorus of the funeral song. Women, whose vocal powers gave effect to the voice of song, were taken from every class of life, and instructed in all the music then practised.

The *cur síos*, or elegiac measure, was chiefly taught them, that they might assist in heightening the melancholy which that solemn ceremony was calculated to inspire.

Mr. O'Halloran says it was ever considered that a fine female voice, modulated by sensibility, is *beyond comparison the sweetest and most melting sound in art or nature*.

It appears, in every age of our country's history, that women exercised an active influence in the political and social government of society. They cultivated and nourished music and poetry as a passion. They often employed those divine powers in softening the manners of the men, rendered harsh by the practices of the camp and the battlefield. What an unbounded influence must those arts, united with the irresistible sway of female beauty, have given the women of those ages! Accordingly we find them guiding, in secret, the helm of the state, and proving the primary cause of great revolutions. While embattled ranks waited the arrival of expected invaders, women often passed through the lines, animating the soldiery with suitable war-songs, accompanying their voices with *crúits*, or portable harps. On such occasions, if the danger was imminent, they appeared in black, and assumed a frantic air: —



“————— Through our ranks  
Our sacred sisters rushed, in sable robes,  
With hair dishevelled, and funeral brands  
Hurled round with menacing fury!”

When armies returned, in triumph, from foreign wars or domestic battles, troops of virgins, clad in white, each bearing a small harp in her hand, advanced with a tripping step to meet them, with congratulatory songs:—

“With the voice of songs and the harp,  
They will hail their heroes.”

These influences proved strong incentives to valor; and its universal practice throughout Ireland could have no other effect than that of producing, which it did, a nation of heroes.

A further duty of the bard was to fix the degree of honor won by his chief, or that realized by his ancestors. An officer for registering the titles and honors of nobility is still continued in Ireland for each of the four provinces. One of these is Sir William Betham, the ablest scholar and most profound antiquarian in Europe. The bards were deemed of so much consequence in the state, that they were sometimes accepted as hostages. *Aodh-Dubh*, king of Munster, would not consent to the investiture of *Aodh-Caomh*, in the sixth century, till he delivered up hostages to him: this was agreed to, and *Breannin*, the abbot of Clonfert, with *M'Lenin*, the bard, were delivered up as sureties. It is no wonder that the bards were held in this high estimation. It was through their means only, that the prince, or chieftain, could hope for immortality to his fame. The bard mingled in every social and convivial circle. Without him the feast, however luxuriantly spread, would prove insipid. *Blair*, noticing the respect paid to them by the Irish, says, “So strong was the attachment of the Celtic nations to their poetry and their bards, that, amidst all the changes of their government and manners, even long after the Druids were extinct, and the national religion altered from the worship of the sun to the worship of its Creator, the bards continued to flourish; not as a set of strolling songsters, like the Greek rhapsodists in Homer's time, but as an order of men highly respected in the state, and supported by a public establishment. We find them, according to the testimonies of Strabo and Diodorus, before the age of Augustus Cæsar; and we find them remaining under the same name, and exercising the same functions, as of old, in *Ireland* and in the north of Scotland, almost down to our own times.” After the introduction of Christianity, some of our bards acted in the double capacity of bards and

clergymen. As late as the thirteenth century, we find Donchad O'Daly, abbot of Boyle, excelling all the other bards of his time in the *hymnal* species of poetry. In the next section I shall show the share which the bards and the early Christian fathers took in the cultivation of music.

Invested with honors, wealth, and power, says Walker; endowed with extraordinary privileges, which no other subject presumed to claim; possessed of an art which, by soothing the mind, acquires an ascendancy over it; respected, by the great, for their learning, and revered almost to adoration, by the vulgar, for their knowledge of the secret composition and hidden harmony of the universe, the bards became, in the reign of HUGH, about A. D. 560, intolerably insolent and corrupt, and their order a national grievance. They arrogantly demanded the golden buckle and pin which fastened the royal robes upon the monarch's breast, and had been, for many generations, the jewelled associates of the crown. They lampooned the nobility, and were guilty of several immoralities, and not only grew burdensome to the state, but increased so prodigiously, that the mechanic arts languished from want of artificers, and agriculture from want of husbandmen. Many regulations had been put into operation, during the reign of several monarchs, to restrain them; and the monarch (Hugh) called an assembly of the estates in Donegal, principally to expel them from the kingdom, and abolish the whole order. But, at the intercession of St. Columba Kille, who came, with a considerable deputation from Scotland, (then a colony of Ireland,) to attend this assembly, he spared the order, but reduced its numbers, allowing only to each provincial prince, and to each lord of a cantred, one registered *ollamh*, who was sworn to employ his talents to no other purpose but the glory of the Deity, the honor of his country, of its heroes, of its females, and of his own patron.

The Welsh bards grew so arrogant, in the times of Grifudd ap Cynan, (twelfth century,) that it became necessary to control them by a law, which restrained them from asking for the prince's horse, hawk, or greyhound.

The excessive number of the Irish bards, and the very laws passed, in later ages, to limit and control them, prove the pervading taste of the Irish nation for poetry and music, during a long succession of ages. This prominent attribute in our national character, together with countless facts, well attested, that history has left us, which shall be presented as I proceed, must establish for Ireland, in the minds of all unprejudiced men, her claim to be ranked the school of Western Europe in poetry

and music. In the celebrated letter of Dr. Macpherson to Blair, there is a long and interesting account given of the bards of the *McDonald*, the most eminent of the chieftain race of Scotland. The genealogy of the *family bard* is traced back through nineteen generations. They had lands and pay appropriated to their use by their patron, the McDonald. Their duty was to continue the family record, the deeds of the chief, the intermarriages with other families, the history of the national wars, and general vicissitudes of the clans; to make periodical visitations, every three years, to all the branches of the chieftain's family; to enter and correct records of the births, marriages, deaths, survivorships, transfer of lands, &c. These entries were taken as evidences, in all courts of law, in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, down to a modern epoch. That which more especially deserves our notice, in this interesting reminiscence, is the closing remark of Dr. Macpherson, himself a Scotchman: "The last of the race was a man of letters, and had, *like his ancestors*, received his *education in Ireland*, and knew Latin tolerably well."—See Macpherson's letter to Dr. Blair.

Many of the most sublime pieces of our ancient poetry are lost, never to be retrieved. Our poetic gatherings have been destroyed at three periods in our history. The first took place in the fifth century, at the introduction of Christianity, by St. Patrick, who burnt all poetic compositions not embracing laws or history; the second during the temporary subjection of the Irish to the Danes, in the ninth century, when a general destruction of the national poetry, as well as schools and colleges, took place, under the direction of the Danish chiefs; and the third in the sixteenth century, at the terrible period of the reformation, when the sacking of convents and the burning of whole libraries were the ruffian occupation of British soldiers and adventurers.

Through all those vicissitudes, there were some children of poetry, in whose hearts the godlike fire could not be extinguished, who, like Cæsar, when, pitched from his bark into the current of the Delta, he buffeted the struggling surge with one hand, while, with the other he bore his Commentaries above the waves in triumph to the shore, clung, with a death-struggle, to the poetic remains of their heroic ancestors.

The attention of the most learned has, in latter years, been turned to the nature and construction of Irish poetry. It was found in the old Irish code of poetic rules, entitled *Uraicecht na Neagir*, (Rules for a Poet,) that the most extensive, exact, and minute laws were laid down for the government of their poetic compositions. Dr. Molloy says, the construction and variety of Irish metre are the most difficult he had

ever seen or heard of. In its composition, these things are required — *number, quartans, number of syllables, concords, correspondence, termination, union, and caput*; the *subdivisions* of all which are again minute and perplexing. The authors of that able work on the poetry and music of Wales, entitled the *Myvyrian Archæology*, published under the superintendence of the society of Welsh antiquarians, enter on a profound inquiry into this subject.

Referring to a *second* era in Welsh poetry and music, (the twelfth century,) on which those learned antiquarians pause to comment, they bring forward the great and broad fact, that “from Ireland [in that century] was brought into Wales, by Grifudd ap Cynan, certain cunning musicians and bards, well skilled in poetry and music; *and then was established twenty-four elementary principles of versification: these, with their subdivisions*, [say the authors,] *INCLUDE EVERY SPECIES OF VERSE THAT HAS EVER YET, IN ANY AGE, OR AMONGST ANY PEOPLE, BEEN PRODUCED, BESIDES A PRODIGIOUS NUMBER OF ORIGINAL CONSTRUCTIONS, WHICH CAN BE FOUND WITH NO OTHER PEOPLE.*” The learned Wormius, who wrote in the sixteenth century, speaks in wondering terms of the pupil of a learned Scot, (the Irish were, in those ages, called Scots,) who was master of no fewer than one hundred different kinds of verse, with the musical modulation of words and syllables, which included *letters, figures, poetic feet, tones, and tune*. Macpherson says of the poetry belonging to the era of Oisín, (the third century,) “Each verse was so connected with those which preceded or followed it, that, if one line had been remembered in a stanza, it was almost impossible to forget the rest. The cadences followed in so natural a gradation, and the words were so adapted to the natural turn of the voice, after it is raised to a certain key, that it was almost impossible, from a similarity of sound, to substitute one word for another. This excellence is peculiar to the Celtic tongue, and, perhaps, is to be met with in no other language. Nor does this choice of words clog the sense, or weaken the expression. The numerous flections of consonants, and variation in declension, make the language very copious.”

Here must the reader, if he have Irish blood streaming in his veins, be forced, as I have been, to pause in admiration of those almost forgotten forefathers, and to lament, for human nature’s sake, the existence of that ignorance, or that prejudice, which, in our days, refuses to them the deserved distinction of a refined and intellectual reputation.

The refined poetry which the Irish produced, from the second to the



ninth century, is at once a monument of their learning and their cultivated taste. The critical rules laid down for the construction of poetry, by Alexander Pope, in modern times, were understood and developed, fifteen hundred years ago, by the poets of Erin.

"'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;  
The *sound* must seem an echo to the *sense*.  
When Ajax strives some *rock's vast weight to throw*,  
The line too labors, and the words move slow.  
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main."

Pope.

The principle in poetic composition so expressly recommended by Pope was, as we have seen, understood, practised, and taught, by the men who have, with equal charity and truth, been described, by some English writers, as semibarbarous.

Spirit of the godlike Oisín!  
Whene'er you wander o'er Temora's ruins,  
Along thy radiant pathway in the clouds,  
Look down upon those slanderers  
With heaven-created scorn!  
And smite the reptiles back  
Into that hell from whence alone  
They e'er could have emerged!

This may be the best place to give a few specimens of the ancient Irish rhyme, which I take from Logan and others.

"In Gaelic poetry, the rhythm sometimes consists in the similarity of the last words of the first and third, and second and fourth lines, as in English composition, thus: —

'Measg aoibhneis an talla nam fear  
Mar so thog crònan am fonn  
Dh'eirich maduinn a, soills' o'n ear  
Bughorm air an lear, an tonn'

Carraig Thura, ver. 195.

"In the stanza which immediately follows this, the rhymes are in the last syllables, but the final consonants are not alike, the harmony depending on the concord of the vowels.

‘Ghairm an rìgh a shìuil gu crann;  
 Thanig gaòth a nall o’n Chruaich:  
 Dh’eirich Innis-Thorc gu mall;  
 Is Carraig Thùra iul nan stuadh.’

Here the correspondence is in the *a* in the first and third lines, and in the *ua* in the second and fourth.

“Sometimes the conformity between the last word of a line, and some word or part of a word about the middle of the following line, constituted the rhyme; as,

‘Suaigheach m’ aigne ’n uaimh mo bhroin;  
 ‘Smor mo leòn fo laimh na h’aois.  
 Ossag ’tha gastar o Thuath  
 Na dean tuasaid ruim ’smi lag.’

*Morduth.*

“The above three sorts of rhyme are often found in one composition, intermixed with couplets rhyming as softly and perfectly as in modern Italian; for example:—

‘Soilsichibh Srad air Druim feinne  
 ‘Sthig mo laoiach o ghruaigh gach beinne.’

*Morduth.*

“Some of the most beautiful passages in old Gaelic poetry are, however, a sort of blank verse, having no rhyme. It appears that the bards sought, in this case, no more than to render every line perfect, without any dependence on the next, of which the following ‘War Song’ furnishes specimens.

‘*A mhacann cheann,  
 Nan cursan strann,  
 Ard leumnach, rìgh n’a’n sleagh!  
 Lamh thrèin ’sguch càs  
 Croidhe ard gun scà.  
 Ceann airm nan rinn gear girt,  
 Gearr sìos gu bas,  
 Gun bharc sheol ban  
 Bhi snamh ma dhubbh Innisstore.  
 Mar tharnanech bhavil  
 Do bhuill, a laoich!  
 Do shuìl mar chaoir ad cheann,  
 Mar charaic chruin,*

Offspring of the chiefs,  
 Of snorting steeds, high bounding!  
 King of spears!  
 Strong arm in every trial!  
 Ambitious heart without dismay.  
 Chief of the host of severe sharp-  
 Cut down to death, [pointed weapons,  
 So that no white-sailed bark  
 May float round dark Innistore.  
 Like the destroying thunder  
 Be thy stroke, O hero!  
 Thy forward eye like the flaming bolt;  
 As the firm rock,

*Do chroidhe gun roinn.*  
*Mar lassan oidhch do lann.*  
*Cum suar do scia*  
*Is crobhhuí nial*  
*Mar chih bho reul a bhaish,*  
*A mhacain cheann*  
*Nan cursan strann,*  
*Sgrios naimhde síos gu lar.*

Unwavering be thy heart;  
 As the flame of night be thy sword.  
 Uplift thy shield,  
 Of the hue of blood.  
 As you see his death shall be real  
 Offspring of the chiefs  
 Of snorting steeds,  
 Cut down the foes to earth.’”

“The ease with which the language is rendered harmonious is the cause that there are so few bad verses in Gaelic. Many of the sweetest lyrics have no other rhyme than the frequent sound of a single vowel or diphthong running throughout the stanza, with hardly any regularity of situation.

‘A nighean donn na buaile  
 Gam bheil an gluasad<sup>\*</sup> farusd  
 Gun tug mi gaol co buan duit  
 ‘Snach gluais è air an Earrach so  
 Mheall thu mi le d’ shùghradh,  
 Le d’ bhriodal a’s le d’ chùine  
 Lub thu mi mar fhiùran  
 ‘Scha duchar domh bhi fallain uaith.’

*Anon.*

“In singing or playing these compositions, the rhyming vowels are apparent, and prove the harmony of the measure. The Aged Bard’s Wish is probably older than the introduction of Christianity among the Gael, for he displays his belief in the ancient Celtic theology, and anticipates the joys that await him in the elysium of the bards—in the hall of Ossian, and of Daol. It shows that, at a very early period, harmony of numbers was sedulously studied. There is a beautiful poetical translation of this piece by Mrs. Grant; for the literal version of the stanzas quoted, I am indebted to the author of *Melodies from the Gaelic*.

#### ‘THE AGED BARD’S WISH.

‘Ocairibh mi ri taobh nan allt  
 A shiubhlas mall le ceumaibh<sup>\*</sup> ciuin.  
 Fo sgail a bharraich leag mo cheann  
 ‘S bith thus a ghrian ro chairdeil<sup>\*</sup> rium.

Gu socair sin 's an fheur mo thaobh  
 Air bruaich na'n dithean. 'snan gaoth tla,  
 Mo chos ga slioba sa bhraon mhaoth,  
 Se luba thairis caoin tren bhlār.

Biodh sòbhrach bhàn is ailli snuadh  
 M'an cuairt do m' thulaich, 'suain fo dhriuchd,  
 'San neonain bheag 's mo lamh air chluain  
 'San ealbhuigh mo chluas gu cur.'

*Translation.*

'O lay me by the streams that glide,  
 With gentle murmurs soft and slow;  
 Let spreading boughs my temples hide;  
 Thou sun, thy kindest beams bestow.

And be a bank of flowers my bed,  
 My feet laved by a wandering rill:  
 Ye winds, breathe gently round my head;  
 Bear balm from wood, and vale, and hill.

Thou primrose pale, with modest air,  
 Thou daisy white, of grateful hue,  
 With other flowers, as sweet and fair,  
 Around me smile through amber dew."

There was a very peculiar measure of poetry in great favor with the ancient Irish, called a *triad*, connecting three lines in a special harmony. Cormac, king of Ireland, in the third century, wrote a celebrated work in this measure, called, by his Latin contemporaries, *De Triadibus*; this work was very highly applauded by the old writers. Of the philosophic, the elegant Cormac, who rebuilt the halls of Tara in *carved marble*, I shall have much to say in its place. He was the Pericles of Ireland! and yet who knows any thing of him?

Fingal, the father of Oisín, wrote triads. Camden mentions a Welsh work, *Triadum Liber*, and there are others yet existing. THOMAS DAVIS, of the NATION, the present war bard of Erin, wrote the celebrated lament over Father Tyrell's grave partly in that measure; and perhaps, than it, there never was any composition in the English language which produced amongst the people so deep a feeling of combined sorrow and revenge. The circumstances which caused the death



of Father Tyrell will be related under the head of the "State Trials" of 1844. — I give a specimen of the lament over the martyr.

"A MARTYR'S BURIAL.

"And shall we bend and bear forever?  
And shall no time our bondage sever?  
And shall we kneel, and battle never  
For our own soil?

And shall our tyrants safely reign  
On thrones built up of slaves and slain,  
And nought to us and ours remain,  
But chains and toil?

No! round this grave our oath we plight,  
To watch, and labor, and unite,  
Till banded be the nation's might,  
Its spirit steeled!

And then, collecting all our force,  
We'll cross oppression in its course,  
And die, or all our rights enforce  
Upon the field."

This is another evidence of the knowledge of human passion which our great forefathers acquired by the cultivation of mind. Here are we, in the blaze of the nineteenth century, — after poetry has been, for the past fifteen hundred years, twisted and tortured into a thousand forms and fashions, even as ladies change their dresses, — confessing, by our imitation and adoption of their style and rules, their intellectual power.

I regret the limits of this work will not permit me to give more of those specimens. The lover of genuine poetry will find in Hardiman's *Minstrelsy*, Walker's *Irish Bards*, Bunting's *Collection*, Moore's *immortal Melodies*, the *Green Book*, *Spirit of the Nation*, specimens of every style of Irish poetry; some of the latter are to be found in the musical pages of this book.

Sir Richard Phillips has given a very brief list of the terms and rules of modern English poetry, which, like the English language itself, have been compounded from the rules of several nations. A poet, skilled in the Irish language, and rules for Irish poetry, can easily discover that many of the laws which govern English poetry have been

drawn, like their best common-law maxims, and the trial by jury, their letters, and their Latin, from persecuted Ireland.

“*Heroic measure*, in English poetry, is ten syllables. *Iambic* verse is when unaccented syllables alternate with accented; in *anapestic* verse, the accent falls on every third syllable; a *dactyle* is one long and two short syllables; a *trochee* is one long and one short syllable; a *spondee* is two long syllables; and iambs are like trochees. There are twenty-eight feet, or metres, consisting of two, or three, or four, short and long syllables. *Hexameter* verse is of six feet — the first four dactyles or spondees, the fifth a dactyle, and the sixth must be a spondee. *Pentameter* is five feet, the two first dactyles or spondees, the third a spondee, and the two last anapests, or two short and one long syllable.”  
— *Sir Richard Phillips*.

Anxious as I feel to conclude this protracted section on our ancient bards and poetry, I cannot do so without devoting a page to the poetry attributed to OISIN. There are few who are not aware that the scattered poetic works attributed to this poet, have been translated from very old Irish manuscripts by Mr. Macpherson, a Scotchman, about seventy years ago. These scattered fragments were collected in some cottages of the Highlands of Scotland, where the old Gaelic (Irish) is yet, and probably ever will be, spoken. Macpherson understood the old language, — a rare accomplishment in an educated man. He discovered the fire and soul originally infused into, and still vividly existing in, those fragmental pieces. They were chiefly founded on the wars, successes, or reverses, deaths, victories, or loves, of the Irish heroes, who accompanied Oisín and his father's legions in their warlike expeditions against the Romans in Caledonia and the north of Britain. These poems were written in detached pieces in the camp or on the march. The scenery around their homes, their marches, and the fields of their conflicts, are accurately sketched; the incidents are colored in Homer's style; the connection between their actions and the spirits of those who preceded them — the communion of the living with the dead — is traced in the vivid sublimity of Milton. Although *Oisín*, who flourished in the third century, may have written *some* of these pieces, there is internal evidence in the poems, as proved by very learned men, that many of them belong to eras some centuries more modern than Oisín's time, whilst others again assert that some of them are Macpherson's own creation. Now, it may be probable that the majority of all these reasoners are right.

The poems of Homer, which have been gathered into two distinct works, viz., the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, are not all of *his* composition, nor of *his* age. The wars of the Trojans, which form the subject of the *Iliad*, took place 1150 B. C., and two hundred and fifty years before he wrote. He was blind during the prime of his life; and, therefore, many of his compositions were delivered orally, and committed to the memory of others, according to the practice of that era. He travelled much in Egypt, where he composed some portions of the works attributed to him. They were gathered there and elsewhere, two hundred and fifty years after his death, by Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, and others, from the lips of men, and not from books. Although it is now believed by the learned (see Sir Richard Phillips, p. 602) that Homer did not write *all* the works attributed to him, yet no one values them the less on that account. He probably began a certain style of poetic description, apt, natural, and exciting, which he sang or recited with great effect to the people of his age. Others imitated his style, and elongated his story. Copyists in succeeding ages purified the composition as they transcribed it from hand to hand. This was a privilege and practice assumed by copyists before the era of printing, and is one of the reasons why the works of old authors have come to our hands so pure.

The Oisianic poems may have descended to us attended by like circumstances. The *uncertainty* as to the origin and the age of some of them, is a characteristic that appertains to other great works, which are, nevertheless, highly valued. That Oisín was the son of *Fion M'Coumhall*, the Irish general of the Leinster militia, (Irish also,) is admitted by all; that he commanded in his father's legions, in Caledonia, against the Roman legions, in the third century, is equally certain; but that he was a Scotchman, as Macpherson has it, is untenable, improbable, and untrue. As well might it be said that the Duke of Wellington is an Englishman, or a Spaniard, because he fought the wars of England in Spain. Oisín, his father *Fion*, and his legions, were Irish, who, under the Irish and Caledonian compact, fought the Romans on the plains of Britain. The heroes he celebrates were Irish; the scenery he describes is Irish. It can yet be seen in Donegal, between the Screen and Tara, from the Hill of Allallou to the Morna Mountains. In the county Donegal there is a cloud-capt mountain called *Alt Ossoin*, around which is some of the scenery so finely described by Oisín.

I say so much, and adduce the proof that follows, to show that

*Oisín* was not a Scotchman, because I find in a book now before me, by Logan, published in Scotland, and in this country, that the old heresy of Macpherson is by him revived; to which I oppose the opinions of Laing, Pinkerton, Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, the Edinburgh Review, Sir James Mackintosh, Nicholson, Warner, and common sense.

The learned Dr. Young, Bishop of Clonfert, an erudite Irish scholar, went to Scotland himself, in 1784, to search for Gaelic poetry. The following extract from his letter from the Highlands, on the subject of his mission, is given by the Gaelic Society of Dublin: "The Irish language is spoken with considerable accuracy in many parts of the Highlands of *modern* Scotland. This I conclude from having conversed with several gentlemen of this country with the greatest ease and familiarity; and I must add that none of them refused an immediate and unequivocal acknowledgment that the Gaelic of Scotland was a dialect of the *mother tongue* of Ireland, as well as the Highland Scots were the descendants of a colony from the mother country. They readily assented to the dishonorable fabrication of Macpherson, and declared they knew, from undisputed tradition, that Fingal, Oisín, Oscar, and all the other Finnian heroes, were Irishmen." The bishop, in another publication, charges Macpherson with altering the old manuscripts, erasing the name of St. Patrick, varying dates, &c., so as to enable him to build upon these a *Scotch* fame. The talented Pepper speaks of the affair thus: "Has not the voice of literary Europe reproached them [the Scotch] for national vanity, in pluming themselves with borrowed feathers clandestinely plucked from the wings of Irish songsters? and for clothing the meagre, deformed, and decayed skeleton of their history in garments stolen from the wardrobes of our learned antiquarians and annalists? Macpherson was certainly a poet, whose talents had graduated in the Parnassian college; and, while we deny him the honor due to candor, we cordially concede that these poems, which we award him the full credit of having framed from fragments of Irish poetry, possess traces of genius that would have reflected credit on even the best epic of Homer." James Macpherson was born at Inverness, 1738. In 1758, he published his first fragments of ancient poetry collected in the Scottish Highlands; in 1762, he produced *Fingal*; in 1763, *Temora* and others. He died in 1796.

Here we introduce two specimens of poetry of the *Oisianic* age. The first is from Baron Harold's translation of some of these fragments. It is a remonstrance addressed by *Fion M' Coumhall* to his



son Oisín, on choosing a wife. The second is the lament of Oisín, in his old age, for the loss of his sight. It equals, in my opinion, the lamentation of Milton on the same bereavement. It is remarkable that the three great poets, Homer, Milton, and Oisín, were each totally blind for many years of their lives.

REMONSTRANCE OF FION MCCOUMHALL, (FINGAL,) ADDRESSED  
TO HIS SON, ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

"My son, of the noble line  
Of Heremonian heroes!  
Thou gallant descendant of Erin's kings!  
The down of youth grows on thy cheek;  
Martial renown is loud in thy praise;  
Romans fear thee; their eagles  
Were dazzled by the lightning of thy spear!  
They flew before thee like timid birds  
Before the hawks of Leinster!  
Is it in the morning of thy fame,  
Bright with the sunbeams of martial glory,  
That thou wouldst ally thyself  
With the daughter of the Pict,  
And thus sully  
The royal purity of Milesian blood?"

Thy country is proud of thy exploits,  
And the royal virgins of Erin  
Sigh for thy love,  
While Cormac's bards  
Sing the deeds of thy bravery,  
In the battles of the mighty!  
O, then, Oisín,  
Of dulcet harmony,  
Listen to the voice of thy father.  
Albanian maids are fair,  
But fairer and lovelier are  
The chaste daughters of thine own  
Wave-washed isle  
Of wood-crested hills!  
Go to thy happy isle; to Branno's  
Grass-covered field.  
*Ever-Allen*, the most brilliant gem  
In the diadem of female loveliness,  
The trembling dove of innocence,  
And the daughter of my friend,  
Deserves thy attachment;

The pure blood of Milesius  
 Glows in her guileless heart,  
 And flows in her blue veins;  
 Majestic beauty  
 Flows around her as a robe of light,  
 And modesty, as a precious veil,  
 Heightens her youthful charms.  
 She is as lovely  
 As the mountain flower,  
 When the ruddy beams of the rising sun  
 Sparkle on its dew-gemmed side!  
 Go! take thy arms,  
 Embark in yonder dark-bosomed ship,  
 Which soon will bear you  
 Over ocean's foam,  
 To green *Branno's* streamy vales,  
 Where you will win  
 A pure virgin heart, that  
 Never yet heaved with a sigh of love!  
 For thee, the vernal rose of passion  
 Will first  
 Effuse its sweetness through her sighs,  
 And blush in all its beauty on her cheeks."

## OISIN'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF HIS SIGHT.

"O thou that rollest above!  
 Round as the shield of my fathers,—  
 Whence are thy beams, O sun,  
 Thy everlasting light?  
 Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty,  
 And the stars hide their heads in the sky;  
 The moon, cold and pale,  
 Sinks in the western wave;  
 But thou thyself alone,  
 Who can be a companion of thy course?  
 The oaks of the mountains fall;  
 The mountains themselves decay with years,  
 The ocean sinks, and grows again;  
 The moon herself is lost in heaven;  
 But thou art forever the same,  
 Rejoicing in the brightness of thy course!  
 When the world is dark with tempests,  
 When thunder rolls and lightning flies,  
 Thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds,  
 And laughest at the storm!  
 But to Oisín thou lookest in vain,

For he beholds thy beams no more,  
 Whether thy yellow hair flows  
 On the eastern clouds, or  
 Thou tremblest at the gates of the west;  
 But thou art perhaps like me,  
 For a season, and thy years will have an end;  
 Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds,  
 Careless of the voice of the morning.  
 Exult, then, O sun!  
 In the strength of thy youth!  
 Age is dark and unlovely;  
 It is like the glimmering  
 Of the morn, when  
 It shines through broken clouds;  
 And the mist is on the hills,  
 The blast of the north is on the plain,  
 And the traveller shrinks  
 In the midst of his journey!"\*

There are many other poets of Erin, from whose works I shall produce occasional specimens. Goldsmith's beautiful poetry is in every body's mouth. Furlong's sentimental and euphonious compositions ought to be equally circulated. The Irish bards of the present age, at whose head Moore, Davis, and Barry proudly stand, are fully equal to the bards of any age or of any nation. Some emanations of their splendid genius will be found scattered along these pages. Those who would understand and cultivate Irish poetry have an opportunity herein to judge of its varied properties, and to appreciate, which I humbly hope they will, the selections I have made, and look kindly on my own humble dabbling in the sublime art.

\* Within the present year a valuable manuscript copy of poems, written by Oisín, was discovered buried in an old church near Belfast. The precious relic was incased in an iron chest. It is written on vellum, in the ancient Irish character. The property on which it was discovered belonging to the Dublin corporation, the manuscript was claimed and taken possession of by that body, but was given out by them to the Archæological Society, to be translated. Some of the poems have already appeared in English, and transcend, in majestic beauty, any of those previously published by Macpherson.

## O! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

BY MOORE.

I have in this, as in other instances, taken liberties with Moore. I am quite aware of the presumption of the act, and my only apology is my fervent desire to animate the hearts of my countrymen. When Moore wrote this affecting piece, he was smarting under the insinuations of his countrymen, that he devoted his talents more to pleasure than to patriotic exertions. He had been a living witness of his country's glory, and her fall. He saw her deprived of freedom, bleeding, prostrate, and destitute even of the hope to recover. At such a moment his muse was melancholy, and mingled her sighs, and tears, and moans, in one passionate flood. But Ireland's wounds are almost healed; her tears are dried up; her vigor and courage have returned, and she stands erect, calling on the plunderers of her liberty for its restoration. At such a moment, I may be pardoned by the patriotic for adding an appropriate stanza to this beautiful song. It is the concluding one, — in Italics.

WITH EXPRESSION.

1. O! blame not the bard, if he fly to the

bowers Where Pleas - ure lies care - less - ly

smil - ing at Fame; He was born for much



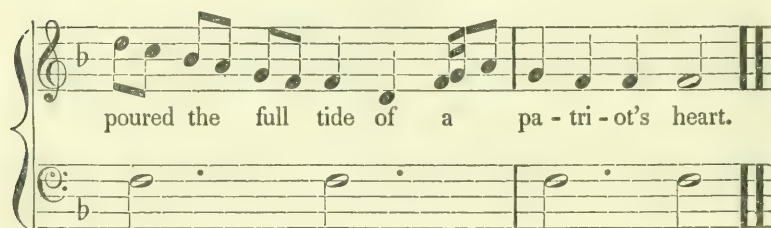
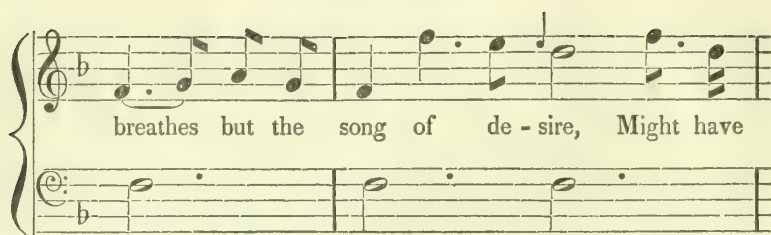
more, and in hap - pi - er hours, His

soul might have burned with a ho - li - er flame.

The string, that now lan - guishes loose o'er the

lyre, Might have bent a proud bow to the

war - - ri - or's dart; And the lip, which now



## 2.

But alas! for his country — her pride is gone by,  
 And that spirit is broken which never would bend;  
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,  
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.  
 Unprized are her sons till they've learned to betray;  
 Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;  
 And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,  
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

## 3.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream  
 He should try to forget what he never can heal;  
 O! give but a hope, let a vista but gleam  
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!  
 That instant his heart at her shrine would lay down  
 Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,  
 While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,  
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.\*

## 4.

But, though glory be gone, *hope fades not away*;  
 Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;

\* See the hymn, attributed to Alcæus, "I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," etc.

Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,  
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!  
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;  
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

## 5.

*But arise, dearest Erin! the home of the brave!  
 The birthplace of heroes, and sages of light!  
 Send your voice of complaint and resolve o'er the wave,  
 And the nations shall join in your cause and your fight!  
 And the God that protected his children before,  
 Whom the tyrant of Egypt oppressed in his might,  
 Shall watch o'er the struggle around your green shore,  
 And bless the brave arms of your sons in the fight!*

## LEWIS O'MORE.

The following stanzas were sung for me by a friend, to the foregoing air, with a great deal of feeling, and affected me much. They evidently belong to a by-gone age, and must be a translation from an ancient ode in the Irish language. O'More was an illustrious chieftain of Leinster. The chief of the sept was a *Tóparc*, and ranked next to the Leinster kings. This song is founded on his exploits at the battle of Clontarf, in the year 1016. But in the wars with the English invaders, for more than four hundred years, the O'Mores of Leix and Offalvey proved to be the unconquerable enemies of England, and maintained their independence. [Sir Thomas More, the first illustrious victim to the tyranny of Henry the Eighth, was a scion from this house.] Their power crumbled, and their territory was confiscated, after the treacherous butchery of the three hundred Leinster chiefs at Mullaghmast, in the reign of Queen Mary,—for which, see "Mullaghmast."

## 1.

Remember the days when thy children, dear Erin,  
 In myriads assembled around thy green shore,  
 When the cross and the harp, on thy bright banner beaming,  
 Were borne by the chieftains of Lewis O'More!

When the heroic legions, to battle descending,  
 Embossed their bright skians in the invader's gore;  
 While the blood of its guardians, spontaneously blending,  
 Round the banners of Erin and LEWIS O'MORE!

## 2.

Bright gleamed the sword of O'More 'mid the strong,  
 And fierce was the look he bestowed on the foe;  
 They shrunk with dismay from his firm knit brow,  
 Though *Odin* still tried to avert their o'erthrow!  
 But still, while the harp of thy minstrel is glowing  
 With grief that the hero of our isle is no more,  
 Let us send the cup round, with the grape treasures flowing,  
 To MALACHY, MORROUGH, and LEWIS O'MORE!

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 BEAUTY IN TEARS.




## MACFARLANE'S LAMENTATION.

(CUOMA MAC PHARLAIN.)



## LECTURE VI.

### THE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

A Harper and Poet accompany the Milesians to Ireland.—Ireland deemed the Island of Apollo.—Origin of vocal Music.—Origin of the Harp.—The Irish Harp.—Superior to the Greek Lyre.—Music mixed in all the Ceremonials of the ancient Irish.—How the Music of Ireland was constructed.—Its Nature.—Its Effect on a Nation.—Greece *not* the School of Music.—Fragment of Grecian Music found in Ireland.—Its inferior Quality proved by Burney.—Romans ignorant of Music.—Irish Bagpipes.—Ireland the true School of Music.—Revolution effected by Music.—Ode of Moriat.—The Harp and Bagpipes of the Irish gave Bass and Treble.—The Harp of the ancient Irish the Piano-Forte of the Moderns.—Irish addicted to Music before the Christian Era.—Christian Missionaries adopt the Irish Music, and introduce it into the Churches.—Ireland preserved Literature, Science, and Music, when Rome fell.—Irishmen imparted musical Notation, as well as grammatical Punctuation, to Europe.—Terms of ancient Notation.—Specimen of the ancient Notation preserved for unnumbered Generations in the Family of the Cavanaghs.—Two Schools for Music in Europe.—Efforts of the first Christian Fathers to form a Code of Church Music.—The Gregorian Chants established A. D. 600.—Ireland full of her own Church Music one hundred and fifty Years previously.—Musical Modes and Rules well known in Ireland.—Ireland the musical School of Western Europe.—Rhyme in Poetry an Irish Invention.—Proofs.—Moore's Opinion.—Camden's Opinion.—Several Pieces in the Gregorian Chants composed by Irishmen.—Columbanus, an Irishman, introduced Irish Music into Germany and France.—Irish musical School totally different from the Latin.—Opinion of Cambrensis.—Wales derived her Music from Ireland.—Caradoc's Opinion.—Ledwich's Opinion.—Twenty-four Irish musical Laws introduced into Wales.—Musical Schools of the Irish.—Italy derived the Harp and Rules of Playing from Ireland.—The Violin of Irish Origin.—Scotch Music essentially Irish.—Proof.—Opinions of English Writers on Irish Music.—Improvements in the Irish Harp.—The Horn.—The Organ.—The Piano-Forte formed from the Harp.—Power of various Instruments.—Music of England.—Specimen of the first Notes used.—Luther introduced Music into his Churches.—George the Fourth introduces two hundred Strains.—Handel, rejected in London, received and applauded in Dublin.—Change in the Character of Irish Music.—Persecution of the Minstrels.—Irish Music adapted to the Passions of Love and Sorrow.—Truly constructed.—Irish Musicians copied the Sounds of Men, Birds, and Beasts, on their Harp-strings.—Variety of Character of Irish Music.—Lament of the Minstrel *O'Gnivee*.—Suppression and Decline of Irish Music.—O'Kane, Carolan, Jackson, &c.—Revival of Irish Music after 1782.—Belfast musical Convention in 1792.—Assembly of Irish Harpers.—Mr. Bunting's Notes of that Meeting.—Mathematical Examination of the Structure of the Irish Harp.—The old Irish Bards formed their Harps agreeably to the Philosophy of Sound.—“The Harp of Tara.”—Its History.—Musical Glasses invented by an Irishman.—Moore revives the Music of Ireland.—General Revival of Irish Music.—Lover.—Balfe.—Successful Composers.—Italian

Opinion of Irish Music.—Present musical Spirit of Ireland.—General Effects of Music.—Attempt to define its Nature.—Style of most of the fashionable Performers.—Scientific Examination of Sound.—Its Laws.—Echoes.—Organs of Hearing.—Musical Keys.—Nature of the Voice.—Mechanism of the Throat, Chest, &c.—Laws of Wind Instruments.—Nurses should sing to Infants.—Hints to public Singers.—Moore's Suggestions for singing his Irish Melodies.—Willis's Description of Moore's Singing.—Moore's Visit to the Dublin Theatre.—Effect of an Irish Tune on the Boston Public.

THE music of Ireland is all that her oppressors have left her. That proud attribute even Cambrensis allowed her seven hundred years ago. That Ireland was the school for music to the Western nations for ages, I am, I trust, able to prove; that she possessed musical notations, and a series of the most exact and minute rules for poetry and music, her annals testify; very old manuscripts, containing the rules and the notations anciently in use, have been produced by Walker. Fac-similes of the ancient *notes* will be found in the course of this section, which when the reader has perused, together with other proofs of a like nature, he must then admit the preëminence of Ireland over all the nations of Europe, in this ancient and fascinating branch of human science.

On the first arrival of the Milesian colony in Ireland, there were places and positions assigned to the *Druids*, *poets*, and *musicians*. *Amberghin*, one of the sons of Milesius, the brother of *Heber* and *Heremon*, first kings of the island, was the chief Druid bard, the head of the order. This proves that poetry was then a special study, and its professors an ascertained class. The old historians tell us that the brother-kings, Heber and Heremon, quarrelled about the exclusive retention of two celebrated sons of song, viz., *Cirmacsis*, a poet, and *Onna Ceanfin*, a harper; but that, on the arbitration of Amberghin, the poet was adjudged to Heremon, and the musician to Heber. The incident proves that music and poetry were passionately cherished by the ancient Irish. A well-attested fact like this, occurring upwards of three thousand years ago, in Ireland, ought to be received as strong evidence of the general prevalence of musical taste amongst the people.

But we have much stronger proofs than this. *Heccateus*, the ancient Egyptian historian, quoted by Diodorus, describes Ireland, then called *Hyberborea*, as having in it a city, in the midst of a grove, where the priests of Apollo sang the praises of that god, mingling their voices with the sounds of the harp. The following is the passage, according to Booth's translation: "They say that Latona was born here, and, therefore, that they worshipped Apollo above all other gods; and, because they are daily singing songs in praise of this god, and ascribing

to him the highest honors, they say that these inhabitants demean themselves as if they were Apollo's priests, who has here a stately grove, and renowned temple, of round form, beautified with many rich gifts; that there is a city likewise consecrated to this god, whose citizens are most of them *harpers, who, playing on the harp*, chant sacred hymns to Apollo in the temple, setting forth his glorious acts." This was written of Ireland five hundred years before the Christian era. The musical ceremonies in the temple of Apollo were nothing more than the worship of the sun, which was sometimes called *Baal*, and again *Apollo*. The ceremony consisted in part of vocal chants, in which the music of the harp was blended. The island, in *that age*, was deemed *ancient* by the contemporary nations. It was called, even then, the "Holy Island," a name suggested by the strong disposition evinced by its people to celebrate their religious ceremonies with great pomp and excitement, and also from its having been made, by the Phœnician colony which first settled in it, the centre of their radiating instruction to the communities that began to grow around in Albion, Wales, and Caledonia.

I have already proved the intimate connection that subsisted between ancient Egypt and ancient Ireland. The whole system of worship, music, science, and art, as then known in Egypt, was carried into Ireland. This relationship existed ages before Greece had either letters or political existence.

The Irish of those ancient days, like their relatives in Egypt, practised but a few simple musical sounds. These were regulated by the human voice. The first sound uttered by the open mouth, in a natural key, was called *A*. That sound was fixed as the standard note. They varied the voice above and below that standard, producing an agreeable variation of vocal sounds. And this is music, — the first and purest supplied by nature. A good voice was found capable of producing sixteen tones, perfectly distinct from each other, agreeing in number with the sixteen sounds represented by the sixteen letters of the old Irish alphabet, which was the alphabet first used in Egypt. These are measured by two octaves, of eight tones to each octave.

It is probable that ages passed away ere Egypt had arrived at the improved eleven-stringed harp. In the times of Solomon, David, and Moses, a harp was used; but it may have had then only five or eight strings. There still exist on the monuments at Thebes, in Egypt, figures of the ancient instrument, chiseled into the enduring granite. The harp must have been first formed from the bow of the archer.



The sound of the bowstring would indeed suggest the existence of music in that simple instrument. It did, in fact, suggest the idea. The first harps, as appears by the models sculptured on the Theban monuments, were formed simply like the bent bow of the warrior. The strings were few at first, producing only five or six notes. The *improved* harp, of *eleven* strings, was, no doubt, the result of many experiments, which, when accomplished, was deemed worthy of eternal perpetuation on stone. It was simply the bent bow of the archer, generally about five feet long, the longest string giving the bass note, and the others, shortening with the arc of the semicircle, gave the intermediate tones, up to the treble, according to their respective lengths. The date of this improvement may be fixed with that of Thebes itself, which was in the zenith of its consequence about three thousand five hundred years ago. The harps brought into Ireland by the Milesian colony were of that fashion, as we find by some old traditional sketches.

The *improvements* made in the harp are altogether Irish. The Greeks do not seem ever to have had an instrument like our harp. There is frequent mention made by their poets of a *lyre*. As they received all their instructions in literature and arts from Egypt, it is probable the *old bent bow* of the Egyptians passed over into Greece; but the Greeks worked it into an instrument differing widely from the harp. One of those lyres, having eight strings, was found in a tomb at Athens. Its form is that of the bow, bent till the points nearly meet, which are then bound together. Strings are fastened in the centre, and drawn to the united points; but, from the construction of this instrument, it was incapable of extension, or of much modulation. And *Montfaucon* remarks, that "Greek instruments had no contrivances for shortening the strings." So that they must have been unacquainted with the expansive and vibrating character of the harp. The lyre usually put into the hands of Apollo, by painters and poets, is fashioned after that found at Athens. But it would be far more correct to put the Irish harp into the hands of the musical god, seeing, from Heccataeus, that he was worshipped by the ancient Irish with the voice of song and the sounds of the harp, during the vernal equinox, before the Greeks arrived, if ever they arrived, at an advanced stage of musical refinement.

That the ancient Irish cultivated the music of the voice, and of instruments, is proved in every page of their history. Music mixed in every ceremonial. In their sun worship, the song of praise and thanksgiving was raised to the giver, in their opinion, of fruits, and regulator of

the seasons. At their funerals, the voice of lamentation was vented under the control of musical notation. In the battle, the harper bards led on the warrior hosts. At the festive board, and in the banquet hall, there also the voice of music stimulated the joyous passions. On all these occasions, the harper bards caught the most touching sounds of human sensations as they rose, and copied them on their harp-strings. These were, upon succeeding occasions, struck out again from their strings, to kindle in other hearts emotions similar to those which gave them birth. In this manner, a series of the most touching sounds was formed by the Irish bards into a code of melody, which has lasted through unnumbered ages. This melody, whenever played according to nature's rules, (ever the same, in all ages,) never fails to reach the human heart, and awaken therein the self-same sensations that originally gave existence to the melody itself.

For this reason, the music of Ireland has attracted the encomiums of all the surrounding nations. The elegant and erudite Walker remarks, that "the Irish music is, in some degree, distinguished from the music of every other nation, by an insinuating sweetness, which forces its way irresistibly to the heart, and there diffuses an ecstatic delight that thrills through every fibre of the frame, awakens sensibility, and agitates or tranquillizes the soul. Whatever passion it may be intended to excite it never fails to awaken. It is the *voice of nature*, and will be heard. We speak of the music of the ancient Irish; for music, like language, the nearer we remount to its rise amongst men, the more it will be found to partake of a natural expression." And Dr. O'Connor dilates upon the same idea thus: "In every concert, the ABHRAM, or song, accompanied the instrumental music, and the ode was invariably adapted to the species intended, whether the heroic, the dolorous, or the somniferous. By this you find that our ancients in Ireland were far from being strangers to the powers of harmonized sound, in directing, as well as exciting, the human passions. *Sounds* were therefore cultivated and modified, so as to produce extraordinary civil and political effects on the minds of men."

This attention to the cultivation of the musical art evinces a degree of refinement of manners and of *soul* amongst the Irish, which few other nations can equally claim. "If a man, naturally rough, becomes softened, *for the time*, by music,—if those times are continually renewed,—habit will take the place of nature, and that man's character will, to a certain degree, change."—*Sherlock*.—So a nation kept continually under the influence of music must become softened, susceptible, refined. And yet there are English writers, who have, to aid the base purposes

of tyranny, written down the ancient Irish, and the modern Irish also, as a barbarous people, though their passionate cultivation of music, in all ages, would of itself confront and abash the calumny.

Collins, who wrote the *Ode on the Passions*, recited so often by our schoolboys, began it with a falsehood —

“When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early *Greece* she sung.”

Collins was an Englishman, and though he knew in his heart that *Ireland*, not *Greece*, had the best claim to the honorable distinction of *school for young Music*, yet, to sing it, or even admit it, would make his ode and himself unpopular amongst his countrymen. He therefore starts with his musical rhapsody from *Greece*; and while we admire his composition, we are grieved to think that the genius of poetry should, in his person, bend, in a falsehood, to the genius of tyranny.

There is no evidence, either on the page of history or in musical tradition, of any very great excellence to which the Greeks attained in music. Moore, quoting *Anacharsis*, says, “The sweetness of their ancient music had *already been* lost when all the other arts were but on their way to perfection;” and Wood, in his *Essay on Homer*, has the following: “The old, chaste Greek melody was lost in refinement before their other arts had acquired perfection.” But we have the means of ascertaining the character of Greek music, furnished by a fragment of their own composition, in the days of their highest degree of refinement. It is an astronomical hymn, composed by Dionysius. It is in three parts. The first was dedicated to Calliope; the second, to Apollo; the third, to Remisius. This fragment has marked upon it the very notes by which the Greeks chanted it. And, curiously enough, it was discovered in the sixteenth century, by Archbishop Usher, in the archives of the cathedral of Armagh, in Ireland. When this ancient fragment was given to the world, it created a strong excitement, especially in the musical circles. *Galleli*, the Italian composer, published it, in 1587, with musical notes, in his *Dialogue upon Ancient and Modern Music*.

This fragment, having occupied the attention of the learned and musical world for a long period, is thus defined, in the scale of excellence, by the great Burney, whose work on music is a standard authority: —

“In reference to those ancient melodies, I have only to say, that no pains have been spared to place them in the clearest and most favorable

point of view ; and yet, with all the advantage of modern notes and modern measures, if I am told that they came from the Cherokees or the Hottentots, I should not be surprised at the degree of excellence they possess. There is music that all mankind, in civilized countries, would allow to be good ; *but these fragments are certainly not of that sort* ; for, with all the light that can be thrown upon them, they have still *but a rude and inelegant effect*, and seem wholly unworthy of so refined and sentimental a people as the Greeks ; especially if we subscribe to the high antiquity that has been given to two of the hymns, which makes them productions of that period of time, when arts and sciences were arrived in Greece to a very high point of perfection."

From these proofs the candid mind must conclude that the *taste* of the Greeks did not favor very much the growth of *music*. That is all I contend for *here*. At another stage in this work, I shall enter into a short comparison between the Greek and Roman political institutions, laws, customs, morals, &c., and those of Ireland, in parallel ages.

As to the Romans, they knew nothing worth naming of music, and this Cicero himself admits. We have heard that "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning ;" but the fact is, Nero never saw a fiddle : he had a sweet voice, and sang, in the theatre, for days, and even nights, without stopping : on some occasions he punished his courtiers for nodding asleep during his performance ; and it is said he *wrote* nearly all his orders connected with his government, to save his voice. The chief instrument of the Romans was a blow-pipe, resembling the Scotch bagpipe. It is said, indeed, that the Scotch have modeled their bagpipes from the Roman. The Irish bagpipe is a different kind of instrument. It has a set of drone pipes, which give a base an octave lower than the chanter pipe : all these pipes are supplied by wind from a bag, into which it is puffed by a bellows strapped to one arm of the player, while the other arm squeezes the wind-bag which supplies all the pipes. The bagpipe, as thus described, is thoroughly an Irish musical instrument, and is of very great antiquity. In the ancient parliamentary assemblies of Tara, a place was set apart for the *cushlas*, the Irish name of the players on the bagpipe, so denominated because the instrument was worked by the inside of the arm, the region of the arteries which run to the heart.

Let us now turn to Ireland, and examine for ourselves what *her* ancient claims are to musical reputation. We have seen that the Egyptian historian, in describing the ancient Irish, noticed their musical exercises on the harp. The history of Ireland is studded all over with the deeds of the bards and musicians. Indeed, most of the bards were



also musicians, and taught the divine art to the youth of both sexes. In the fragments of old Irish poetry which have come down to us, we find numberless allusions to ladies of other days, who struck the harp with fairy fingers, accompanied with strains from their own hearts, which melted those of their hearers, even as the sun's rays melt down the snow. A daughter of Erin is thus described by a bard who wrote two thousand years ago : —

“The daughter of Moran seized the harp!  
And her voice of music praised the strangers.  
Their souls melted at the song,  
Like a wreath of snow before the eye of the sun!”

Another, of the same age, is thus described : —

“The spouse of Thrathal had remained in her house;  
Two children rose with their fair locks about her knees;  
They bend their ears above the harp,  
As she touched with her white hand  
Its trembling strings. She stops.  
They take the harp themselves,  
But cannot find the sound which they admired.  
‘Why,’ they said, ‘does it not answer us?’  
Show us the string wherein dwells the song!’  
She bids them search for it till she returns.  
Their little fingers wander amongst the wires.”

About three hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, a revolution was brought about in Ireland, by the power of music, in the following manner: The Irish monarch, Leoghaire, with several of his sons and nobles, was murdered by his brother, Cobthaigh, who usurped the throne. One only of the king's children, named Mahon, escaped. His friend privately conveyed him to the hospitable mansion of the king of Munster. Here he grew up a youth of comely person and of great promise. During his residence at the court of Munster, he inspired the lovely *Moriat*, the prince's daughter, young and beautiful as himself, with a strong affection for him. The usurper, hearing that a young prince and heir to his ill-gotten throne was still alive, was about to declare war against the king of Munster; whereupon, for greater safety, Mahon fled the kingdom, and found an asylum in the court of the king of Gaul. Here he signalized himself in that king's service, by several brilliant actions in war.

The fame of his valor reached his faithful *Moriat*, and, under the influence of the divine passion which she cherished, she composed the fol-

lowing beautiful ode, which she instructed her *harper*, Craftine, to sing to the chords of his harp, in affecting melody, and sent him in quest of her exiled lover.

When the minstrel arrived at the quarters of Mahon, on the banks of the Loire, in France, he took his station under his windows, and sang the ode of *Moriat*.

“Warrior prince! son of a thousand kings  
Of wave-wreathed Erin!  
Hast thou forgotten thine own native land,  
And the imperishable glory  
Of thy sires — those  
Milesian heroes, who were  
Towers of fire in the battles of the valiant?  
Is the voice of Erin’s harp  
Still dear to recollection, and  
Gladdening to the soul of Prince Mahon,  
The hope of Innisfail?  
Listen, O prince, to strains  
That would speak the sorrows  
Of thy oppressed country, and  
The wailings of desponding love.  
Know, then, that Erin,  
Thy country and kingdom,  
Invokes thee, her darling son,  
To return to the throne of thy fathers,  
And rescue her from usurpation.  
Return! return to green Aelga,  
And free thy people from the yoke!  
The harps of Tara breathe the sounds of woe;  
The oaks of thy forests sigh in the breeze;  
The rocks of Meath respond, in echoes  
To the Banshee’s lamentations;  
And the ghosts of thy royal fathers,  
As they stalk over their pathway of clouds,  
Call upon thee to rouse,  
And make victory the footstool of thy throne!  
But if thy country cannot  
Awaken pity in thy breast,  
Surely love will melt  
Thy heart to compassion,  
As the vernal sunbeams  
Dissolve the crystal mirror  
Of the ice-plated Shannon,  
When hoary Winter becomes  
Shocked at his own image.

Dost thou still remember Moriat,  
 The maid of thy first love?  
 Has absence obliterated  
 The record of thy solemn vow?  
 Has another, fairer, younger princess  
 Despoiled the heart-shrine  
 In which thy young affection first placed her image?  
 Have you forgotten your last words,  
 That thy 'beloved *Moriat* should be  
 The only divinity, thy  
 Heart would worship?'

This fondly-remembered declaration  
 Is the very life of her hope,  
 The bright beacon that shines  
 In the wilderness of her heart!  
 Return, O wandering warrior,  
 To the maiden of thy vow.  
 Thy presence would brighten  
 The darkness of her woe!  
 O, Mahon! canst thou resist  
 The double claim of country  
 And of love?  
 Come, gallant prince, of the race of heroes,  
 To the halls of thy sires,  
 And at the head of the warriors of Erin,  
 Let your might be like the spirit of the tempest  
 Uprooting the pines of the hill,  
 And your vengeance as terrible  
 As the mountain torrent  
 Sweeping over the valley of  
 The husbandman.

Hasten, then, O, hasten  
 To the fields of exploit of thy glorious sires.  
 Here their spirits will inspire thee with courage,  
 And nerve thee with  
 Supernatural power,  
 And give thy martial arm force  
 To prostrate the usurper of thy throne."

The prince, filled with the passion of resistless love, and the fires of a lofty ambition, prevailed on the French king to grant him an expedition to recover his throne. He was successful — he landed, and marched directly to the palace of the murderer of his father, and destroyed him and his guards. His success soon flew out on the winds of fame. His first act was to marry his faithful Moriat. His marriage and coronation were the grandest known in Ireland for many previous reigns.

Both the harp and the bagpipes of the ancient Irish gave a *bass*. This, standing alone, would be an incontrovertible evidence of their thorough knowledge of music, with its counterpoint, bass, and harmonies. Some of the musical writers say that counterpoint, bass, and harmony, were not known in Europe till the eleventh century, and erroneously attribute the *invention* of these improvements to *Guido*. Now, the very construction of these ancient Irish instruments — the harp and bagpipes — must disprove a part of this assertion. It is true that *bass*, *counterpoint*, and *harmony*, were not known in the south of Europe till the eleventh century ; but it is not equally true that *Guido* invented them, inasmuch as they were familiar to the Irish musicians several centuries before that period.

The harp, in the course of ages, was enlarged by the Irish musicians, from eleven strings, the old Egyptian number, to thirty-two, which gave them sixteen tones, or two octaves, below C, and sixteen tones, or two octaves, above that note, forming a comprehensive scale, which comprised the full complement of bass and treble tones. The harpers touched the instrument with both their hands, one of the hands sounding bass notes, and the other the treble, as players upon the self-same instrument, in the piano-forte, do at present. — The piano-forte of the present day is simply the Irish harp, placed horizontally in a box, and struck by machinery. — The old Irish harpers obtained their flats and sharps by pressing the string about to be struck with the thumb of one hand, while they struck it with the fingers of the other. This old contrivance was done away by the introduction of the *pedal*. Thus each string concealed three tones. The Irish harp produced a great number of tones and semitones — perhaps one hundred — affording compass enough for bass and harmonies ; and the harp even now supplies the greatest number of octaves or sounds of any instrument except the organ. No other nation, either in Europe or in any other part of the world, cultivated the harp. It is Ireland's exclusively. It is graven on her banners. It is graven on her people's hearts. It is the symbol of their nation. The guitar, the violin, and many other instruments, are variations and derivatives from the harp ; but the "harp of Erin" is Erin's own, and

"Must still be respected,  
While there lives but one bard to enliven its tone."

The old Irish bagpipes, as I have said, afforded, in its three *drone* pipes, a comprehensive bass. Two of the drones were pitched equal to D, on the chanter pipe, and one an octave, or eight tones, lower. The chanter or treble pipe gave eight or ten notes, which, by a stiff blast,



were run up the entire of the G cliff, in the same manner that the flute is made to play. The flat and sharp notes were obtained by playing in a particular way the end of the chanter on a leather strap, fastened to the knee, and by half stopping the finger-holes of the chanter; and the drone pipes were so contrived that the player could lengthen and shorten them at pleasure, deepening or contracting his bass according to the demands of the strain played by the chanter.

More than enough of evidence is herein offered, to show that the ancient Irish understood bass, counterpoint, and harmony. If I have not already wearied out the reader's patience, I beg him to accompany me through this inquiry. The ear and heart, attuned to music, will be pleased to trace the progress of this fascinating art, through countless ages, from its infancy to its present maturity. As I said already, Rome knew nought of music. The amusements of that brutal nation consisted chiefly of inhuman exercises, involving the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of human beings, in the amphitheatres, where the admiring eyes of patrician beauty gloated on sights of blood, and heard with ecstasy the groans of the dying. Practices such as these, continued for upwards of seven hundred years, suffocated all the tender or sensitive feelings of humanity, which alone can appreciate and foster music.

It will be seen, when we come to the times of St. Patrick, and the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, that the people were passionately addicted to music, both vocal and instrumental. Their sun worship, their funerals, their wars, their games, and their festivities, were all attended by musical performances. The apostle of the cross brought no singers with him into Ireland; he brought no music; but he found it there. The pagan deeds and ceremonies of their ancestors he found celebrated and sung, by the Irish poets, in the most fascinating versification, attuned to strains of touching melody. The poetry he destroyed, but the music he turned to the purposes of Christianity. He induced them to turn their musical strains towards God and his Son, instead of Baal. Christian objects, Christian heroes and saints, held the place of pagan heroes and deities, in their public chants. During the lifetime of St. Patrick, several hundred churches were erected throughout Ireland. Many universities and monasteries were also established. In some of the latter, the monks formed choirs which consisted of hundreds of singers. In the abbey of *Benchoir*, which was founded in Carrickfergus, in the North of Ireland, in the beginning of the sixth century, there were three thousand monks, all of whom, in turn, joined in an eternal song of praise to the Almighty. No fewer than three hundred

at a time were so engaged, and when those had performed their share of the holy duty, they were relieved by others, and so on, throughout the night as well as the day, from year to year. In this way the song of praise to God was kept up for many ages. The term *Ben-choir*, the Irish appellation of this abbey, means *sweet music*. Archdale says, "The abbey of Mungret, near Limerick, contained, for many ages, *fifteen hundred* religious persons, of whom **FIVE HUNDRED** were *skilled in psalmody, to serve continually in the choir*."

In truth, the monks of the various monasteries established throughout Ireland, cherished, practised, and taught music, inventing several additional rules for its government, suggested by a passionate cultivation of the science; and, as the elaborate Burney hath remarked, "the national music of a country is good or bad in proportion to that of its church music," so may we readily give our belief to the advanced state of musical science claimed for Ireland at the era we are considering, viz., the sixth century of Christianity. On the general introduction of Christianity into Ireland, through the mission of St. Patrick, in the previous century, the Roman or Latin language was universally established in all the church offices. The natural influence exerted by the church over the newly-converted Irish, exalted, in their estimation, to a certain extent, the language of its ritual over their own. Hence their musical and religious terms were gradually clothed in the language (Latin) used by the priesthood. Some writers have, on this very slender ground, alleged that the Irish received their musical knowledge from the church missionaries who came from Rome; but this is a fallacy. On the decline of the Roman empire in the fifth and sixth centuries, the ancient seat of their government fell into the hands of the barbarian tribes, who rushed from every side upon the centre of that power which oppressed them.

Every thing connected with the cultivation of *mind* was swept away by the infuriate deluge. Even the Latin tongue, the language of the Roman empire, became in a short time mixed with the barbarous dialects of all those nations, which sent in their hostile legions to destroy her. The knowledge of writing the Latin language was nearly lost, and its old pronunciation completely so. The few books which escaped the fury of war were written in Roman or Etruscan capitals, without the least distinction or division of words or sentences. All was chaos in government, law, literature, and music, throughout Europe. And it was in Ireland alone, where the eagles of conquering Rome never were suffered to perch, that all the higher attributes of civilization

remained in pristine vigor, and continued, undisturbed by civil commotion, to approximate to matured excellence.

Even the language of fallen Rome was preserved in its original integrity by the Christian priesthood of Ireland, and by them carefully cultivated, and restored, improved, to the schools of Europe, when order was at length reëstablished by Charlemagne. The English nation, says the English Camden, was taught Latin by *Maildolphus*, a learned Irishman, anno 680. — See Camden, p. 176. — To them are we indebted for the application of the principles of punctuation to the Latin language. In the ages between the sixth and ninth century, they used, says Beauford, a number of points and marks, not only to distinguish and point out to the reader the true meaning of the different parts of a written discourse or composition, but also to express the several *tones* and inflections of the voice in which such compositions ought to be pronounced.

These marks they divide into three species, viz., *grammatical*, *rhetorical*, and *MUSICAL*. From the first two species are derived the several stops and marks at present used in reading and writing throughout the greater part of Europe. The third, that is, the musical, were used in the psalms, or other divine hymns, to render the singing more easy, and to regulate the modulation of the voice.

Walker gives a translation from an old Irish manuscript, containing some of the ancient rules for singing, from which I quote the following: —

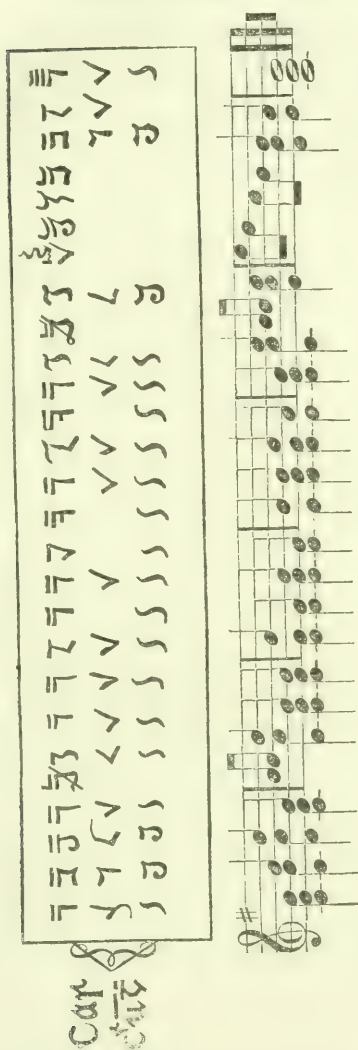
“‘The *ancient* Irish poems, as sung by the *fileas*, harpers, &c., were frequently *accented*, to render the singing of them more easy. The characters thus made use of were the same as those adopted by the Latins, differing only in power, according to the genius of the language. A line of poetry marked, was denominated *car*, or a marked line, (being the same as the Latin *sulcos*;) and the characters used therein consisted of two species, that is, the *ceol*, or sound, (the *tonus* of the Latins,) and *annal*, or *breath*, from whence, in the Irish tongue, *car* came to signify a bar or line in music, or music in general; and *ceol*, or *chieol*, a musical note. But *ceol* properly signifies sound, and the marks under that name expressed the elevation and depression of the voice on any syllable in musical concord, and was of three species, that is, *ceol ardceol*, *basceol*, and *circeol*. The *ceol* in this case marked the middle tone or pitch of the voice, (being the same as the Latin *modicus*,) and in our language was seldom denoted by any character, the syllables in this pitch being left without an accent. The

*ardceol*, (the same as the Latin *acutus*;) thus ( ' ), marked over a syllable, denoted that the voice was raised a third above the *ceol*, or middle pitch, and, when the character was doubled, elevated the tone to the octave. The *basceol*, thus marked ( ' ), depressed the voice a third below the *ceol*, and a fifth below the *ardceol*, (being the same as the Latin *gravis*;) but, where marked double, fell a sixth below the *ceol*, and an octave below the *ardceol*. The *circeol* (the same as the Latin *circumflexus*) denoted the turning or modulation of the voice, and depended entirely on the length and power of our diphthongs and triphthongs; for, as the Irish language does not delight in the harsh sounds of consonants, there is no tongue, perhaps, where the power and variety in the sound of the vowels are so great, in consequence of which, the *circeol* varied its power according to the different inflections of the vowels. The first species, thus marked (  $\frown$  ), denoted the falling voice, from a third above the *ceol*, to a third, and sometimes a fourth, below, making the falling fifth or sixth, and properly belongs to the diphthongs  $\widehat{eu}$ ,  $\widehat{i\ddot{u}}$ ,  $\widehat{ao}$ , and  $\widehat{oi}$ . The second species, thus marked (  $\wedge$  ), denoted the rising voice in the fifth or sixth, passing through the intermediate third, and was generally placed over the diphthongs and triphthongs,  $\widehat{ieu}$ ,  $\widehat{aoi}$ ,  $\widehat{ci}$ , &c. The third species elevated the voice a third, and fell a third, alternately, and was marked thus (  $\wedge$  ) over the accented vowel, as  $\widehat{ea}$ ; but when the voice only fell or rose a single note, this (  $\text{—}\downarrow$  ) for the rising note, and (  $\text{—}\uparrow$  ) for the falling.

“As for the semitones, they were seldom marked, being left to the ear of the musician, according to the key he sang or played in. And in the Irish language, all vowels, meeting in one word, without a consonant between them, make but one syllable; and, however they may be accented, the different tones are sounded in the time or length of the syllable, whether it be long or short; but an aspirated consonant between two vowels makes them separate syllables. This property of the Irish language renders it exceedingly harmonious, and well calculated for poetical and musical compositions — far superior either to the Latin or any of the modern tongues.” — Here let the reader turn to page 83, under the head of “Language,” for a further evidence of musical notation, in the fac-simile engraved from this old manuscript.

If the reader, who has perused these pages, still remains unsatisfied as to the degree of excellence to which ancient Ireland attained, I will only invite his attention to the following specimen of musical notes in the ancient character, with the accompanying translation into modern notation.



*Ancient Irish Psalm Tune, with a Translation.*

The annexed ancient characters were symbols of musical sounds. They answered all the purposes of modern notes, which are no more. These marks of musical modulation must be thoroughly conclusive as to the possession of a complete musical school by the Irish several centuries before the days of Pope Gregory, who sat in the pontifical chair about 594. It is true, Burney, who saw this specimen, does not consider that it belongs to a period so remote; but Burney knew nothing of Irish history, or the Irish language, and viewed Ireland only through the medium supplied by the writings of his prejudiced countrymen.\*

This musical curiosity, says Walker, was given to Mr. Beauford by a priest, who took it from a manuscript which had been for *many generations* in the possession of one of the families of the Cavanaghs. The characters in which it is written are the Etruscan, or Latin, of the middle ages.

I am aware that there exists a difference of opinion amongst learned writers on the point whether Ireland received most instruction in music from, or communicated most to, the "Latins." It would be difficult, I believe, to select any assertion, proposition, or recorded event, within the knowledge of man, about which there is *not* a difference of opinion. One broad fact has been established by the controversy, namely, that there were at the dawn, and during the early ages of Christianity, two distinct musical schools in the world, viz., the *Eastern* and the *Western*.

\* Burney admits, however, that the farther back he traced Irish music, the more melodious and refined he found it to be.

Some of the theological writers, who, since the reformation, wrote adversely to the supremacy of Rome, have gone so far as to build something like a theological argument on the difference which they found in the psalmody and music used in the churches immediately surrounding the pontifical centre, and those used in Ireland, Britain, and Gaul.

That the Christian fathers adapted their psalms and hymns to whatever rules and modes they found existing in those countries which they converted, is recorded and admitted by all the early historians. There were hardly any of the nations destitute of some sort of musical chant; for melody belongs to the mental and physical formation of a human being, and not to science. It belongs, like feeling and sentiment, to nature. Although, according to Burney, the Eastern nations know nothing of bass, harmony, or counterpoint, yet we may readily admit their practice of chanting, in strains of rude melody, the praises of their dead or living great. The pagans of the East did this, and observed the method of chanting with one, and responding with another, set of voices. St. Paul desires the Ephesians to speak to each other in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, (Ephesians, chap. v. verse 19.) Though it is impossible to determine of what kind the ecclesiastical musical modes were, yet we may conclude, from the frequent allusions made to the subject by the immediate followers of the apostles, that some musical order was followed, and improvement aimed at. *St. Origen*, early in the third century, says, that Christians sang psalms. The terms he uses in reference to the Christian psalmody are of Greek origin, which lead to the supposition that the "*rude and inelegant*" music of the Greeks was that adopted by the Christian fathers. I have marked the definition of Greek music in Italics, because it is not mine, but that of a great master of musical science and history, *Dr. Burney*.

During the first three hundred and fifty years of Christian preaching, the doctrine was so violently opposed, and the teachers so inhumanly persecuted, and sacrificed, by the pagan Romans, that little order and less improvement could be introduced into the psalmody of the church. It is computed that, in the space of three hundred and fifty years from the foundation of Christianity, upwards of four millions of human beings were put to death for professing the Christian religion. When, in the close of the fourth century, one or two of the Roman emperors became Christian, this horrible persecution abated, and then some efforts were made by *St. Ambrose* to regulate the church psalmody.

About the year 384, he formed a compound chant of the Dorian, Lydian, Mixolydian, and Phrygian tones, which were called authentic modes. To this, his holiness Pope Gregory, in 599, added three or four Plagal tones. The chants, thus modeled under Ambrose and Gregory, continued for ages the songs and psalmody of the church, and even down to our own days stand amongst its music under the general designation of the "Gregorian chants." They were the first efforts of the Latin fathers to form a code of melody. The ever-existing jealousy of the church against innovation on any of its rules or principles, and its desire to secure uniformity in the sacred song, as well as in prayer, sacrifice, and sacrament, forbade any change in the Gregorian chants for several ages; but in the twelfth century, improvements were made, it appears, by the Pope Gregory of that age.

Such are the material components of the *musical school of the Latins*. Let us now turn our eyes again to Ireland. The chants of Pope Gregory were established in the year 600 of the Christian era; but St. Patrick entered Ireland in the year 427, one hundred and seventy-three years before Gregory's time. He could not, therefore, have introduced the music of the Latins into Ireland, inasmuch as the Latins had no musical code at the time of his appointment by Pope Celestine, nor had they, as I have shown, for nearly two centuries after; and yet all the churches and monasteries — and they were numerous — erected in St. Patrick's time were filled with choristers. The monastery of Benchoir, whose very name (*sweet music*) indicated the character of its performances, had as many as three thousand choristers, who kept up the eternal song of praise to the Creator, as well by night as by day, mingling with their voices the sounds of the harp. The whole island, in the course of St. Patrick's mission, was covered over with churches and monasteries, some built of stone, some of wood, and some of clay; but they were *all* filled with singers and harpers. We find that *Dubh-thach*, the great poet of the Irish, on the arrival of St. Patrick, reconstructed, at the saint's request, many of his own poems, and those of other Irish bards living and dead, accommodating them to celebrate, in melody and harmony, the praises of the Christian martyrs, instead of the heathen deities.

We find that a series of musical rules, for dividing and accenting poetical compositions, existed in Ireland in very remote ages. We find the musical diagram for regulating the harp music in use. We find the universal cultivation of the harp prevailing amongst the refined classes of the Irish. We find that even the clergy sang to it in their

churches, as Cambrensis, in his *Topographia*, written in the twelfth century, testifies. "Hence it happens," says he, "that the bishops, abbots, and holy men, in Ireland, carry with them *their harps*, and, modulating them, are piously delighted. Whence it happens that *St. Keiven's harp* is held in the greatest reverence by the people of that country." — Chap. 12, dis. 3. — In the *Life of St. Keiven*, it is stated that the king of Munster, so early as A. D. 489, had the best band of harpers of any in his time, who accompanied their music with singing. We find the bagpipes, the horn, and sundry other instruments, in use, with rules for playing on them, long established in pagan ages. Such maturity was not attainable by any sudden or fashionable application; it must have been the effect alone of long practice and cultivation.

The more we proceed on this interesting inquiry, the more numerous do we find proofs of the musical science of Ireland. I have shown, from the controversy on the comparative merits of the *Latin* and *Western* musical schools, that *two* distinct schools existed in Europe. Such, in fact, was the case: the *Western* school was seated in Ireland. That it was esteemed the *best*, through the most part of Europe, we shall find established by the following evidence: "When Neville Abbey was established in France, in the close of the sixth century, under the auspices of King Pepin, Gertrude, the daughter of that governor, sent into Ireland for musicians and choristers to serve in it. A band of these Irish harpers and choristers came from thence, who imparted their music and rules to all the Franks, which were adopted by the court and the nation;" and we find that the great Charlemagne, in the eighth century, appointed two Irishmen, Clement Albanus and Dungen, preceptors for the two great universities of Pavia and Paris, which he established.

If the Irish school were not esteemed the better of the two, its professors would not have been selected for music and literature by those monarchs, who assisted so materially in restoring civilization and letters to Europe.

But far more remains to be told. The construction of rhyme, the father and mother of music, is purely of Irish origin. The Greek or Roman poets wrote no poetry that rhymed. Theirs was written in *blank* verse, that is, verse without rhymes. The translators of the old Greek and Roman poets — Dryden, Pope, Cowper, and others — have clothed *their translations* in rhyming verse, to meet the demands of the popular taste; but their great originals wrote without rhyme. Singular as it may appear, nevertheless it is true, that the Irish were the only



people of ancient days who rhymed in poetry. The ancient *ran*, or *rin*, of the Irish was the father of modern rhyme. — The reader will please turn to pages 163, 164, for specimens of ancient Irish rhyme; and, further, the first in all this world who wrote *Latin* rhymes were Irishmen!

On this head let us hear Moore. "It would appear, indeed, that the modern contrivance of rhyme, which is supposed by some to have had a far other source, may be traced to its origin in the ancient *rans* or *rins* [stanzas] of the Irish. The able historian of the Anglo-Saxons, [Turner,] in referring to some Latin verses of Aldhelm, which he appears to consider as the earliest specimen of rhyme now extant, professes himself at a loss to discover whence that form of verse could have been derived. 'Here, then,' says Turner, 'is an example of rhyme in an author who lived before the year 700, and he was an Anglo-Saxon. Whence did he derive it? Not from the Arabs; they had not yet reached Europe.'" But already before the time of Aldhelm, the use of rhyme had been familiar among the Irish as well in their vernacular verses as in those which they wrote in Latin. Not to dwell on such instances in the latter language as the hymns of St. Columba Kille, an example of Latin verses interspersed with rhyme is to be found among the poems of St. Columbanus, of Ireland, which preceded those of Aldhelm by near half a century, viz.: —

"Mundus iste transit et quotidie decrescit;  
Nemo vivens manebit nullius vivus remansit."

Though the rhymes, or coincident sounds, occur thus in general on the final syllable, there are instances throughout the poem of complete double rhymes.

So far back, indeed, as the fifth century, another Irish poet, *Sedulius*, had, in some of the verses of his well-known hymn on the life of Christ, left a specimen of much the same sort of rhyme, viz.: —

"A solis ortus cardine, ad usque terræ limitem  
Christum canamus principem — natum virginem."

But it is still more correctly exemplified in a hymn in honor of St. Brigid, written, as some say, by *Columbkille*, but, according to others, by St. *Utan*, of Ardraccan.

"Christum in nostra insula, quæ vocatur Hibernia,  
Ostensus est hominibus — maximis mirabilibus."

From the following account of the metrical structure of Irish verse, it will be seen that it was peculiarly such as a people of strong musical feeling, with whom the music was the chief object, would be likely to invent and practise. "The rhyme," says Dr. Drummond, "consists in an equal distance of intervals and similar terminations, each line being divisible into two, that it may be more easily accommodated to the voice and the music of the bards. It is not formed by the nice collocation of long and short syllables, but by *a certain harmonic rhythm adjusted to the voice of song by the position of words which touch the heart and assist the memory.*"

"According to this 'art of the Irish,' as it was styled," continues Moore, "most of the distichs, preserved by Tigernach from the old poets, were constructed; and it is plain that Aldhelm, who was instructed by *Maidulph, a native of Ireland, derived his knowledge of this, as well as of all other literary accomplishments of that day, from the lips of his learned Irish master.* How nearly bordering on jealousy was his own admiration of the schools of the Irish, has been seen in the sarcastic letter addressed by him to *Eagfrid*, who had just returned from a course of six years' study in Ireland, overflowing, as it would appear, with gratitude and praise."

Camden admits the English learned Latin from the Irish, and adopted the Irish letters; and several English authors admit that *rhyming* is exclusively an Irish practice.

St. Columbanus, the celebrated Irish scholar and Christian missionary, who proceeded from Ireland, in the sixth century, throughout Europe, teaching literature and Christianity, used, it is said, to enjoy the music of the harp; and, on one occasion, the holy man is described sitting, along with his brethren, upon the banks of Lake Kee, in Ireland, listening to the songs of the celebrated poet and musician *Cronan*. He was a Leinster man, educated in the Irish college of Benchoir, already alluded to; and he took with him twelve Irish monks, who travelled with him through several places on the European continent, preaching the doctrines of the cross. Princes and potentates welcomed him wheresoever he appeared, gave him lands, and encouraged him to establish his disciples as teachers amongst their people. Wherever he established monasteries, he also established, says the Abbe M'Geoghegan, *the perpetual psalmody by different choirs, who relieved each other by day and night*, as practised at the time at Benchoir and other Irish monasteries. The same author, writing in France, adds, that he was

the first who established the monastic order among the French. We may fairly presume that he introduced, through his order, into France, thus early, (sixth century,) the sacred music of Ireland.

Germany received its Christianity and *psalmody* from Ireland in that century and the one succeeding, as shall be shown more fully in those pages of this work which treat of Christian Ireland. While I am writing, an address appears in the Irish papers, directed to Daniel O'Connell by the clergy of Germany, fully confirming all I have advanced. I make a very brief extract.

*"We never can forget to look upon your beloved country as our mother in religion; that, already at the remotest periods of the Christian era, commiserated our people, and readily sent forth her spiritual sons to rescue our pagan ancestors from idolatry, at the sacrifice of her own property and blood, and to entail upon them the blessings of the Christian faith."* — Dublin Nation, 13th April, 1844.

Indeed, the chants of the Latin church received many contributions from Ireland even during the lifetime of Pope St. Gregory. St. Columbkil sent three pieces to Rome, two of which were thought very fine by his holiness, and there incorporated in his chants. The first of these begins with the lines

"In te, Christe, credentium;"

the second with

"Noli, pater, indulgere."

The great *Sedulius*, the Irish evangelical poet, wrote several church hymns, some of which were adopted by the same pontiff, and inserted in the breviary of hymns — "*A solis ortus cardine*," for the nativity; and "*Hostis Herodes impie*," for the epiphany; with the "*Salve, sancta, parens enixa puerpera regem*," which is used as an introit at the masses of the Blessed Virgin. "*The Catholic Church* (says Moore) *has selected some of her most beautiful hymns from this poem. Sedulius wrote in 448 — more than a century before the time of Pope Gregory.*"

I might, indeed, continue to produce many other similar instances, if I deemed them necessary. It is evident from Irish history that the lay and church music of Ireland grew, under their own cultivation, from the ancient sounds of simple melody, to a complete maturity. The genuine old Irish lay melodies are capable of being converted into quick or dancing measure, and *vice versa* — a test of their correct mode. This the dancing airs of modern times do not admit with equal propriety and effect. The Irish was totally distinct from the Latin mode, which was not introduced into Ireland till about the twelfth century. At

that period, by the strenuous exertions of St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, the music practised at the chief seat of the Christian church was introduced partially into the church service of Ireland. *But this did not alter the general character of the lay music of the nation;* for we see, when Geraldus Cambrensis visited Ireland, in 1186, the music of Ireland was in great perfection, and in high estimation.

Cambrensis was an Englishman, who had travelled as the companion of Henry the Second all over Europe; had heard the best music of every country, and of the most refined society. In his Book of Travels is the following remarkable passage on the Irish music of that age: —

“The attention of this people to musical instruments I find worthy of commendation; in which *their skill is, beyond all comparison, superior to that of any nation I have seen;* for in these the modulation is not slow and solemn, as in the instruments of Britain, to which we are accustomed; but the sounds are rapid and precipitate, yet at the same time sweet and pleasing. It is wonderful how, in such precipitate rapidity of the fingers, the musical proportions are preserved, and, by their art, faultless throughout, in the midst of their complicated modulations and most intricate arrangement of notes, by a rapidity so sweet, a regularity so irregular, a concord so discordant, the melody is rendered harmonious and perfect. Whether the chords of the diatesseron or diapente are struck together, yet they always begin in a soft mood, and end in the same: that all may *be perfected in the sweetness of delicious sounds, they enter on, and again leave their modulations, with so much subtilty, and the tinglings of the small strings sport with so much freedom under the DEEP NOTES OF THE BASS, delight with so much delicacy, and soothe so softly, that the excellence of their art seems to lie in concealing it.*”

But such was the celebrity of Irish music a century preceding the arrival of Cambrensis, that the Welsh bards, so celebrated for their knowledge in this art, condescended to seek for and receive instruction from those of Ireland. “Gruffydh ap Conan,” says Powell, “brought over with him from Ireland divers cunning musicians into Wales, who devised *mostly all* the instrumental music that is now there used; as appeareth as well by the books written of the same, as also by *the names of the tunes and measures used among them to this date.*” This is found in Camden’s History of Britain and Ireland, 1584, (page 191.)

The learned Selden says of Welsh music, when speaking of the subject, “Their music, for the most part, *came out of Ireland with*



Gruffydh ap Conan, prince of North Wales, about King Stephen's time." — *Notes on Drayton*.

Carodoc, of Lhancarvan, a Welshman, in the twelfth century, assures us that the *Irish devised* all the INSTRUMENTS, TUNES, and MEASURES, in use among THE WELSH. "Caradoc, the Welsh king and historian," says Lledwich, "without any of that illiberal partiality so common with national writers, assures us the Irish devised all the instruments, tunes, and measures, in use among the Welsh. Cambrensis is even more copious in its praise, when he declares that the Irish, *above any other nation*, is incomparably skilled in symphonical music. This incomparable skill could never be predicated of unlearned, extemporaneous bardic airs: it implies a knowledge of the diagram, and an exact division of the harmonic intervals; a just expression of the tones, and, in the quickest movements, a unity of melody. Cambrensis observes these particulars of our music; he accurately distinguishes the Irish and English styles: the latter was the diatonic genus, slow, and made up of concords, heavy, the intervals spacious, as in ecclesiastical chant: the former was the enharmonic genus, full of minute divisions, with every diesis marked, the succession of our melodies lively and rapid, our modulations full and sweet. He alone, [Cambrensis,] who had the sharpest faculties, and was the most profoundly versed in the musical art, felt ineffable pleasure in hearing Irish musicians. It is then evident that all this transcendent excellence in music could be derived but from two sources — *a perfect knowledge of it as a science, and its universal cultivation.*"

Logan, the Scottish antiquarian, says, "Although the Welsh were not previously ignorant of music, it is related that *Gryffith ap Cynan*, being *educated* in Ireland, brought its music, musicians, and instruments, to his own country about 1100, and, having summoned a congress of the harpers of both countries to revise their music, *the twenty-four musical canons were established* in Wales."

I will here repeat, from my chapter on the bards, the nature of those rules for poetry and music which were then brought from Ireland into Wales. The authors of that able work on the poetry and music of Wales, entitled the *Myvyrian Archæology*, published under the superintendence of the Society of Welsh Antiquarians, enter on a profound inquiry into the subject. Referring to the rules of poetry and music introduced from Ireland into Wales in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, they say, "*The rules consisted of twenty-four elementary principles of versification. These, with their subdivisions, include*

*every species of verse that has ever yet, in any age, or amongst any people, been produced, besides a prodigious number of original construction, which can be found with NO OTHER PEOPLE.*" Dr. Molloy, already quoted by me, says, the construction and variety of Irish metre are the most difficult he has ever seen or heard of. In its composition these things are required — number, quartans, number of syllables, concords, correspondence, termination, union, and caput, the subdivisions of all which are again minute and perplexing.

Ere Dr. Johnson designated Ireland *the school of the West*, he had fully satisfied himself that she deserved the appellation; and so in truth she did. Her schools of literature, science, and music, were celebrated throughout Europe, and imparted to its youth the light of wisdom. The ancient Irish, according to Vallancey, Walker, and other antiquarians, had their musical schools, in which the bards and *oirfidigh* were instructed in musical science. Into these schools, the stray musical talent of the country was collected, maintained, and educated, at the expense of the foundation — a practice we find prevalent at present in the Jesuit schools of Germany, and also in the pontifical schools at Rome. In those Irish musical schools, a circle of the learners was formed, called *draíocht*, to distinguish it from *ogham*, the prosodiocal circle.

The Irish bishops carried the harp with them in the time of Cambrensis, and, indeed, the clergy were often excellent bards. Donchadh O'Daly, abbot of Boyle, in 1250, excelled all the bards of his time. The members of the Scots (Irish) church, says Logan, brought sacred music to great perfection, and rendered it celebrated throughout Europe in very early ages; and left *many treatises on it*.

Wharton, in his History of English Poetry, says, "Even so late as the eleventh century, the practice continued among the Welsh bards of receiving instructions in the *bardic profession from Ireland*."

Up to the twelfth century, poetry and music were generally cultivated by the same person; so that all things that were said of one branch applied to the other. After that period, poetry and music separated, and each was pursued by different votaries. The musician gradually became a distinct *artiste*, and so of the poet.

I find it asserted in some of the musical works, that "counterpoint, or melody, as treble and bass, were *invented* by *Guido*, an Italian, about the year 1022, and the time table by *Frameo*, in 1080." I cannot see how that can be called an *invention* in Italy, in the eleventh century, which was known in Ireland at least five hundred years previously But

this fallacy proves to us that the Latins knew little of the varied musical principles of the Western (Irish) school for a long period after their religious intercourse commenced. Improvements, it is said, travel much slower than snails. We can readily credit the fame which Guido and Frameo acquired, by the *introduction* to their countrymen of the *Irish* rules for *treble and bass, and dividing time*, which they offered to the world as *inventions*. The Italians, according to their own great musical author, Galleli, “derived their harp from Ireland before the time of Dante,” (A. D. 1300.) The instrument, according to his account, had, at that time, four octaves and a tone in compass, viz., thirty-three strings. As Italy got her harp from Ireland, it is not presuming too much to say she got the instructions for playing on it from the same quarter; for they must be very subtle casuists indeed, who can draw a different conclusion from those plain premises.

The violin, though brought to great perfection in Italy, in 1550, by *Amati* and *Straduaris* of Cremona, had its origin in the Irish *creamhtine cruit*, (*Walker* and *Vallancey*,) an instrument of six strings, four only of which could be termed symphonic, and these were stretched over a flat bridge on a finger-board. The two lower strings projected beyond the finger-board, and were not touched by the *plectrum*, or bow, but occasionally with the thumb, as a bass accompaniment to the notes sounded on the other strings. This instrument, the parent of the violin, was used as a tenor accompaniment to the harp at feasts and convivial meetings. Martyn, in his Journey through the Western Highlands, notices the prevalence of this instrument, and remarks, “As it is not denied that the *creamhtine cruit* was the parent of the violin, it only remains to be admitted that the *Scots borrowed this instrument from the Irish*, in order to account for the violin being in such general use in the Western Isles.” The Welsh had a similar instrument long in use, the invention of which some of their writers having claimed for them, the learned Colonel Vallancey, the English antiquarian, grapples with the assumption, and vindicates the claim of Ireland to its invention. “I believe,” he says, “the only honor they can have is the invention of playing on this instrument with the bow; yet this seems to have been known to the Irish also, for, in our common lexicons, we find ‘*Cruit*, a harp, a *fiddle*, a crowder.’”

It is very evident that this instrument may have been played by the ancient Irish with the fingers, like our modern guitars; or, rather, may we not say it was the old Irish guitar? It was capable of giving four octaves, or thirty-two natural notes, which was formerly the precise

power of the harp. Upon this basis the violin of *Cremona* was constructed. Experiments have improved it so much that a bar may be bowed above fifty different ways. Paganini was the most wonderful violinist that ever appeared. He transcended, with the G string by itself, all other performers with the four strings.

The Scottish music is essentially Irish; their ancient language was Irish; their kings, their laws, books, and poetry, were all Irish in origin; all their musical instruments, with the exception of the bagpipes, were Irish. The Scotch bagpipe, which they have brought to very great perfection, and play on delightfully, is of Roman origin.

The learned Mr. Beauford, at the request of Dr. Walker, made an exact comparison between the Irish and some of the Highland airs, published, in the last century, by the Rev. Mr. M'Donald, and it was discovered that they were constructed on the same principles. The cause of this affinity in music, between these two people, is the same as that which made their language common or identical, namely, a common origin, and a long and closely continued alliance and relationship. Dr. Campbell, in his Philosophical Survey, confidently asserts *that the honor of inventing the Scots music must be given to Ireland*. The Scottish historian *John de Fordun*, who was sent over to Ireland, in the fourteenth century, to collect materials for a history of Scotland, (the first that ever was published separately on Scotland, from the time of its original colonization from Ireland,) expressly says that "*Ireland was the fountain of music in his time, whence it then began to flow into Scotland and Wales.*"

John Major, in his fulsome panegyric on James the First of Scotland, (as quoted by Walker,) calls that prince "another Orpheus, who touched the harp more exquisitely than either the Highlanders, or even *the Irish, who were the most eminent harpers then known.*" This was written in 1600. Walker continues to remark, "The cause of this affinity between the airs of the two nations we may find in the Scottish historians. These writers inform us that, about the period of which we are now treating, many Irish harpers travelled into the Highlands of Scotland. Here, while they diffused several of their native melodies, they undoubtedly occasioned a revolution in the musical taste of the country for the excellence of their performance: they, standing at this time unrivalled in their profession, must have excited admiration; and whatever we admire we are ambitious to imitate."

In a large work, entitled *Caledonia*, page 476, quoted by Logan, a Scotchman, the following passage appears: "The Welsh, the



Scots, and the Irish, have all melodies of a simple sort, which, as they are connected together by cognate marks, evince at once their relationship and antiquity. The Manx have but a few national airs that much resemble the Irish. Much of the music of Ireland seems as if it were composed for love only."

The music of the Isle of Man is altogether Irish.

Almost all the English poets, who wrote on Ireland from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, noticed the preëminence of her music above all the nations of Europe. Fuller, in his History of the Holy War, says, "Yea, we may well think that all the concert of Christendom in this warre could have made no musick if the *Irish harp* had been wanting."

Drayton has the following:—

"The Irish I admire,  
And still cleave to that lyre,  
As our music's mother;  
And think, till I expire,  
Apollo's such another."

Lord Bacon says, "The harpe hath the concave not along the strings, but across the strings; and no harpe hath the sound so melting and so prolonged as the IRISH HARPE." Moore quotes the following from Evylin's Journal: "Come to see my old acquaintance, and the most incomparable player on the Irish harp, Mr. Clarke, after his travels. Such music before or since did I never hear, that instrument being neglected for its extraordinary difficulty; but, in my judgment, far superior to the lute, or whatever speaks with strings." Even Spenser, the poet of Queen Bess, praises the harp of Ireland, and says he had much of their poetical compositions translated to him. Walker remarks that it is very probable Spenser borrowed several of his beautiful fictions from some of these Irish poems; for in them, as in those of Ariosto and Chaucer, giants and fairies may be found in abundance. Many more English, and also French, authorities could be quoted, if I deemed them necessary.

In the fifteenth century, the Irish harp, according to Dean Lynch, received considerable improvements from the ingenuity of Robert Nugent, a Jesuit, who resided in Ireland. He enclosed the open space between the trunk and upper part (or arm) of the instrument with little pieces of wood, and closed it up after the manner of a box, and the bored part, or sound-hole, on the right side, which was formerly open, he covered with a lattice work of wood, as in the clavichord, and then

placed a double row of chords on each side. This was certainly a valuable improvement; for, in consequence of the double row of strings, which was stretched along each side of the trunk, there were two strings to each tone, so that two parts might be played on the instrument at the same time — the treble with the right hand and the bass with the left. The Welsh have used a double-stringed harp, in latter years, which is much esteemed amongst musicians; but the Irish harpers seem to prefer the old single-stringed instrument. The old harps were strung with wire, and the performers struck them with their nails, which were suffered to grow very long for that purpose. Gut is now used. The Welsh formerly used hair.

There were many other instruments in use amongst the ancient Irish, which want of space will not permit me to dwell on. The ancient *horn* was a simple musical instrument, common to almost all the nations. It was formed from the horn of the cow, and was occasionally lengthened by a small brass or tin tube inserted in the smaller end, which was put into the mouth. Holes were bored in this instrument at musical distances. Almost all chiefs, knights, bards, and travellers, wore those horns suspended over the neck, by the side; and when they arrived at the ancient *betagh*, (resting-place of free entertainment,) they sounded either the horn worn by themselves, or that found suspended at the gate. It is said that St. Patrick, when he travelled, took with him a horn. The horn was used as a drinking cup by the Irish chieftains; and it was also used as a signet, or symbol of agreement, in the perfection of civil contracts. In England, as in Ireland, it was used as a pledge, in the transfer of inheritances, and its presence upon such occasions may have given birth to that old Irish and English custom of having a drink at the conclusion of a bargain or contract. The horn, or *cornu*, does not seem to be peculiar to any nation; it was used as well by the Jews, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Gauls, Germans or *Teutones*, Caledonians, as by the Irish.

When the bugle horn ceased to be used in the armies of the Irish, and the other European powers, it was either slung, as an ornament, at the side of domestics, (*Walker*.) or employed at hunting matches to call together a scattered pack of hounds. There were many variations of this instrument, such as the clarion, trumpet, &c. The flute, pipe, flagelet, and boy's whistle, were originally in the same form. The Irish had the *corabasnas*, a chorus instrument of a complex form, which was used, as its Irish name imports, for *marking time in music*. It consisted of two circular plates of brass, connected by a wire of the same metal,

twisted in a worm-like manner, which jingled round the shanks, when the plates were struck upon by the fingers.

The ORGAN was invented by a barber of Alexandria, about one hundred and thirteen years before the birth of Christ. The history of its improvements from the rude original to its present perfected state, is interesting, but too long for this work. When it was first introduced into Ireland, history is silent. Organs were in general use, in the churches of Italy and France, in the seventh century; about which time, the religious of Ireland and of those countries had frequent intercourse. There is an organ at present at Amsterdam, which has fifty-two whole stops, besides half stops, and two rows of keys for the feet, and three for the hands, and a set of pipes that imitate a chorus of human voices. The organ at Haerlem (*Gardiner*) is one hundred and eight feet high and fifty feet broad, with five thousand pipes, resembling columns of silver, from the ground to the roof. It produces a tone of thunder. This is an instrument capable of yet greater improvements.

The PIANO-FORTE, as I have already said, is simply the Irish harp, placed horizontally in a box, and struck by the machinery of levers and leathern hammers, touched by the fingers. This instrument, now such a universal favorite, was constructed in London, in 1766, by *Zumpi*, a German. The compass of the *piano* extends, like the *modern harp*, through six octaves. To present a scale showing the surpassing compass of the harp, I give, from the best musical authorities, the following calculation: the compass of the grand action *harp* extends through six and a half octaves; the compass of the grand action *piano*, through six and a half, and latterly some have been run up to seven; the *guitar*, through two and a quarter; the *clarionet*, three and a half; the *korn*, three; the *bassoon*, three; the *flute*, three; the *violin*, two and a half, but every note can be bowed fifty different ways; the *violoncello*, two and a quarter; *human voices*, two. In an organ of eight octaves, the pipes of the lowest tones are thirty-two feet long, and of the highest, *one inch and a half*.

BELLS began to be used in churches on the introduction of Christianity into Britain and Ireland; but large bells, suspended in towers, were not general till the eighth and ninth centuries. At that time, on the expulsion of the Danes from Ireland, the clergy converted the old round towers of Ireland into belfries.

The *trombone* is the sackbut of the ancients; and it was revived about 1790, after a model found in Pompeii. It produces the semitones by sliding out and in, like a telescope tube.

The English had no musical schools, and cultivated the science very sparingly, till about the close of the sixteenth century. A country described so accurately by one of their own accomplished writers, in the few compact words that follow, can have little pretensions to music; for it is the offspring of peace, art, science, literature, and political independence. "The Roman occupation of Britain is an historical blank. They held the country four hundred years—a period sufficient to change its character; but we have few evidences of their improvements, *and for twelve centuries after their departure civilization was in the lowest state.*" — *Sir Richard Phillips.*

While music and poetry were flourishing in Ireland, coarse ballads, set to rude music, were the delight of the nobility and gentry of England. I hope no person from that country will deem me guilty of disparaging unjustly the character of the English nation. Ireland has, until very lately, been contemptuously treated by the majority of Englishmen. Her fair character has been stained by calumnious writers. Under the shade of clouds of slander, her liberties have been stolen away, and her children have been scattered, houseless and friendless, on a cold world. If, in the endeavor to remove some portion of that vast cloud, by the publication of this book, I should wound the sensibilities of any English man or woman, I have only to say that the deed is farthest from my wish. Although the great body of the English people *now* feel disposed to be more just to Ireland, still the genius of history requires that I should, in these pages, tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and that I shall do, under the favor and protection of the Almighty.

John Baldwin, an English writer, published a work, called the "Canticles or Balades of Solomon, A. D. 1549," in which he thus concludes his address to the reader: "Would God that such songs might once drive out of office the bawdy balades that commonly are indited and sung of idle courtiers in princes' and noblemen's houses." This depravity of taste, remarks Walker, which Mr. Baldwin reprobates, must have been gradually stealing on his countrymen.

Henry Lawes, according to Milton, who was himself a lover of music, was the first improver of the secular music of the English. Milton's sonnet to him begins thus: —

"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song  
*First taught our English music* how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, — not to scan  
 With Midas ears, committing short and long," &c.



So much for the secular music of the English. Now we turn for a moment to their church music, which we shall find in a very simple, unimproved state. In "*The Book of Common Prayer noted*," published by John Marbeake, in 1550, which contains so much of the common prayer as is to be sung in churches," there were but three or four sorts of notes used, viz.



The whole is filled with chanting notes on four red lines only ; but their knowledge of harmony, it appears, increased in the year 1563, for another work was then printed, entitled "*The Whole Psalms, in Foure Partes, which may be sung to all Musical Instruments.*" Yet their taste seems not to have kept pace with their practical improvement ; for *Prinn*, in a work published in 1663, calls their church music the *bleating of brute beasts*.

Luther, who was a tolerable musician, introduced some new rules into English psalmody. He caught the popular airs floating in the dance and wake, and gathered them into his churches. The *Old Hundredth*, says Phillips, was a love ditty ; *Rebuke me not*, was an Irish jig ; and *Stand up, O Lord*, was a Poitou-dance.

Burney gives the first tune printed in English notes, and it appears to be the old Irish air, *Ta an Sammodth teacht*, "*The Summer is coming*," to which Moore wrote the beautiful words, "*Rich and rare were the gems she wore*," to be found in the musical pages of this work.

Madrigals for four or five voices were introduced in the seventeenth century, when Marinzio, Este, Morley, and Wilbye composed their glees and catches. James the First, himself a good musician, introduced into Scotland several eminent foreign performers, who, it is said, improved the Scotch style, and, on their return to Italy, brought with them the old Irish and Scotch music, which they learned during their sojourn.

George the Fourth, a few years ago, with the aid of our countryman *Michael Kelly* and *Gardiner*, had two hundred strains of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, adapted to as many of the best versions of the Psalms. The English, within the present century, have become great patrons of foreign music, whilst they have nearly altogether neglected their own, meagre though it be. In truth, their principal stock was given to them by Irish composers. Michael Kelly, alone, wrote the music of

sixty English operas and musical pieces, during the first quarter of the present century.\* He composed all the music for Dibdin's songs, sung by him with powerful effect during the wars against Napoleon. The taste of the English public for genuine music was not so accurate as that of their contemned neighbors, the Irish, as may be seen from the following anecdote of Handel, which appears in Walker, but better told by Busby, in his musical work. "When Handel first produced his *Messiah* before a London audience, in 1750, it was condemned. He went to Dublin, reproduced the splendid performance there, and won from that more discriminating audience thunders of applause. In fact, it created quite a sensation in Ireland. On Handel's return to London, he had the satisfaction of enjoying the most enthusiastic applause, and the highest honors, from the same audiences which previously condemned his immortal composition; and after his death, his natal day was commemorated in London by the most extravagant musical festivals." At the Handel commemoration of 1784, which took place in Westminster Abbey, four hundred and eighty-three performers took part; at that of 1834, there were six hundred and twenty.

The music of Ireland changed gradually in its character after the introduction of the religious wars of the reformation. Although the first settlers from England, who obtained a footing in Leinster, through the national treachery of Dermot M'Murrough, in 1169, had given their Irish neighbors considerable annoyance, — and although King Edward the First, of England, inhumanly butchered, at a feast, three hundred of the Welsh harpers, and soon after caused to be passed, at the little parliament of his Pale, a statute making it penal to entertain any of the Irish minstrels, rhymers, or news-tellers, — still the heart of Ireland was not broken, and her music was buoyant as her spirit was light, hearty, animating.

But after the desolation which followed the religious wars of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, James the First, Cromwell, and William the Third, the character of the national music changed. But rather than attempt a description of this change, I give that of the elegant and accurate Walker, from whose rare work I have already drawn so largely. "Such was the nice sensibility of the bards, such was their tender affection for their country, that the subjection to which the kingdom was reduced, affected them with the heaviest sadness. Sinking beneath this weight of sympathetic sorrow, they became a prey to melancholy. Hence the plaintiveness of their music; for it being, at this time, (from 1550 to 1780,) their only solace, must have served to increase their

\* See *Michael Kelly*, at page 1190.

melancholy; for music, says Bacon, feedeth that disposition of the spirits which it findeth: the ideas that arise in the mind are always congenial to, and receive a tincture from, the influencing passion. The bards, often driven, together with their patrons, by the sword of oppression, from the busy haunts of men, were obliged to lie concealed, in marshes, in gloomy forests, among rugged mountains, and in glens and valleys, resounding with the noise of falling waters, or filled with portentous echoes. Such scenes as these, by throwing a gloom over the fancy, must have considerably increased their settled melancholy; so that, when they attempted to sing, it is not to be wondered that their voices, thus weakened by struggling against a heavy mental depression, should rise rather by minor thirds, which consist but of four semitones, than by major thirds, which consist of five. Now, almost all the airs of this period are found to be set in the minor third, and to be of the sage and solemn nature of the music which Milton requires in his *Penseroso*.

‘—— bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes as warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto’s cheek,  
And made hell grant what love did seek.’”

The great Orientalist, Sir William Jones, remarks on the advantage we have over the Greeks, in our *minor scale*, which enables us to adapt our music so admirably to subjects of grief and melancholy — love, for instance. Mr. Marsden, in his *History of Sumatra*, says, “The Sumatra tunes very much resemble, to my ear, those of the native Irish, and have usually, like them, a flat third.” “Being very desirous,” says Walker, “to discover the cause of this resemblance, I consulted Mr. Marsden on the subject, the result of which was the following curious paper: —

“‘It is observed that the popular music of most nations, within certain limits of civilization, is confined to the flat or minor key. The sharp or major key is doubtless the more obvious, and must present itself to the rude essayers of the art. Accordingly it will be found, that people in a very savage state, as the negroes of Africa, seldom, if ever, demonstrate any acquaintance with the minor key. Their short songs, by which they regulate the motion and soothe the irksomeness of their labor, are all in the *major key*, which accords better with the natural vivacity of their disposition. In countries where, from incidental circumstances, the inhabitants are encouraged to devote their leisure to the improvement of their musical skill, they catch, at length, the succession of tones with a flat interval; and finding this more expressive of passion,

and more calculated to awake the feelings, which is the great end and object of music, amongst people whose genuine sensations are not blunted by the polish of refinement, they attach themselves to it, and the other key, being comparatively deficient in pathos, falls into disuse. Where the art is carried to its last stage of perfection, as among the European nations, and where the object of the musician is to entertain by variety, and surprise by brilliancy of execution, — to captivate the ear rather than the hearts of his auditors, — there both the keys are indifferently employed, or so managed as to produce that species of pleasure which arises from sudden transitions and contrasts.

“‘ Since writing the above, I met an observation by a French author, that singing birds always tune their song in the major key, and that, although it has frequently been attempted to teach those birds which possess imitative faculties to pipe airs with a flat third, it has never to any degree succeeded.’ ”

The Irish harpers copied the sounds of birds and animals upon their harp-strings. So did the Irish pipers upon the bagpipes. Hunting tunes have been made the medium of numberless variations, in which the cries of the hounds, the “Tally ho!” of the huntsman, and the moans of the dying stag or fox, have been very well imitated. Gardiner, in his *Music of Nature*, has put into notes the songs of twenty-four birds, and twenty animals, and of eight or ten insects; also twenty expressions of human passion or feeling. The *gnat* gives the note A, on the second space. The death-watch calls in B flat, and answers in C. The three notes of the cricket are in B. The buzz of a beehive is in F. The wings of the house-fly are in F, in the first space. The *humble-bee* is an octave, or eight notes, lower, &c.

I have inserted these digressional remarks and quotations here, for the purpose of presenting the reader with some of that variety of character which belongs to Irish music. And now to return to the ages of its decline.

A people hunted like wolves, as the Irish have been, by their barbaric neighbors, for the last three hundred years, could not have practised the nice and minute rules necessary to keep up a good musical school; they were not able to improve and refine according to the rapid development of musical science in other happier nations; and hence there is found a marked decline in its cultivation.

Walker mentions one Maguire, a vintner, who resided near Charing Cross, London, about the year 1730, and played exceedingly well on the Irish harp. His house was frequented by some of the very



first men in London, even members of the cabinet, who came to hear his melody. Upon one occasion, he was asked why the Irish airs were so plaintive and solemn. He replied that the native composers were "too deeply distressed at the situation of their country and her gallant sons to compose otherwise; but remove the restraints which they labor under, and you will not have reason to complain of the plaintiveness of their notes." Offence was taken at these warm expressions; his house became gradually neglected, and he died soon after broken-hearted.

Many fragments of beautiful lamentations, as well as incitements to freedom, composed by the minstrels who lived in the ages of persecution, are plentifully scattered through the history of this period. I can make room for only one specimen. It is the composition of *O'Gnive* family *ollamh* to the O'Neills of Clanaboy.

"————— O

The condition of our dear countrymen!  
How languid their joys!  
How pressing their sorrows!  
The wrecks of a party ruined!  
Their wounds still rankling!  
The wretched crew of a vessel  
Tossed long about, finally cast away!

Are we not  
The prisoners of the Saxon nation?  
The captives of remorseless tyranny?  
Is not our sentence pronounced?  
Is not our destruction inevitable?  
Frightful, grinding thought!  
Power exchanged for servitude,  
Beauty for deformity, the  
Exultations of liberty  
For the pangs of slavery,  
A great and brave people  
For a servile, desponding race!

How came this transformation?  
Shrouded in a mist, which  
Bursts down on you like a deluge,  
Which covers you with successive  
Inundations of evil.  
Ye are not the same people.  
Need I appeal to your senses?  
But what sensations have you left?

\* \* \* \* \*

The suffering children of Ireland no longer  
Recognize their common mother.  
She equally disowns us for her children.

We both have lost our forms.  
 What do we now behold  
 But insulting Saxon natives,  
 And native Irish aliens?  
 Hapless land!  
 Thou art a bark through which  
 The sea hath burst its way.  
 We hardly discover any part  
 Of you in the hands of the plunderer.  
 Yes! the plunderer hath  
 Refitted you for his own habitation,  
 And we are new-moulded for his purpose.  
 Ye Israelites of Egypt—  
 Ye wretched inhabitants of this foreign land.  
 Is there no relief for you?  
 Is there no Hector left  
 For the defence, or rather for  
 The recovery, of Troy?  
 It is thine, O my God,  
 To send us a second Moses.  
 Thy dispensations are just;  
 And unless the children of Scythian Scot  
 Return to thee, old Ireland is not doomed  
 To arise from the thralldom of the Saxon."

This is not the place to record the millions of human beings, of every age and of both sexes, that were butchered—the confiscations and the desolation which accompanied the wars of Elizabeth, James the First, Cromwell, and William the Third. The reader will find them briefly described in the proper place in this volume. Every attribute of the Irish nation which we should admire was struck down, and, as eloquently expressed by the heart-broken bard, "the slaves of Ireland no longer recognize their common mother." In this terrible desolation the music of Ireland sank. Nine tenths of the most beautiful compositions perished. A few, compared with what existed, have come down to us; and, judging by their surpassing melody, we may form a conception of what the MUSIC of IRELAND really was in the ages of her independence. During the pressure of the penal laws, from the age of Elizabeth, in the sixteenth, to the times of Grattan and Flood, in the eighteenth century, the intellect of Ireland shrank back into the earth as fast as it saw the glare of tyranny. Education had been suppressed, wealth and enterprise forbidden, freedom extinguished, and the songs of the bard silenced by the hangman or the trooper. Now and then, however, in the midst of the universal gloom, some dazzling genius would flash his meteor rays

on the thick surrounding darkness,—but only to make the darkness more visible; yet those involuntary emanations of native talent did occasionally appear, affording evidence of the vitality of Erin's body, and the immortality of her soul, — proving, in the language of her darling poet, Moore,

“—— that still she lives.”

Amongst these, O'Kane, Carolan, Jackson, and some others, stand proudly prominent — the first as a harper, the second and third as composers. O'Kane not only delighted his own countrymen in Ireland, but passed over to Scotland, about 1740, where he won such renown, that the lairds of that ancient country made him their honored guest. He was presented by the Laird M'Donald with a *harp key*, that had been time immemorial in the family, which bore marks of *great antiquity*, being ornamented with gold and silver, and precious stones of great value. Such a tribute offered by the primary chieftain of Scotland to Irish musical genius is not to be undervalued.

Of Carolan a volume might be agreeably filled. Walker gives many pages of his valuable book to his life, and Bunting and Hardiman also give many particulars. “The cabin,” says the former, “in which our bard was born, 1670, in the village of Nobber, county Westmeath, is still pointed out to the inquisitive traveller. As it is in a ruinous state, it must soon become a prey to all-devouring time; but the spot on which it stood will, I predict, be visited, at a future day, with as much true devotion by the lovers of natural music, as Stratford-upon-Avon and Binfield are by the admirers of Shakspeare and Pope.” He must have been deprived of sight at a very early period of life by the small-pox, for he remembered no impression of colors, and was shut up in darkness before he had taken even a cursory view of creation. From this he felt no inconvenience. “*My eyes*,” he would say, “*are transplanted into my ears*.” Yet, though blind, he could play backgammon very well. Hospitality consumed his little farm. He ate, drank, and was merry, leaving the morrow to provide for itself. It is not known at what period of his life he became an itinerant musician, or whether it grew from necessity or choice. His person was comely, his forehead intellectual, as may be seen from an engraving of him to be seen in the Frontispiece. Walker says, “Methinks I see him mounted on a good horse, and attended by a harper in the character of a domestic, — for he at all times kept a good pair of horses, and a servant to wait on him, — setting forth on his journey, and directing his course towards Connaught. Wherever he

goes, the gates of the nobility and gentry are thrown open to him. Like the Demodocus of Homer, he is received with respect, and a distinguished place assigned him at the table. Near him is seated his harper, ready to accompany his voice and supply his want of skill in practical music." "Carolan," says Mr. Ritson, "seems, from the description we have of him, to be a genuine representative of the ancient bard." Carolan had his love troubles. There is hardly any bard free from them. Woman worships poetry and music, and he who has been blessed or cursed with poetical or musical addictions, will have his share of her smiles and frowns.

It was during his peregrinations that he composed all his beautiful pieces. "Carolan," says Magee, in his *Dublin Packet* for 1784, "though a modern minstrel, has been admired as a first-rate musical genius — an untaught phenomenon in the cultivation of harmony. His music is in every body's hands, and is in the highest degree popular." I have selected *some* of Carolan's musical remains for these pages, which I hope will not be neglected for airs of far less melody or merit.

His wit was prompt and pointed. Residing, at one time, in the house of a parsimonious lady, who was sparing in her supply of his favorite beverage, he heard the butler, O'Flinn, unlocking the cellar door, and, following him, was repulsed rather surlily; upon which he instantly composed a bitter epigram in Irish, which is translated as follows: —

"What a pity hell's gates are not kept by O'Flinn;  
So surly a dog would let nobody in."

Not only Geminiana, but Handel, appreciated and praised Carolan's powers: both these great composers were in Ireland. Carolan succeeded in every kind of composition. Mr. O'Connor, the historian, makes honorable mention of his sacred pieces. "On Easter day I heard him play at mass. He called the piece 'Gloria in Excelsis Deo,' and he sung that hymn in Irish verses as he played. At the Lord's Prayer he stopped; and after the priest ended it, he sang again, and played a piece which he denominated the 'Resurrection.' His enthusiasm of devotion affected the whole congregation." I have compressed Bunting's notice of him into the following brief paragraph: —

The bards, according to the testimony of the Greek and Roman writers Strabo, Diodorus, Marcellinus, &c., existed among the ruder branches of the Celtic tribes before the time of Augustus, emperor of Rome, in the second century. We find them under the same name in Ireland, from the earliest period of our history down to the year 1738,



when Carolan died, who seems to have been born to render the termination of his order memorable and brilliant. If we reflect upon the disadvantages under which he labored, — born blind, with slender opportunities of acquiring ideas, the inhabitant of a country recently desolated by a civil war, the flames of which had scarcely subsided, and add to this his own propensity to idleness and dissipation, — we cannot but be astonished at the prodigious powers of his mind. He occasionally tried almost every style of music, — the elegiac, the festive, the amorous, and sacred, and has so much excelled in each, that we scarcely know to which of them his genius was best adapted. His first composition was plaintive and amorous, addressed to “Bridget Cruise,” a lady to whom he was attached, without the hope of success. He is said to have dedicated fifteen different pieces to her, all of which are lost. “O’Rourke’s Feast,” the music of which he composed for Mugh M’Gouran’s ode, was much admired by Swift, who immortalized it in his works. “Paudeen O’Rafferty” he composed almost impromptu, on hearing that a little boy without pants had opened a gate for him, on his way to Miss Cruise’s residence. These melodies will be found amongst the music of this work. His last piece was inscribed to Dr. Stafford, his physician. He composed, early in life, the *Fairy Queen*, *Rose Dillon*, and others of his serious pieces; but, after having established a reputation, and addicted himself too much to festive company and the bottle, he spent his time in the composition of his *planxties*, which required no labor or assiduity. We may form some idea of the fertility of his genius from this circumstance, that a harper, attending the Belfast meeting, (in 1792,) who had never seen him, and was not taught directly by any person that had an opportunity of copying from him, *had acquired* upwards of a *hundred of his tunes*, which, he said, constituted but a very inconsiderable part of the real number. We need not wonder if nine tenths of his compositions be irreparably lost, as Carolan never taught any itinerant pupils, except his own son, (who had no musical genius,) and as we have never heard that any of his pieces were committed to writing until several years after his death, when young Carolan, under the patronage of Dr. Delany, edited a small volume. The Italians dignified him with the name of CAROLONIUS.

On the establishment of the parliamentary independence of Ireland, in 1782, and the consequent growth of a young and buoyant public spirit, such as happily characterizes her sons at present, (1844,) her music was searched for among the ruins of her plundered shrines. Belfast, the

birthplace of that glorious spirit, which was, unfortunately for Ireland, misdirected in 1798, and which was calculated, under a wiser management, to give her freedom, called into existence a national musical desire, which produced a general convention of musicians from all parts of Ireland. It assembled in 1792, in Belfast, at which the few remaining harpers of Ireland attended. The celebrated Dr. Bunting was authorized by the Belfast committee to attend professionally, to take down the airs according to modern notation, and in the English language, for the purpose of forming a standard code of national music. The following is a portion of his report of that celebrated meeting: —

“The compiler of this volume was appointed to attend, on that occasion, to take down the various airs played by the different harpers, and was particularly cautioned against adding a single note to the old melodies, which were found, as we shall see, to have been preserved pure, and handed down through a long succession of ages. Most of the performers convened at the meeting were men advanced in life, and all concurred in one opinion respecting the reputed antiquity of those airs which they called *ancient*. They smiled on being interrogated concerning the era of such compositions, saying they were more ancient than any to which our popular traditions extended.

“It would appear that the old musicians, in transmitting this music to us through so many centuries, treated it with the utmost reverence, as they seem never to have ventured to make the slightest innovation in it during its descent. This inference we naturally deduce from our finding that harpers, collected from parts far distant from one another, and taught by different masters, always played the same tune on the same key, with the same kind of expression, and without a single variation in any essential passage, or even in any note. The beauty and regularity with which the tunes are constructed appear surprising. This circumstance seemed the more extraordinary, when it was discovered that the most ancient tunes were, in this respect, the most perfect, admitting of the addition of a bass with more facility than such as were less ancient. Hence we may conclude that their authors must necessarily have been excellent performers, versed in the scientific part of their profession, and that they had originally a view to the addition of *harmony* in the composition of their pieces. It is remarkable that the performers all tuned their instruments on the same principle, totally ignorant of the science of the principle itself, and without being able to assign any reason, either for their mode of tuning or of their playing bass. On an impartial review of all these circumstances, we are inclined to

believe that those specimens which have survived and been transmitted to us are only the *wreck* of better tunes, the history of which is either lost, or incorrectly recognized in a confused series of traditions."

But Ireland, even in the ruins of her music, has yet much more varied and touching melody than any *other nation on earth can boast of*. What an old Scottish author applied to his country may, with a slight alteration, be given to Erin.

"From the pastoral cot and shade  
 Thy favorite airs, my *Erin*, came,  
 By some obscure *Beethoven* made,  
 Or *Handel*, never known to fame!  
 And hence their notes, forever warm,  
 Like nature's self, must ever charm."

The scientific Beauford, in Walker's Bards, p. 344, furnishes a learned paper on the construction and capability of the harp. He enters into a critical and mathematical examination of its structure, which he gives in several pages full of algebraical calculations, to which I refer those who may doubt his result, which appears by the following passages in his paper: —

"As the science of music advanced among the European nations, the harp changed its form. Its original figure was, most probably, like the harp of the Phrygians, a right-angled plain triangle; but, as this form was not capable of receiving, with convenience, a number of strings, it was found more proper to alter the right angle to an oblique one, and to give a curvature to the arm. *The Irish bards, in particular, seem, from experience derived from practice, to have discovered the true musical figure of the harp* — a form which will, on examination, be found to have been constructed on true harmonic principles, and to bear *the strictest mathematical and philosophic scrutiny*, as I shall endeavor to demonstrate in the following pages; but, not having an opportunity of examining a number of these instruments, I have taken that in Trinity College, called Brien Boromhe's harp, as the model of the Irish harp in general. The Greeks constructed their triangular harps of three, four, or five, and six, strings. But the old Irish bards seem to have improved upon this system, for, by making the plane of their harp an oblique-angled triangle, they fell into the true proportion of their strings; that is, as the diameter of a circle to its circumference, which fully agrees also with the learned Dr. Young's laws relating to the theory of sound.

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"From what has been said, we see how near the Irish bards, in the construction of their harp, came to mathematical correctness. Finding the straight arm inconvenient, they constructed it in a curve, which, most probably, they determined by the length of the strings, and the length of the strings by their ear, which led them naturally to the proportion of the circumference of a circle to its diameter and semi-diameter from the beginning of the axis of the arm, or tension. This method of dividing the musical scale was introduced by the late Mr. Harrison, in his time-piece, as a new discovery. Little did that ingenious mechanic think that it was discovered by men inhabiting woods and bogs several centuries previous. I might, from the above datas, consider the extent and perfection of the old Irish music; but this would carry me too far, and, indeed, would require a volume." — April 10, 1786.

As allusion has been so pointedly made, by the above distinguished writer, to the harp of Brien, also called the "harp of Tara," I think this the most fitting place to insert the following authorized history of this venerated relic:—

#### THE HARP OF BRIEN BOROIMHE.

"The hero struck this harp in his battles, and, at the last glorious victory of Clontarf, it was found in his tent, together with his crown, by his nephew Donagh, who succeeded himself and all his sons who fell on that dreadful day. In the close of Donagh's life in Munster, he retired from the political theatre of his great uncle, and sought repose in a monastery in Rome. Thither he carried with him the celebrated harp of Brien, together with his golden crown, and other insignia of royalty, which he presented to Pope Alexander the Second as presents. The harp remained in the Vatican until Pope Leo the Tenth sent it and other Irish relics as presents to *Henry the Eighth*, with the title of *king, defender of the faith*. Some time after, Henry presented the harp to his favorite, the first Earl of Clanrickard, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the last century, when it came, in the paraphernalia of Lady Elizabeth Burgh, into the possession of her husband, Colonel M'Mahon, of Clenagh, in the county of Clare, after whose death it passed into the hands of Commissioner M'Namara of Limerick. In 1782, this wandering harp came into the possession of the Right Honorable William Coningham, the father of the marquis of that name, who was such a favorite with George the Fourth,



king of England. The marquis, to his credit, with a view of *fixing* the future residence of the immortal harp of Brien, placed it in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin. When George the Fourth visited that city, he touched the single remaining wire-string which so often, with its lost companions, sped the voice of melody into heroic souls, under the masterly hand of the great *Brien*. This far-famed harp is thirty-two inches high, and of extraordinarily good workmanship. The sounding-board is of oak; the arm and curved pillar of red sally; the point of the arm is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiseled; it contains a large and rich crystal, set in silver, and there was another stone, now lost; the ornamental knobs at the side are of silver; on the arm are the arms of the O'Brien family chased in silver, the bloody hands supported by lions. On the sides of the curved pillar are carved two Irish wolf dogs; the holes of the sounding-board, where the strings entered, are ornamented with escutcheons of brass, carved and gilt. This harp has twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes; consequently there were twenty-eight strings. The foot-piece, or rest, is broken off, and the parts to which it was joined are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of an accomplished and expert artist.

*Brien*, the great hero, was passionately fond of music, and used this harp in his convivial hours, as well as in private, to solace the troubles of his great soul. Its remembrance, presented in the above sketch, may quicken some spirit amongst us into activity in behalf of the persecuted land of Brien, Sarsfield, Emmett, Tone, Fitzgerald, and O'Connell. And when Ireland shall be again what nature intended her to be, that harp shall be taken into her senate, restrung, and shall sound again the accents of the free.

The harp presented by Mary, Queen of Scots, to a young Scotch lady, is of lighter construction than Brien's, and has thirty strings, but of nearly the same form.

Mr. Gunn, in his Inquiry, has the following pretty passage:—

"I have been favored with a copy of an ancient Gaelic poem, together with the music to which it is still sung in the Highlands, in which the poet personifies and addresses a very old harp, by asking what had become of its former lustre? The harp replies, that it belonged to a king of Ireland, and had been present at many a royal banquet; that it had afterwards been successively in the possession of Dargo, of Gaul, of Fillan, of Oscar, of O'Duine, of Diasmod, of a physician, of a bard, and, lastly, of a priest, who, in a secluded corner, was 'meditating on a white book.'"

About the year 1750, the musical glasses, since improved into the harmonica, were invented by Richard Pockrich, an Irishman, a name which, Campbell says, ought not to be lost to the lovers of harmony. With the celestial tones of this instrument, the sweetest within the compass of melody, Mr. Pockrich once so charmed two bailiffs sent to arrest him, that they became incapable of executing their office. He was born to a good estate in the county of Monohan, in Ireland, but outlived his property, and died poor.

The terrible and unfortunate revolution of 1798 again saturated the fields of Ireland with blood. The spirit of liberty, of poetry, and of music, which began to grow up in Ireland, was almost extinguished in the purest blood of her people. A few years of death-like gloom succeeded that bloody era. At length, MOORE began to write. His lyrical scraps, flung on the waves of public sentiment, burned on the surface like the phosphoric stars that follow a ship's track over the ocean. His *senti-ment*, breathed through the most beautiful language, penetrated the hearts of the people, and created within them something like itself. He found his songs sung to the old popular airs of the country, and this induced him to set about adapting a series of songs to a portion, at least, of the national melodies. With this view, he obtained the coöperation of Sir John Stephenson, the eminent musical composer of that period. Sir John and himself made a musical tour through the interior of Ireland, and heard the old songs sung, and the old airs played, by the country people and the wandering musicians, whether harpers, pipers, or fiddlers. A gathering was thus made from the ruins of our national music. Several of those airs have been rendered still more popular by the beauty of language or sentiment with which Moore re clothed them. Sufficient has been rescued by those two patriotic gentlemen to attract the admiration of Europe.

On the publication of Moore's Melodies, in the years 1809 to 1812, they immediately won unbounded popularity. They were sung in every drawing-room, and charmed every circle. They passed over to Britain, and won from our proud invaders the tribute which they so richly merited. The lament of Erin, through her poetry and her music, extorted a tear from their flinty hearts, as beautifully expressed by Moore himself.

"The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,  
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,  
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep."

The Melodies of Moore worked miracles in the national sentiment, which, indeed, they may be said to have created. Their melody and their passion awoke the soul of Ireland from the torpor of slavery.

O'Connell felt the sentiment growing up around him which Moore's poetry created, and never failed to point his speeches against tyranny with the stings supplied, in endless profusion, by the accomplished bard.

The music of Ireland, from this date, began to revive rapidly : it was introduced into the theatre in overtures and musical interludes. Even the bands of the British regiments studied and played it. The 88th, commonly called the Connaught Rangers, marched to the battle-ground of Waterloo to the airs of "Garryowen" and "Patrick's Day," and did not fall there from shots received *in their backs*.

These Melodies and music were published in six European languages — a splendid evidence of their excellence. When the gatherings of Moore and Sir John Stephenson made so great an impression in England and throughout the continent, some of the Scotch writers, with their usual *love of country*, claimed many of the airs as theirs, upon the ground of these airs having been familiar in the Highlands time out of mind. Lord Kaimes is positive that those airs called *the old Scots' tunes*, were originally Irish compositions, which James the First, who was himself a good musician, had adapted to the church service ; and POPE had previously called Ireland the mother of sweet singers. It is hardly necessary to enter into a controversy about the authorship of *modern* Scotch music, seeing that their best and principal airs were directly taken from Ireland, as admitted by their own writers.

Even modern Italy worked into her musical code some of those beautiful creations of Ireland, which Moore had clothed with such fascinating drapery. The most eminent of their talented sons and daughters admitted this : Geminiani declared that the music of Ireland could not be equalled on the western side of the Alps ; and Handel said that he would rather be the author of *Ællin a Roon* than of the best of his own compositions. The celebrated Madame Malibran once entranced a select party in London by an Irish composition, so altered by Italian variations of her own creating, and by a change in the language, that they did not detect the original basis upon which madame had raised her beautiful fabric of sounds. It was rapturously applauded. One of the party ventured to ask the name of the delightful song. She replied, to their infinite surprise, with much *naïveté*, it was the Irish air of the *Coulin*.

Within the last few years, several Irish musical composers have followed in the path beaten out by Moore and Sir John Stephenson.

Lover stands prominent as a good poet, story-teller, and musical composer — a true specimen of the old Irish bard. His popular songs, "A baby was sleeping," the "Fairy Boy," and others, have stamped his name with the characteristics of poet and musician; and his "Rory O'More" is literally in every one's memory, both in the old world and the new. Some of these will be found in the musical pages.

Balfe, too, has shed his sentimental beauties on the stream of his country's melody. His chief productions have been brought before the Dublin and London musical audiences, in the shape of operas, which have won alike the approbation of the refined and scientific. His "Bohemian Girl" has been performed many successive nights in New York, winning the utmost applause. Mr. Brooke has produced some operatic music that keeps its place on the stage.

The songs of the writers in the Dublin Nation, and of many other compatriot poets, have astonished Europe by their number, power, and beauty. Some of these will be found in this work, set to such Irish airs as I deemed fitted their spirit and metre.

The spirit which now animates Ireland seems to be composed as well of poetic or musical, as of patriotic and martial elements. It is a glorious spirit, call it what we may. Never before was the ark of liberty floated by a prouder, safer, stronger current. Bishops and priests, as of old, sing the songs of freedom. The towering MACHALE has struck the *clearsah* of Ireland, and the lowly priest of Drogheda, Father Burke, has made several *clearsahs* (harps) of the size of the harp of Tara. These he so far improved that the harpers taught by him, who play upon them, delight the social circles, as of old. That reverend and patriotic gentleman has established a musical college in Drogheda, and holds an annual musical festival, at which many harpers attend at the contests of melody, as in the olden days.

With the return of liberty to the Emerald Isle, her music, which is the genuine language of happy hearts, shall resume its throne in the public mind, and create, and sustain with its voice, the food on which it lives.

I hope to be excused for giving so many pages to the subject of music. As a passionate admirer of the divine art, I conjecture (erroneously perhaps) that others will be pleased to dwell on that which fascinated me. I am sure there is a principle in our nature that acts in sympathetic union with a concord of sweet sounds. Music excites the most tender and refined, as well as the most powerful, emotions of which humanity is susceptible. In the church, it lifts up the heart to a community with



God. In the festive assembly, it is the very soul from which delight radiates on all within its influence. In the camp, it is the best symbol of order and discipline. In the combat, it is more inspiring than the commander's voice. At military funerals, it spreads melancholy and sorrow on all around! And in the serenade, the voice of sweet music, floating on the midnight breeze, arouses beauty from delectable dreams to a reality still more delightful!

The best play in the theatre would go lamely off without appropriate music. Children can be kept in good temper by the lullaby of the nurse. It will silence their cries, dry up their tears, and bring sunshine into their little eyes. It will tame the vicious horse in the plough more effectually than the lash. "The ploughman's whistle is better than his goad." In the cottage, it stirs the limbs of the over-labored, and sets the weary heart dancing. The aged live over again under its influence, and the young brighten into ecstasy. On the high and giddy mast, it is the solace of the seaman. The voice of his own song cheers the helmsman, in the midnight watch. The traveller plods his way more merrily when he sings, and the laborer, by the same means, gets rid of half his toil.

Tell us, ye philosophic few, by what secret means are all our faculties, physical and mental, worked upon by this charmer? In what way does it reach the valves of the heart, that our tears gush forth or recede at its bidding? How does it so mix with the blood, that it stirs to frenzy, and, anon, calms to repose? How does it fasten on the gristly sinews and muscles, stiffening them up to supernatural power, which, at its pleasure, it again relaxes into softened inactivity? How does its subtile influence steal along our thrilling nerves, through every recess and region of our frame, changing our features, at its will, into joyful, heroic, pious, melancholy, or merry combinations?

It flies through the frame more rapidly than the most powerful poison, or its antidote. Would it not be a powerful auxiliary to the physician in restoring the convalescent, or even assuaging the pains of the sick? View this component part of our nature whichsoever way we will, it appears to me to be a highly-important gift from our Creator, conferred upon us, like speech itself, for our happiness. If we neglect its cultivation, or reject its use, we deprive ourselves of a portion, at least, of that earthly pleasure which God conferred upon Adam and Eve before their fall, and which, in his mercy, he permitted to remain with man to sustain him through the labors and miseries attendant on our fallen nature.

"Harmony from heaven descended,  
 Soaring first when chaos ended,  
 And through time and space extended  
 Heaven's first decree.

The very soul itself refining,  
 All that's great and good combining,  
 God, and man, and angels, joining,  
 Hail thee, Harmony!"

Music is, in reality, simple. Nature gives forth its own melody, which can be regulated by a few general rules, so as to affect the *hearts* of the majority of those who hear it. I have ventured to define its nature in my section on the bards, which I shall here repeat. Poetry is the regulated effervescence of the brain. It is part of the excitement which takes place beyond the demands for natural wants, and thus displays itself in flights called imagination. Good poetry is the able display of *feeling*, and good prose the able display of fact, correct reasoning, and acquired knowledge.

Music is the more sublimated expression of human feeling. Its effect depends upon the power and variation of the sounds which convey it. It is an agreeable stream of well-contrasted sounds, formed according to the standard of the human voice, in a natural key, continually varying from that key to a lower or higher pitch, but uttered in a manner agreeable to the organs of hearing, or the seat of sensations in the brain. Music, like language, delights in simple sounds; yet refinement, as it proceeds, sanctions a skilful deviation from simple sound as the acme of science. An ear accustomed or educated to these deviations, must be continually fed by like sounds, for it sickens at the pure voice of nature. In the same way does the appetite of one who has been fed from childhood on compound cookery — on food tortured from its natural flavor by every imaginable invention — sicken against plain meats, presented in their original elements.

Instrumental music requires much more study, and many more rules, to form it, than vocal, because the effort is an artificial imitation of nature, and approaches nearer to perfection, as it imitates nature more exactly. In proportion as our musical taste — that is, the sense of hearing and discriminating — becomes accustomed to deviations from the pure sounds of nature, the pleasure we derive from pure melody is diminished. This refinement may be said to remove the ear so far from the heart, that the essence of music (melody) cannot reach it. Most of the scientific music which we hear, is calculated only to display the brilliant execution

of the performer, and to occasion a gentle titillation in the organs of hearing; and many of the great masters who perform on the violin, harp, bugle, or piano-forte, to hear whom we pay high prices, seem to disdain the use of melody altogether, and to be ashamed to be supposed capable, or accustomed, to play a simple tune as it was originally composed. Their performances consist of flourishes on their instrument, displaying the effect of great *practice*, but shedding out none of that soul of music, which the poet conceived and expressed in the following familiar and immortal distich:—

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks and bend the knotted oak.”

But the music we are accustomed to hear at some of the fashionable concerts is certainly *not* of *that* nature. The performers, for the most part, come before the audience as if it were only for the purpose of tuning their instruments, and to show what they *could* do, if they had a mind. They run up and down the scale in capricious phantasies, and when we think they are about to commence, they make an obeisance and retire, amid thunders of applause. — “O! there be players that I have heard play, — and heard others praise, and that highly, — that, having neither the tones of music, nor the soul of music, have so strutted and puffed, so strained their instruments, and split our ears, that I have thought some of nature’s journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated nature so abominably.”

*Complication* in music advances with the musical education of the ear. The grave and sober Correlli and Arne gave way to Haydn and Mozart, who, in turn, gave way to Beethoven and Rossini; but *melody* belongs to the imagination, and not to science; it belongs to nature, and not to art. Some are well skilled in the complication of music, but are not gifted with melody; or rather that melody, originally planted in their hearts by nature, has been extinguished by a scientific violation of her laws. They cannot be called *musicians*, but are merely dexterous players. Musicians of this character will never, they may depend on it, “bend the knotted oak,” or “soothe the savage breast.”

Gardiner, in his *Music of Nature*, analyzes the components of sound, and examines the organs of hearing. I will endeavor to make plainer, while I extract, a few of his subtile but valuable ideas. Sound and light, or tones and colors, are produced by two different affections of the very same medium; every sound is a mixture of three tones, just as a ray of light is of three colors; the union of the key note with the fifth

and octave is the common chord. The diatonic scale is the prism of sound. White light may be decomposed into three colors; and every sound is a compound of three tones. Atoms of oxygen and nitrogen in conjunction may produce one tone or color, oxygen another tone or color, and nitrogen a third tone or color. One is the excitement or propulsion of atoms called *light*, and the other the propulsion of a gross volume called *sound*. The atmosphere will affect both. It will affect especially the human voice, which oftentimes has to contend, in thronged rooms, against a dense volume of vapor, in which the vital gases have been consumed by the frequent respiration of the same volume of air. And if the singer has been unused, for some time previously, to the enjoyment of fresh air, in which oxygen and nitrogen shall be fully represented, the voice will lack that elasticity which is necessary to strike vigorously on the atmosphere, and produce a pure, clear sound.

Every vibration and propulsion of atoms, in the aerial elements, includes, on examination, the prismatic and diatonic scales. Both scales are chemical, and are produced by the very atoms which produce all our chemical and electrical phenomena: the scales are similar, because they are the measures of the effects upon the same *sensorium*. The figures agree, since a volume of five parts of atmospheric air is four measures of nitrogen and one oxygen, and *every sound* is composed of the fundamental note, its fifth, and octave, whose square is twenty-five and one hundred, or one to four.

Sound arises from vibrations of the air, as may be *seen* by the vibrations in the water of a musical glass, and by the affections of light bodies laid on strings in concord, and they may be *felt* by the vibrations of all instruments. Sound affects particles of dust, or the animalculæ seen in a sunbeam. The delicacy and intensity with which the vibrations of sound reach the ear, prove the fulness of space in aerial atoms. We distinguish tones, says Phillips, when the vibrations are seven thousand in a second. The lowest tone which the ear can discriminate is, according to some, twelve and a half undulations in a second, to others thirty, and the most acute, above seven thousand. Every ear differs from another in its powers of sensibility or accuracy. The *harmonies* of one sound are the separate effects of different parts of the string. Water is a better conductor of sound than air; wood also is a powerful conductor of sound, and so is flannel or ribbon. Deaf persons may converse through deal rods held between the teeth, or held to their throat or breast. The best form for a concert room, or speaking hall, is an oblong, or double cube; the fewer elliptical surfaces the better; and



the roof or ceiling should be finished quite plainly, and perfectly semi-circular. An echo returns a monosyllable at seventy feet distance, and another syllable at every forty feet distance. All sound appears to be echo or *reflection*; and if not a distinct echo, it is only for want of distance. The speaker, or performer, should stand at the *end*, and not at the *side*, of a room. If the room be square, as many are, he should get towards a corner, and send his tones towards the corner *opposite* to that in which he stands. Public speakers derive great advantage from the practice of singing. Effective speakers modulate the tones of their voice, agreeably to the true principles of music, though frequently knowing little of the science which governs those principles. The words should be chosen, like notes in music, of all lengths: the adagios of Haydn and Beethoven are, like passages of Milton and Shakespeare, made of words slow and rapid.

The sense of hearing arises from, or is regulated by, an expansion of nerves into the inner chamber of the ear, and these receive the vibrations of the tympanum — a *strained membrane*. This elastic membrane is *damped* by a small bone called the *mallet*; but, like a drum, it will not transmit to the brain *two* loud sounds in *immediate succession*. These delicate organs are pleased with a succession of pure sounds, varied in their length, loudness, and tone. The pleasure can be *increased* by tormenting them for a moment with discords, or harsh or flat tones, returning again to the same sweet notes in which they delighted, or to others in a higher or lower strain, agreeably to the key on which the air is constructed. The *key* is the bass or centre of any system of notes, and gives character to the composition. Old songs were composed in G minor. When F is made the key or bass of any melody, the effect is rich and grave; but its relative, D minor, is more sombre. C is bold and energetic, and its relative, A minor, is similar, but plaintive. G is gay and lively, but its relative, E minor, soft and tender. D is grand and lofty, but its relative, B minor, complaining. A is glowing, but F *sharp* minor mournful. The sharps of E are brilliant and sparkling. The sharps of B are piercing. B *flat* is dull, and G minor melancholy. E *flat* is mellow and soft, and C minor complaining; A *flat*, delicate and tender, but its relative, F minor, gloomy. D *flat* major is solemn and awful.

The point of action in the voice is in the throat, and level with the hair in the back of the neck. As singers raise or lower this point, the tone is harsh, hard, thick, throaty, and guttural. High notes are produced by lessening the aperture and increasing the velocity of the breath.

If the lowest notes would permit the passage of a billiard ball, the highest should permit but a pea. The notes of the musical scale are formed by the contraction or enlargement of the *rima glottidis*, an aperture in the larynx, over the windpipe. In the passage leading from the mouth to the lungs, just within the part of the neck where "Eve's apple" protrudes, are situated two sets or pairs of muscles, one of them about an inch above the other, of a half-moon shape, thick and attached at their circumference, but thin and pendulous in the centre of the passage. These muscles are situated so nearly at opposite sides, that, when the air, in passing out from the lungs, causes them to vibrate, they nearly close the opening. The vibrations of these muscles produce sounds just as the strings of the viol produce them when vibrating under the bow. It is like the reed in wind instruments, but susceptible of the most delicate variations. So astonishingly great is the number of these vibrations, that it is now believed the human voice is capable of one thousand changes, perceptible to a musical ear. These changes are all produced by the action of these muscles, in obedience to volition, or at will; they are greatly strengthened, and capable of surprising modification by exercise; it is said that some voices are able to give two to three hundred changes in one breath. Braham, Farinelli, and Mrs. Wood, could give three hundred without drawing breath; but these are prodigies. Ordinary good voices are exhausted by fifty.

The human voice is governed by the laws which apply to wind instruments. The throat is the tube, and the chest and lungs the wind-bag. By pressing the wind through the aperture in the throat, (already described,) subject to a variety of *compressions*, in its passage, the music, with all its variations, is obtained. Ferlandi played on an oboe with one leather joint, by twisting which he imitated the tones of the human windpipe. But the human pipe exceeds, for variety and delicacy, all the pipes ever invented. The reason why we always have the same sound from organ-pipes is, because they are always blown by a bellows, with a certain weight thereon, and therefore the sound is the same.

It appears that, by lengthening the trombone, in the middle of a note, the force of the breath being kept the same, a new note is produced. Again, the trombone can be drawn out and made to produce the same note by *blowing* differently; that is, by making a larger aperture in the mouth, and blowing with less force. Those who sing will always derive advantage from considering these general principles — principles which, if applied to the exercise of the voice, cannot fail to produce full, melodious, and correct tones. These rules apply generally to the

flute, clarionet, and all wind instruments, and I introduce these remarks to give a clearer idea of the nature of the human instrument, which every one is blessed with, and which is superior to all others.

The Italians call the lower notes the *voce di petto*, the voice of the breast; and the higher notes the *voce di testa*, or voice of the head. The former is called the language of the heart; the latter, or upper notes in men, is called *falsetto*. The nose and roof of the mouth are the sounding-board of the voice. The teeth, the bridge of the lips, and tongue, on whose activity, form, and skilful use, depend the modulations of tone, — the speaking, singing voice, — is a machine whose use children should be taught. It is curious, but perfectly true, that children who are nursed by a woman who sings in their infant ears, have generally a taste for music, and those nursed by one who does not sing, are rarely ever good musicians. So delicate is the nature of our infant sensibilities, that we partake of the character of that mental or spiritual atmosphere into which we first respire.

Persons who sing before assemblies should eat very little, or indeed nothing, for three or four hours ere they begin: keeping the stomach empty enables one to take in more breath at a draught. Any candies, preparations, or drinks, that stimulate the palate, tongue, &c., are bad. They generally beget thirst, which creates a rough surface in the throat, tongue, lips, &c., which alters the tones materially. Cobbett remarks that, in defending himself on a charge of libel, he spoke six hours without ceasing, — refreshing his lips and throat by now and again eating a mouthful of common suet.

I will here introduce a few observations from Moore and some others, on the style in which the sentimental music of Ireland should be sung and played. Rapidity and ornament in the execution kill it. I have heard too many murder those melodies in this way.

Let us hear Moore himself, on this: "It has always been a subject of some mortification to me, that my songs, as they are set, give such a very imperfect notion of the manner in which I wish them to be performed, and that most of that peculiarity of character which I believe they possess as I sing them myself, is lost in the process they must undergo for publication; but the truth is, that, not being sufficiently practised in the rules of composition to rely upon the accuracy of my own harmonic arrangements, I am obliged to submit my rude sketches to the eyes of a professor before they can encounter the criticism of the musical world, and, as it too frequently happens that they are indebted for their originality to the violation of some established law, the hand that corrects their errors is almost sure to destroy their character, and



the few little flowers they boast are pulled away with the weeds. In singing them myself, however, I pay no such deference to criticism, but usually give both air and harmony according to my own first conception of them, with all their original faults, but, at the same time, all their original freshness. I know I shall be told, by the learned musician, that whatever infringes the rules of composition must be disagreeable to the ear, and that, according to the pure *ethics* of the art, nothing can possibly be pleasant that is *wrong*; but I am sorry to say that I am lawless enough to disagree with him, and have sometimes been even so lost to all sense of musical rectitude, as to take pleasure in a profane succession of fifths." \* \* \* "Wherever I have been content to remain simply in the key in which I began, without wandering from home in search of discords and chromatics, I have not only been independent of critical aid, but the strains I have produced were much more touching and effective.

"There is but one instruction I should venture to give to any person desirous of doing justice to the character of these ballads, and that is, to attend as little as possible to the rhythm, or time in singing them. The time, indeed, should *always* be made to wait upon the feeling, but particularly in this style of musical recitation, where the words ought to be as nearly *spoken* as is consistent with the swell and sweetness of intonation, and where a strict and mechanical observance of time completely destroys all those pauses, lingerings, and abruptnesses, which the expression of passion and tenderness requires. The truth of this remark needs but little enforcement to those who have ever heard a song of feeling and delicacy passed along in the unrelenting trammels of an orchestra."

Willis, in his *Pencilings*, describes an interview he had with Moore, while in London, at Lady Blessington's. It portrays the effect of Moore's singing in few words, and in a practical way.

"We went up to coffee, and Moore brightened again over his *chasse café*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, Pasta, and others of the choral goddesses now ravishing the world. This introduced music very naturally, and, with a good deal of difficulty, he was taken to the piano. Its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and for one, I could have taken him into my heart, with my delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of women's fainting at a song of Moore's, and if the burden



of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it.

"We all sat round the piano, and, after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang 'When first I met thee warm and young' with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady B.'s hand, said 'Good night,' and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes, and the softness upon my heart."

I remember well the effect of those melodies on a theatre full of all sorts of people, in Dublin. I was in the theatre on the night of Moore's visit, in the spring of 1838. He sat in one of the dress boxes. There were with him Lady Morgan, Counsellor Finlay, Mr. and Miss Kelly, and other friends of his youth. The airs which he had gathered and immortalized were played successively before him by the orchestra, in a beautiful medley. At each change from one well-known air to another, the audience poured forth a peal of unbridled applause. It affected him thoroughly. It was a delightful, and at the same time a melancholy moment. The remembrance came upon us of some who loved those tunes, now in the cold grave; of the hopes of freedom breathed by the bard yet unrealized; of the chains of slavery yet hanging round us. He spoke, — for the audience would have him speak, — but he could say little; his gestures were more eloquent than the tongue of any man; he alluded to his origin — Irish; his heart — Irish; his songs — Irish, which had passed into the languages of six nations; which were sung on the banks of the Vistula, the Rhine, the Ganges, the St. Lawrence, as well as the Shannon. Peal upon peal of applause followed. The curtain drew up for the afterpiece. I shall never forget that night, or the effect of that proud swell of my country's music.

At one of the most fashionable concerts that ever took place in Boston, which was given by the celebrated violinist Ole Bull, at the Melodeon, on the 27th May, 1844, he played the Irish melody, "The last rose of summer." It was encored. The same air was then played, by that musical prodigy Master Hughes, on the harp, and it was again encored. Perhaps, in the history of music, such an excitement never was produced on an audience as that produced by the masterly execution of this simple Irish melody by these two genuine masters of the human heart. There were nearly two thousand of the most respectable citizens of Boston, who witnessed that fact.

I append one more attestation to the same general purpose from an English musician, the leader of her majesty's sacred choir. I extract it from the London Sun of October 18, 1844. "Mr. Horncastle, of the Queen's Chapel Royal, has published a volume entitled the 'Music of Ireland'—a collection of *beautiful, perhaps matchless melodies*. The service which the composer has rendered to music, and even to ethnology, by the preservation and publication of those *exquisite relics of ancient science and refinement*, is enhanced by his judicious as well as reverential abstinence from attempts at improving *perfection*. In this respect, he stands very much above his predecessor in the same field, Sir John Stevenson; for he at once admits that the old music of Ireland, as it is found, is not the wild effusion of a rude and simple people, but is the production of a school in a high degree methodized, skilful, and cultivated. The Irish *keine*, according to Mr. Horncastle, is a noble and most expressive piece of music. These *keines* serve as examples of the most beautiful harmonic composition, and prove, beyond a doubt, that music in those early ages was in the *highest state of cultivation*. Yet to this day, the humblest of the people are the only depositaries of these great works. There is a close affinity existing between the poetry of the Latins and that of the Irish. The first ode of Horace is perfectly adapted as written for the Irish melody of 'I am asleep, and don't waken me.' It may be worth asking, Did Horace know and use the Irish tune?"

The foregoing confirms, in a striking manner, the opinion to a like effect recorded by Dr. Burney, as follows: "It is certain that the *further we explore*, while yet any light remains, the *more highly is Irish border minstrelsy extolled*. The *oldest* Irish tunes are said to be the most perfect."—*Burney's Music; Historical and Critical Dissertation on the Harp*.

## STRIKE THE HARP TO ERIN'S GLORY!

MUSIC AND WORDS BY T. MOONEY.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS D——, MONTREAL, ON HEARING HER PLAY  
(WHICH SHE DID DIVINELY) AN IRISH MELODY ON THE IRISH HARP.

1. Strike the Harp to E - rin's glory! Strike the Harp to

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody begins with a quarter rest followed by a half note G, then continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics '1. Strike the Harp to E - rin's glory! Strike the Harp to' are written below the treble staff.

E - rin's sto - ry! Strike the Harp to those who died For

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody includes a repeat sign and ends with a half note G. The lyrics 'E - rin's sto - ry! Strike the Harp to those who died For' are written below the treble staff.

E - rin's hon - or, E - rin's pride! Strike the Harp to

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The melody includes a repeat sign. The lyrics 'E - rin's hon - or, E - rin's pride! Strike the Harp to' are written below the treble staff.

by - gone a - ges! Strike the Harp of

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The melody ends with a half note G. The lyrics 'by - gone a - ges! Strike the Harp of' are written below the treble staff.

he - roes, sa - ges! From the grave, e -

- ter - ni - ty, They call on E - rin to be free!

2.

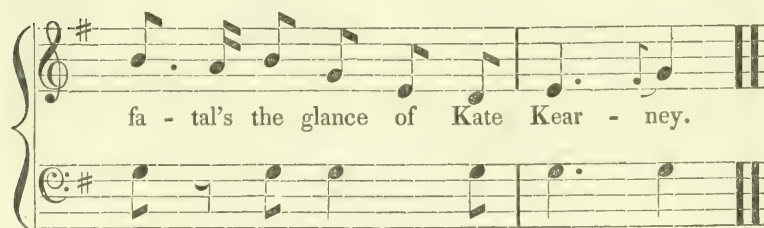
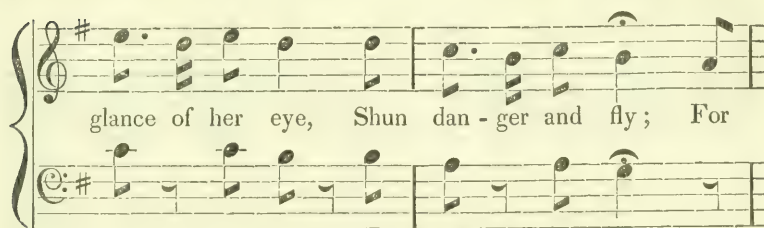
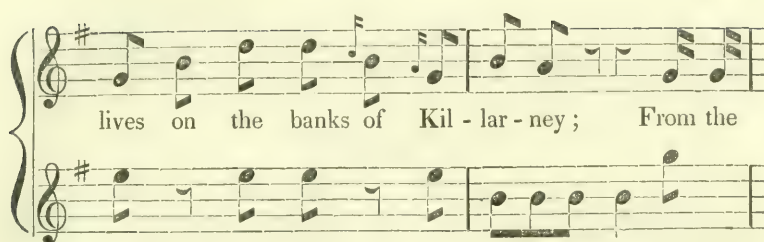
Now our swords are brightly gleaming!  
 Now our banners proudly streaming!  
 Now the victory is won,  
 And Freedom shouts, "They run! they run!"  
 Now our hearts are proudly swelling!  
 Now the tyrant's death is knelling!  
 Hark! that shout, across the sea,  
 Tells us Erin now is free!  
 Hark! that shout, across the sea,  
 Tells us, Erin now is free!

## KATE KEARNEY.

*Andantino.*

1. O, did you not hear of Kate Kearney? She





## 2.

For that eye is so modestly beaming,  
 You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming ;  
 Yet, O, I can tell how fatal's the spell  
 That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

## 3.

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,  
 Who lives on the banks of Killarney,  
 Beware of her smile, for many a wile  
 Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.

## 4.

Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,  
 Yet there's mischief in every dimple ;  
 And who dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,  
 Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

BY MOORE.

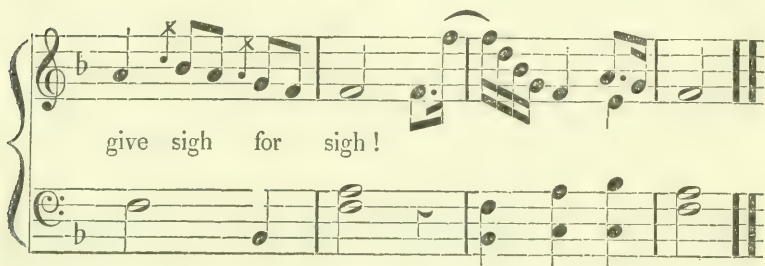
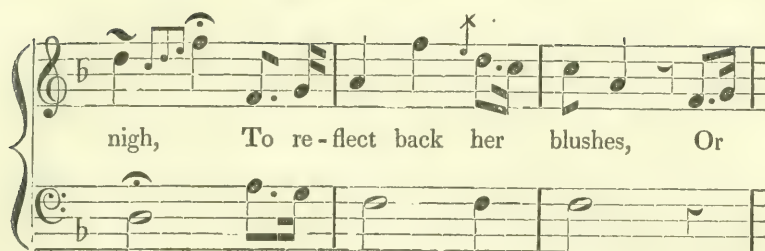
*TENDERLY.*

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer Left

bloom-ing a-lone; All her love-ly com-

- pan-ions are fa-ded and gone. No

flower of her kin-dred, No rose-bud is



## 2.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
 To pine on the stem!  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go, sleep thou with them;  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead!

## 3.

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie withered,  
 And fond ones are flown,  
 O! who would inhabit  
 This bleak world alone!

## THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

BY LOVER.

*A superstition of great beauty prevails in Ireland, that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is talking to angels.*

ANDANTE.

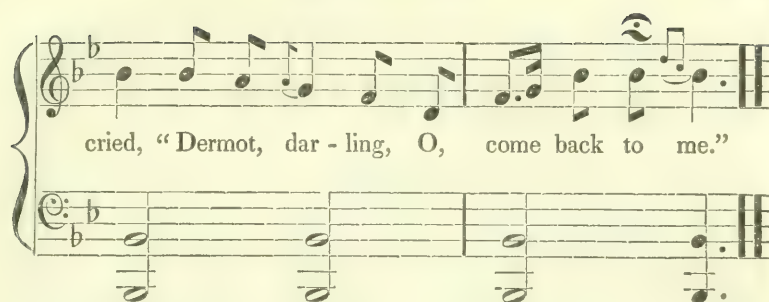
1. A ba - by was sleeping; Its moth - er was

weeping, For her hus - band was far on the

wild ra - ging sea; And the tem - pest was

swelling Round the fish - er - man's dwell - ing, And she





## 2.

Her beads while she numbered,  
 The baby still slumbered,  
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;  
 "O, blessed be that warning,  
 My child, thy sleep adorning, —  
 For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

## 3.

"And while they are keeping  
 Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
 O, pray to them softly, my baby, with me;  
 And say thou wouldst rather  
 They'd watch o'er thy father, —  
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

## 4.

The dawn of the morning  
 Saw Dermot returning;  
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,  
 And closely caressing  
 Her child, with a blessing,  
 Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

BY MOORE.

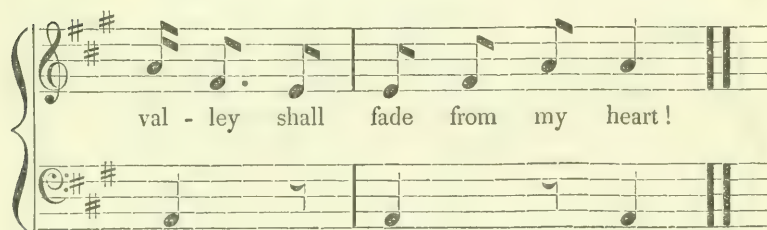
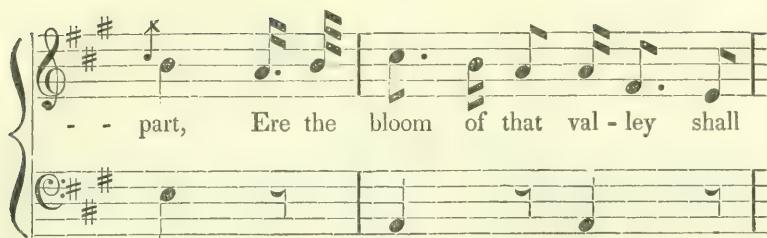
WITH EXPRESSION.

1. There is not in the wide world a

val - ley so sweet As that vale in whose

bo - som the bright wa - ters meet; O! the

last rays of feel - ing and life must de -



## 2.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
 Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green;  
 'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;—  
 O, no! it was something more exquisite still!

## 3.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,  
 Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear;  
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,  
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

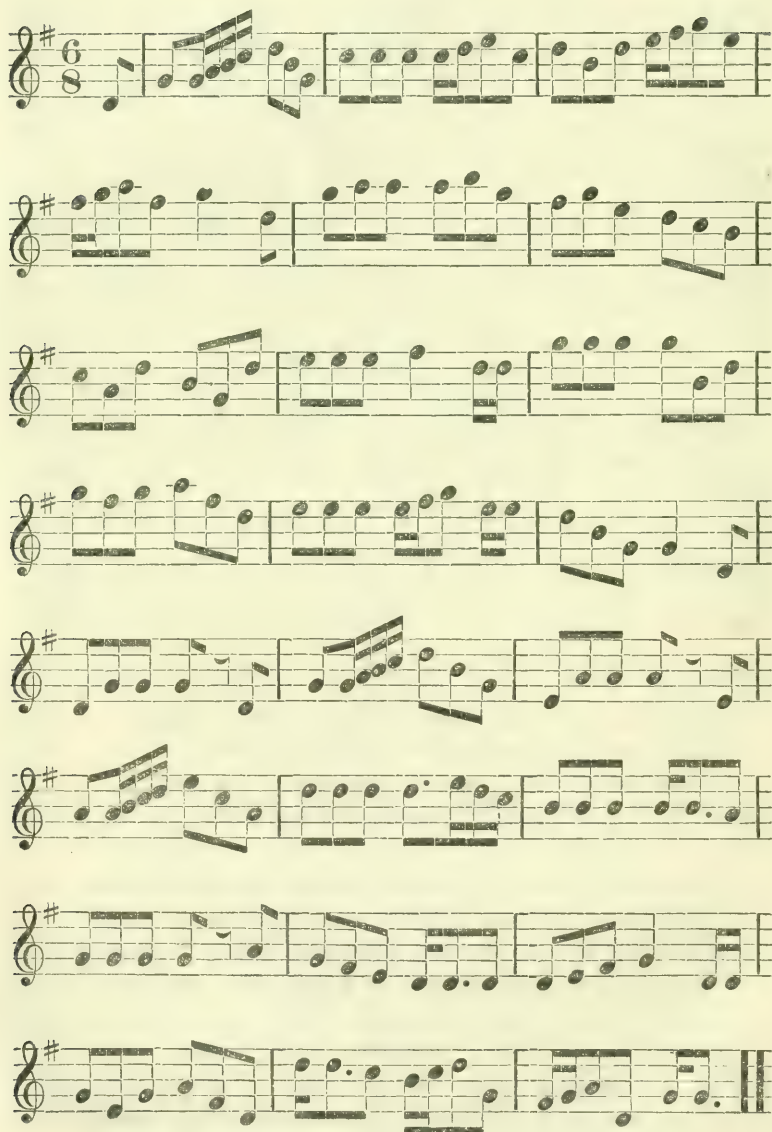
## 4.

Sweet Vale of Ovoca! how calm could I rest,  
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best!  
 Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,  
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

## O'ROURKE'S FEAST.

(PLEIG ZACANA NA RUARCAC.)

BY CAROLAN.





## CAROLAN'S CONCERTO.



# LECTURE VII.

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FROM 880 B. C. TO THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

## SECTION I.

Resumption of the historic Chain at the Death of Ollamh Fodhla. — Twenty Kings and a Queen, who succeeded him in a Space of three hundred Years. — War Chariots invented. — Military Fortifications. — Military Code. — Carthaginian and Irish Weapons identical. — Ancient Mines of Ireland. — Plenteousness of Gold and Silver. — Mints. — Coins. — Napoleon's Imperial Crown made of Irish Gold. — Palace of Emania. — Queen Mecha seizes on the Sceptre. — Irish Archers. — Robin Hood beaten by an Irishman in Feats of Archery. — The Monarch Righ Dhearg invades the Picts. — Jughaine the Great passes into Gaul. — Leads an Army against Greece. — Division of Ireland into Counties. — Murder of Jughaine. — Exile of his Son Maon. — Revolution effected by Music. — Maon established on the Throne. — Reign of Aongus the Second. — Aids the Carthaginians in their Wars with Greece, and with Rome. — Birth of *Fear-Mara*, the Sea-Child. — The Parent of the Royal Line of Scotland. — Division of Ireland into four Provinces, and a Monarchy. — Palace of Cruighain, in Connaught, built. — Queen *Meibhe*. — Insurrection of the Bards. — Laws for regulating the Burial of the Dead. — The Knights' Mode of Burial. — Ancient Surgery. — Chivalry. — Traditions of Chivalry. — Institutions of Knighthood in Ireland. — Various Orders. — Academies for their Education. — Their Mode of Training. — Their Oaths. — Their Magnanimity. — Their Tilts and Tournaments. — Military Renown of Ireland acknowledged. — The valiant Cuchullen. — Battle of Mullacrew described.

880 B. C. I now resume the historic narrative, requesting the reader to call back to his recollection, that we dropped it [page 57] at the establishment of the parliament of Tara, by Ollamh Fodhla, 920 years before the birth of Christ. Having dwelt at some length upon the character of that eminently wise prince, who was the twentieth of the Milesian kings since the foundation of the kingdom, we take up the succession of events from his death, which took place A. M. 3122, or 880 years before the Christian era.

The monarchs who succeeded Ollamh, for a period of three hundred years, numbered twenty, which gave an average reign of fifteen years to each.

The recital of the events of their separate reigns would be tedious,

and occupy space which can be filled with matter more interesting to the present generation. I shall merely glance at the development of inventions, customs, and occasional acts specially deserving to be remembered, which grew up during the three hundred years they reigned.

In the reign of *Rothceathca*, the Irish manufactured war chariots, to the sides and wheels of which they attached scythes, or long, sharp knives, and drove them, by furious horses, through the ranks of their enemies. The Gauls, seven hundred years after that period, according to Cæsar, used these destructive engines in their wars with the Romans. O'Halloran says they were manufactured for them by the Irish; and Julius Cæsar informs us that he used this very contrivance in his conquest of Britain.

In the reign of *Elim* we read, for the first time, of military fortifications, which were invented by him. He cut deep trenches, and raised high breastworks of earth, lined with stone, around the different stations, in which he garrisoned his troops. He completed seven of those stations; but, in after periods, in the Danish wars, these *duns*, or fortifications, were amazingly increased, and there are many of them yet remaining throughout Ireland.

The Psalter of Cashell tells us that *Elim*, for these inventions, got the name of *Imboch*, or Stagnant Water.

Seadhna the Second wrote a code of laws and discipline for the military, which proved to be a guide and standard for many ages afterwards, and he fixed the pay of soldiers to consist of part food, part clothes, and part money, which continues the practice of England to this day. His is the earliest treatise on military tactics that we find on record. In succeeding ages, *Mago*, the Carthaginian, and *Arrian*, the Greek, wrote on the same subject.

In those days, a close intercourse was kept up between the Carthaginians and the Irish. Sometimes, indeed, the Carthaginians approached the Irish coasts as pirates or invaders, but were universally resisted with great slaughter. Antiquaries have proved that the Carthaginian swords found near the plains of Cannæ, in Italy, which are now in the British Museum, and the old Irish swords so frequently found in bogs and morasses, are, as to make, form, and mixture of metals, so exactly similar, as to appear to have come out of the same mint.

Governor Pownall compared some Irish swords in the possession of Lord Milton, found very deep in the bog of Cullen, in the county Tipperary, with those in the British Museum, and requested the assay-

master of the mint to analyze both. This he accordingly did, and found the proportion of metals composing them so exactly corresponding, that he declared they must have been cast in the same furnace. They are both, says the mint master, a mixture of copper, of iron, and perhaps of some zinc; they take an exquisite polish, and carry a very sharp edge, and are firm and elastic. They are so peculiarly formed as to resist any kind of rust, as appears when taken out of bogs after lying there for ages. Our annals remark on the great plenteousness of our mines, and the knowledge and art displayed by our ancestors in all that related to their domestic fabrications. It is quite natural to conclude that those remarkable swords were of their own manufacture. On this head, O'Halloran has the following:—

“But as our annals particularly remark on the abundance of mines and minerals in our country, and the ingenuity of our artists, the candid reader will agree with me, I think, that the Carthaginians imported their swords from us in the course of traffic, as Ireland was in that age unequalled for the elegance of her arms.”

*Camden* says, the massy gold and silver chalices, candlesticks, plate, utensils, ornaments, and images of saints, seized by Queen Elizabeth in the Irish abbeys, brought more than a million sterling.

Sir James Ware alleges that, in 1639, an urn full of the coins of the monarch *Eadhna Dearg*, who reigned 700 years before the birth of Christ, was found in a Druidical cave in the county Clare. These coins were of silver, and as large as an English shilling; on one side was the impression of the monarch's head, and on the reverse, Hibernia bearing in her hand the wand entwined with a serpent. Two of these coins are to be seen in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

Warner, the English historian, has the following in reference to the mineral properties of Ireland:—

“The mountains of Ireland are full of mines and minerals. Gold and silver must have been very plenty in this country in ancient times, as all the knights wore golden helmets and chains, and a shield of the same precious metal. The Earl of Strafford sent over to Charles the First a bit of a bridle, of solid gold, of ten ounces' weight, found by workmen who were digging in lands in the county Tipperary. The same nobleman sent also an ingot of silver to the royal mint from the mines of the county Tipperary, which weighed three hundred ounces; and in his letter to the secretary of state, he says that the lead mines of Munster were so rich, that every load of lead had in it forty pounds of pure silver.\*

\* See *Mines of Ireland*, towards the conclusion.



There are many considerable collieries in various parts of the kingdom, probably enough to supply all Europe with coal ; but for want of government encouragement, they are neglected. Besides these, there are numerous iron mines and lead mines in the island. There is one lead mine, in the county of Antrim, so rich that from every thirty pounds of lead one pound of silver is yielded. By the report of the railway commissioners, published by authority of the British parliament, in 1839, it is shown that eleven of the thirty-two counties of Ireland are studded with *every* species of mineral wealth.

In fine, nature designed Ireland for the operations of art and agriculture ; and, though she is unfortunately poor, she has exhaustless wealth in her own bosom, but under the hermetic seal of British policy.

In the reign of *Eadhna* the Second, mints were worked, and gold and silver coined into *money*. The mint was erected at Ross, on the banks of the Suir, in the county Waterford.

In the year 1639 of the Christian era, several pieces of these ancient coins were discovered by countrymen at Gleandeloch, in the county Wicklow, a parcel of which fell into the hands of Sir James Ware. The antiquarians confess them to be of great antiquity, and drawings of them had been made to prove it. All writers agree as to the very early use of money in Ireland. The Irish coins engraved from by Ware have on the face a human head, encircled with a cap or helmet ; on the reverse, a horse. The ancient Carthaginian coins had the same effigies. We find, long before the Christian era, that they had *bons*, or pieces of four pence ; the *scrubal*, or three pence ; and the *pinghin*, or penny ; but larger pieces of money, though stamped by the king, were estimated, as at this day in China, by weight only.

“Long before the birth of Christ, the Irish had stamped money ; and their artists seem to have been as unrivalled in the fabrication of metals, as they confessedly were in lignarian architecture and martial music.”—*Bishop Nicholson*.

“There can be no doubt of the early use of trade and money in Ireland, into which, it is probable, it was introduced as soon as it was frequented by the Phœnicians. Before the reign of Echaidh the Fourth, seven hundred and fifty years before Christ, the Irish made their payments of gold and silver in bars and ingots, with which their rich mines supplied them.”—*Antiquities of Wales*.

Many discoveries of ancient Irish coins have been made by the country people ; but the laws compelling them to render all treasures discovered in the earth to the lords of the soil, they were frequently melted

down in secret by the finders, and sold in bars to the gold and silver smiths. The imperial crown of Napoleon was made, in part, of a crown belonging to the Irish monarch Brien Boromhe, which was taken from the Vatican, where it had lain as a valued relic since the time of Pope Adrian, to whom it was presented by Donagh, the nephew of the hero of Clontarf.

About 460 B. C., *Ciombhaoth* was peaceably proclaimed monarch of Ireland, and has been greatly celebrated for his prudence, his fortitude, and his moderation. This prince revived all the wise institutions of his great predecessor, *Ollamh Fodhla*. His queen, *Macha*, founded the splendid and celebrated palace of *Emania*, or Eamuirania, in the north, — next to Tara, the most magnificent public structure of ancient Ireland. The remains of this superb palace could be traced, near Armagh, in the days of O'Halloran, 1785. It was the scene of many a brilliant fête in after ages, and the subject of many a bardic epic. This splendid palace got its name from Macha, his queen. She traced its area on a proper scale with the gold pin of her handkerchief. From this it took its name; for *ca* is Irish for *pin*, and *muir* for *neck*.

We are informed that this celebrated palace was finished in the grandest style of architecture. The arched roofs were lined with polished marble brought from Italy, and the interior pillars, we are told, were made of the same costly material, highly and beautifully carved; and the marble quarries of Kilkenny, the west of Ireland, and also the north, furnished material enough to complete a rich and lasting architectural structure.

When her husband died, leaving no male issue, Queen Macha was called upon to evacuate the royal palace of Tara, for the purpose of inaugurating the rightful heir. By the laws of Ireland, no female was allowed to sway the monarch's sceptre; yet this courageous woman entered the hall of the national convention, and boldly claimed the diadem, as the widow and inheritrix of her husband. She addressed the assembly with great energy, confounding the Druids, Brehons, and Senators, by her extraordinary daring; for the attempt was unprecedented in the history of the country.

As soon as they informed her that she must surrender the throne to the rightful claimant, she laconically replied, "He must then fight up to his knees in blood before he can pluck the diadem of my fathers from my brow." And, after uttering this threat, she hastened to the camp, where a numerous and devoted army awaited her orders. She addressed her brave soldiers in the language of passion, saying, — "You will

combat to-day under the command of a woman ; yet I shall prove to you that I am worthy of leading Irish heroes, and that, in the woman heart of your queen there is glowing the chivalric spirit of my Milesian fathers."

She led forth her legions to battle. No forces which her enemies could bring into the field availed them. All power melted before her daring and irresistible course, and complete victory declared her in possession of the sceptre. As in the days of Joan of Arc, of France, whose followers mistook her courage for supernatural inspiration, and conquered under the influence of its animating impulse, so this extraordinary woman carried dismay into the ranks of her enemies wherever she appeared.

In this battle the first notice occurs of archers ; and we find, through all subsequent stages of our history, that the Irish soldiers obtained great renown for their expertness and skill in archery. No youth, however noble, could be admitted into the Irish militia who could not pierce a given object with an arrow at the distance of two hundred yards. The science of archery can boast as high an antiquity in Ireland as among any nation of earth. In several renowned battles in England and Scotland, the Irish bowmen obtained the victory. When our Fingal, O'Neil, and Dathy, delivered Caledonia from the yoke of Rome, their accomplished archers were the terror of the Roman legions ; and, in subsequent years, when the celebrated Robert Bruce made, in 1314, the unparalleled stand for his country against the arms of England, which history celebrates and succeeding ages admire, O'Neil, his brother-in-law, sent over a legion of Irish archers, which helped him to win. Referring to this brilliant battle, *Chaucer*, the English poet, says, —

"To *Albion* Scotts we ne'er would yield ;  
The Irish bowmen won the field."

Spenser, another, who wrote in the reign of Elizabeth, 1597, (no friend to Ireland,) extols the Irish archers for their discipline : "They certainly do great execution with their short bows and little quivers, and their short, bearded arrows are fearfully Scythian." Hollinshead, (English,) in his *Chronicles*, says that the famous Robin Hood, the outlaw, fled to Ireland in the reign of Richard the First, and that an Irishman named *Pat Lawler* excelled him in feats of archery. "This trial of skill took place," says Dr. Hanmer, "in Dublin, 1195. Robin shot an arrow eleven score and seven yards, the distance from Old Bridge to St. Michael's church ; but Pat Lawler sent his arrow three yards farther."

B. C. 330. *Righ Dhearg*, or *Reachta*, succeeded the victorious Queen Macha, and in his reign the Scottish Picts became troublesome. He transported a mighty army into Albany under the command of *Terc* and *Iboth*, with which he effectually reduced them.

B. C. 310. *Jughainé*, called *More*, or *the Great*, having won the crown in the field, was now enthroned monarch. He, too, passed over to Albion, and reduced some rebellious spirits there. His deeds in the field had reached the ears of Europe, and he passed over to the Gaulic king's court, with a splendid retinue of knights and minstrels, and married the fair *Casaria*, called the Lovely. When he returned to his kingdom with his beautiful queen, he summoned the estates to a solemn convocation at Tara. This was the grandest and most solemn assembly held at Tara for two hundred years previously. It was surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance which the king could devise; and, the object of his ambition being distant conquest, he raised the hopes and inflamed the imaginations of his followers, and swore them to his interest by the *sun*, *moon*, and *stars*, and by their favorite god Neptune. Thus animated, he led his legions towards the Mediterranean Sea, having first appointed his wife queen regent of Ireland and Albany. His first landing was on the Island of Sicily, which he conquered without resistance, and subsequently passed over to Africa, to the aid of the Carthaginians, who were then at war with Greece. It is said by Plutarch, that, on this occasion, one of the Corinthian Greeks addressed the opposing Carthaginians in terms of reproach for having applied for auxiliaries to the Atlantic isle, beyond Hercules' Pillars; that is, beyond the Straits of Gibraltar; for history admits that the Carthaginians procured legions from Ireland to aid them in their wars against the Greeks and Romans. The *sacra cohors*, or sacred cohorts, mentioned by *Diodorus* the Sicilian, *Curtius*, and others, were the Irish legions, Ireland having been then as I have shown, named "sacred isle," and her armies "sacred cohorts."

Prince *Jughainé* was saluted "monarch of Ireland and Albany, and of all the Western Isles of Europe," by his admiring allies in Gaul and the countries within the waters of the Mediterranean Sea. If it were not that the Romans, who imitated the Greeks in this custom, invariably destroyed the records of the nations they conquered, obliterating their languages and letters, and compelling them to speak and write in their own, it is certain the Carthaginian records would have supplied us with many testamentary facts connected with the military prowess of our ancestors, who, being the descendants, were ever after, until Carthage was destroyed, the firm allies of the Carthaginians.



That the Carthaginians were a learned and most powerful people, will not be disputed, and that the ancient Irish spoke the same language, used the same weapons, and observed the same religious and social customs and laws, and practised the same military discipline, prove that an intimate connection subsisted between these two nations. It is confidently affirmed that an Irish legion formed part of Hannibal's invading army, which crossed over the Alps into the plains of Italy, and approached towards the very gates of Rome, and would have then conquered the eternal city, had not the Carthaginian politicians betrayed Hannibal, and abandoned him to his enemies, even in the midst of his victorious career. In after ages, Irish swords were found in Italy, in the very track of Hannibal's army !

The monarch *Jughainé* had twenty-five children, of whom twenty-two were sons. He divided the kingdom into twenty-two parts, and set a son to govern each district, from which taxes for the national exigencies were derived. This system of taxation continued for three hundred years. He reigned thirty years, but was inhumanly murdered by his brother, who, however, was permitted to reign only a day and a half; for the second son of the murdered prince rose up with a great force against the usurper, ere he had time to sink the iniquitous roots of his power in the earth. He was destroyed, and from one foul act many more have flowed; for the young and victorious *Loaghairé* the Second excited enmity, which produced his own fall. He and his eldest son were both murdered by aspirants for the diadem. A younger child of this prince escaped the slaughter, and was sent by his friends to the residence of the king of Munster.

Maon, the child thus sent to the hospitable palace of the king of Munster, afterwards passed, for greater safety, over to the Gauls, amongst whom he rose to the dignity and command of a general, signalizing himself in all their wars. Whilst a youth in the palace of the king of Munster, he prepossessed the daughter of that prince in his favor; and she, faithful to his interest, when an opportunity arrived for the resumption of his father's throne, sent a favorite bard to the court of the French king, who sought the exiled prince, and sung to him a poem, beautiful in conception and composition, urging his immediate return. *Maon* was fired by the passion of love and glory; he prevailed on the French king to give him legions; he returned, landed an army in Wicklow, marched directly to the court of the usurper, and put him and the chief men of his court to death. The circumstance is described at length in my lecture on music, page 187, where, also, will

be found the ode composed by Moriat. This revolution is attested by O'Halloran, Warner, M'Dermott, Lynch, and others.

About three hundred years before the Christian era, *Aongus the Second* reigned as monarch of Ireland for eighteen years; during which, says the "Book of Reigns," "he led his victorious armies against the Greeks, and was saluted as conqueror of Greece."

"When we compare this relation," says O'Halloran, "with the accounts given us by Greek and Roman writers of the irruption of the Gauls into Greece, and note how exactly the reign of Aongus accords with the time of this remarkable invasion, we must, I apprehend, be convinced that our annals deserve the highest credit."

The great fact stands out, in all these events, that the Irish were not idle spectators of the wars that were kept up between the rival nations of Carthage (Phœnicia) and Greece, or her eldest-born, *Rome*. The Carthaginians obtained constant aid from the Irish monarch; this is attested by Greek, Roman, and Irish historians, in numberless instances. Seven princes reigned in succession after Aongus, over a space of ninety years, during which period, nothing beyond the average events occurred. At length we light on the reign of *Aongus the Third*, who, like his predecessors, distinguished himself in those foreign wars. We are told that, on his return covered with glory, he revelled in excess, and violated the chastity of his daughter, by whom he had a son: for this he obtained the name of *Tuirmheách*, or the *Shameful*, which proves that, even before the introduction of Christianity, the ancient Irish were distinguished for their moral sensibilities—as high an argument as can be adduced in support of their refined civilization.

To conceal this crime, the infant was put into an open boat, and sent down the current of a river, to sink or swim, as it pleased the fates; but the child was found by fishermen, and, having been clothed in purple, which denoted its royal origin, he was put to nurse, and denominated FEAR-MARA, or the Sea-Man. And as, from this providentially-saved child, by the female side, a long line of monarchs have descended, it may be proper to dwell a little upon his history.

When preserved thus by the interposition of the fates, and brought back *a man* to the palace, his father, the king, granted him large possessions in Ulster; and, as we shall see hereafter, many of his descendants became kings of Munster, and some of them monarchs of Ireland. These descendants became, in the progress of ages, kings also of Scotland.

“From the posterity of this prince, whose name, *Fiacha Fearnara*,” says the English *Warner*, “thus exposed to almost certain destruction, either by famine or the waters, came the royal line of Scotland — the progenitors, on the British side, of our present monarch.” The families of the O’Connors, O’Connells, M’Dermotts, O’Tooles, M’Loughlins, O’Farrels, O’Dwyers, O’Ryans, and Murphies, are all descended from this prince, and are the proudest names that illuminate the annals of Ireland. From the same line was descended the O’Connors of Kerry and Sligo. Roderick O’Connor was directly descended from Feargus M’Roy, king of Ulster, by the famous *Queen Meibhe*.

*Aongus* was succeeded by *Connall Callam*, and he again by *Seamhuin*, and he by several other princes, whose warlike achievements are dwelt upon by the old writers with an enthusiasm which shows that the men of the olden days delighted much in feats of arms. I pass over a period of one hundred and sixty years, during which no organic change took place, though several princes reigned.

Ireland was divided into five provinces by *Eochaidh* the Ninth, about one hundred years before the nativity of our Redeemer, viz., Munster, Leinster, Connaught, Ulster, and Meath. Meath was fixed on to be the domain of the reigning monarch, — as the District of Columbia is the residence of the president of the United States. *Meath* then comprehended an area of seventy square miles. It was divided, in Henry the Eighth’s time, into Meath and West Meath. Previous to the reign of *Eochaidh*, the province of Connaught had continued to be governed by one of the princes of the Danaans, who were the earliest settlers on the island. This prince, by considerable address, and by proposing to remove the seat of legislation from Tara to a more central spot in the island, or to the plains of Connaught, obtained great popularity in that province. He built a splendid palace in Cruighain, a part of Connaught celebrated for its great cave and Druidical mysteries, and he called it *Rath Eochaidh*, or *Eochaidh’s* palace. He gave his daughter, *Meibhe*, to the Connaught prince in marriage, and, he dying, this princess reigned alone, under the protection, for a time, of her father; and finally her administration secured her the allegiance of the province, though her reign was contrary to the national laws, which forbade a woman to sway the sceptre.

It appears this princess indulged in the enjoyment of an illicit passion with Connor, the young prince of Ulster, by whom she had three sons. Charles O’Connor thus notices their pedigree: “Roderick O’Connor was directly descended from Feargus M’Roy, [son of

the king,] king of Ulster, by the famous Meibhe, queen of Connaught. From this source also sprang the O'Connors of Corcomrve, as well as those of Roscommon."

Her palace was one of great splendor, and was celebrated in the days of St. Patrick as one of the royal houses of Loaghaire. She interfered in the discussion of the estates on the affairs of the nation, and, in a speech remarkable for force and beauty, urged her followers to battle in defence of their ancient rights. Some bloody battles were fought between the Connaught and the Ulster knights. In these battles, Queen *Meibhe* appeared in person, animating her soldiers, and inspiring them to extraordinary deeds of valor.

This extraordinary woman was killed at the advanced age of one hundred and ten, by a stone hurled from the sling of one of her Ulster foes, while bathing, on a summer's morning, in Loch Ribb. He had practised with the sling for some time previous, in order to gain a correct aim.

About this time, the bards and literati had swelled to a very inconvenient number, and their insolence and rapacity excited the indignant hostility of the great body of the people. (On this topic see section on the bards, pages 159, 160.) An insurrection having been generated by their exactions and insolence, a great body of them fled to Ulster, where they were received, and protected, and entertained, to the number of one thousand, for seven years, by Connor, the prince of Ulster, and the historian of the age. By the management and address of this prince, he had the number of the *ollamhs*, or doctors of learning, reduced, as in the days of Fodhla, to two hundred.

It was in those days that regulations for the interment of the dead were first recorded. It was decreed that the head of the deceased should be placed to the west, the feet to the east, and a *leacht*, or monument of stone, raised over all. Some of the knights had graves dug,—the bottom of smooth marble, the sides built with brick and cement, in the form of a modern coffin, and so formed that, at top, a large stone exactly fitted it, and left no room for dust or worms to creep in. In this the corpse was laid, with his armor on him, and his sword by his side. Inscriptions were raised round the mouths of the coffins, and the beauty of the letters proclaim, at this day, the skill of the sculptors. Many such are to be seen at present, in several parts of Ireland.

In the famous battle of Murthemne, on *Cuchullin's* being mortally wounded, he directs his charioteer "to carry him to yonder *carruig*, [a large stone placed on one end,] to place his body standing against it, his



sword in his hand, his shield raised up, and his two spears by his left side." The renowned hero *Eogan*, slain in the battle of Lena, was laid out completely armed in the same manner. The following translation from an Irish verse in the history of this battle shows *Eogan* : —

"Placed erect,  
His lance by his shoulder,  
His helmet on his head, his coat  
Of mail on his body,  
And his sword in his hand."

At the royal palace of Cruachan, in the county of Roscommon, in Connaught, there was a celebrated cemetery, established for the reception of the dead — a modern Westminster Abbey : it was called the *hill of graves*. Here the kings and princes of the blood were buried. Dathy was the last of the pagan monarchs buried there. In after ages, golden shields, and golden crowns, and helmets, were found in this place, also golden urns, and other precious evidences of the grandeur of the past ages.

By several accounts of the battles of those times, we learn that surgery was made the special study of some branches of the learned professions, or *ollamhs*. But the practice of physic and surgery, like other learned branches, in remote ages, was kept in certain families, and transmitted to their descendants as hereditary rights. The military surgeons were deemed the most skilful, and those belonging to the royal militia the best of all. It was a common saying then, in reference to a person that was dying, or despaired of, that "all the physicians of the royal militia would not raise him."

Having arrived at that age in the history of Ireland when the feats of chivalry became more intimately interwoven in the social and political institutions of the people, this may be a proper place to consider the origin and nature of practices that, in after ages, engrossed so much of the mind of the most polished and learned people of Europe. So extremely ancient have the institutions of chivalry been in Ireland, that the most learned historians know not where to fix their origin. Unfortunately for letters, the early histories of the Gauls and Britons, and of every other nation subdued by the Romans, are lost. The Romans proved themselves every where as much the enemies of science and letters as of the liberties of mankind. In *Selden's* Titles of Honor, an English work of authority, it is settled that the order of knighthood took *not* its rise in Rome.

Ireland, however, having ever preserved her freedom from the universal yoke of Rome, her history is plainly the *only* key to the laws and customs of the ancient Celtæ.

We find our ancestors, in Phœnicia and Egypt, attributed the first civil reformation of the people to the *curetes*, or knights; and *curetes* is, to this day, the Irish name of a knight, and *cure* the French name for a pastor. Cæsar, in his Commentaries, describes the Gaulish knights, and says they were the second order in the state; and, as the ancient Irish and Gauls were the allies of each other against the common foe *Rome*, it is most natural to conclude that, from the constant intercourse kept up between both people, the social, political, and warlike customs of one nation would be adopted and practised by the other. The order of knighthood was known in Ireland from the days of Ollamh Fodhla; for we find them a distinct class, taking part in the legislative deliberations of Tara more than eight hundred years before the Christian era. There were five equestrian orders in Ireland. The first was the *Niagh Nase*, or knights of the golden collar; and this order was peculiar to the blood royal, as without it no prince could presume to become candidate for the monarchy.

In the fourth century of the Christian era, when *Eochaidh*, king of Leinster, seized the palace of Tara, previous to the election of the monarch, the Druids, and doctors, and lawyers, remonstrated against the illegality of the act, as he was unfitted to become even a candidate for the throne, inasmuch as he had not yet received the *gradth-gaiuge*, or the order of chivalry; upon which he relinquished his claim, and surrendered the palace to *Nial the Grand*. Of the other orders, there were the *Curaithe na Craobh-Ruadh*, or the red branch knights of Ulster; the *Clana Deagha*, or Munster knights; the Leinster knights were called *Clana Baoisgne*; the knights of Connaught were of the old *Danaan* race, and yielded not the palm in courage or discipline to any heroes in Europe. Each of these classes of warriors had peculiar "arms," or signs, on their helmets and banners, that they might be known on the field of battle by their friends. This was the origin of heraldry, and orders of nobility, so much prized by the aristocracy of Europe. The rank these knights held was very early settled, for they preceded all orders in the state, except the *ollamhs*, or doctors in different sciences, and the blood royal. By the law of colors already explained, knights were allowed five colors in their clothes. In two centuries nearer to us, they were allowed, by law, silver shields and targets, and the privilege of fighting in chariots, which was previously

the privilege only of the blood royal, or of generals. In subsequent reigns, it was decreed that the knights should wear a *torquis*, or collar, of gold, pendulous from the neck. And this last, *Strabo* and *Livy*, the Roman historians, say, was constantly worn by the knights of Gaul. Not only their rank was ascertained, but the utmost care was taken of their education, and their military regulations.

Academies, at the national expense, were founded for them at Tara in Meath, Emania in Armagh, Cashell in the south, Chruachan in Connaught, and Naas in Leinster. These schools were like the military school of West Point, or the military academies of France or England. The candidates were entered at seven years of age, when slender lances were put into their hands, and a sword by their sides. From this to fourteen, they were instructed in letters and military discipline, when they took their first vows. They were now exercised every day in casting a javelin at a mark; at which, in time, they became so expert, that they could with certainty transfix an enemy, if within their reach. The *cran tubal*, or sling, was another instrument with which they hurled death around with wonderful precision. At the use of the sword and target, they were uncommonly skilful, and they fought on foot, on horseback, or in chariots, according to circumstances. At eighteen, they took their last vows; and, from the accounts of this order of men still preserved, we are surprised at the elevation of their sentiments. To swear by their knighthood was the most sacred oath, for it reminded them of all their vows.

At the battle of Ventry, in Kerry, one of the knights in *Fion's* army swore in the following translated words: "I affirm on my word, and on the arms of chivalry"—an oath which no one of them was ever known to break. At the battle of Murtheimhne, fought before the incarnation, in the north of Ireland, when Cuchullin is advised by his officers against fighting the imperial army, he at length cries out, "Since the days that my first arms were put into my hands, [that is, since I received the order of knighthood,] I have not declined a battle, nor shall I this." Their common saying was, *Ish fear bleath na seagh hail*—"Glory is preferable to life."

Before the battle of *Maigh-Lena*, in the King's county, fought in the second century of the Christian era, it was proposed, by some officers of the imperial militia of Ireland, to attack and surprise the troops of Munster at night; to which *Gaull*, the son of *Morni*, general-in-chief of the Connaught knights, thus replied: "On the day that I received

the honor of knighthood, I vowed never to attack an enemy at night, by surprise, or under any kind of disadvantage ;” and accordingly this noble commander refused to lead out his troops till the day had dawned. The general mode of challenge between the Irish knights, in practice in those ages, was this : In every military academy, before the great court, a coat of mail and a shield were suspended under a handsome arch, to denote them always ready for battle. At all public festivals, and particularly when the young knights took their last vows, numbers repaired to the scene of action to witness the ceremony. Such foreign knights as chose to enter the lists, struck the shield three times with their lances, when each cried out, *Sgreadaim sgiath* and *sarim compach*—that is, “Strike the shield *and* demand the fight.” Their names, quality, and proofs of knighthood were then demanded, and the terms of the tournament adjusted.

Mr. O'Halloran goes into proof, at length, to show that the Gauls and Romans borrowed their orders of knighthood and heraldry from the Irish ; for the custom of obliging all candidates for the monarchy to be knights of the highest military order, which we see adopted in the tenth and twelfth centuries of Christianity throughout Europe, was observed in Ireland previous to the Christian era. Our histories of chivalry, yet well preserved, tell us that the knights of Ireland, in very early days, frequently traversed the continent of Europe in quest of adventure, where they gained glory and honor. And so celebrated were they in Europe, that they were called, by way of preëminence, *the heroes of the Western Isle*. Harris says, “The French had no regular body of men charged with the care of armories, processions, and ceremonies, until A. D. 1031, when we find mention, in their chronicles, of *Robert Daupin*, as their first king at arms. In England, it does not appear that any such officer as the herald was ever employed on missions by William the Conqueror, or either of his sons ; and it was half a century after the invasion of Ireland, that the office was introduced among the English warriors, who, no doubt, *took their original idea of it from the Irish princes*.” Dr. Warner (English authority) says, “It must be confessed that this was a period of great military renown in Irish history ; for here were three principal orders of knights at that time, who were not only accounted the greatest men of the age by their own provinces, but were so confessed by all the nations of the western world. We are told that their valor, their strength, and the largeness of their stature, (being the picked men of the nation,) were the wonder of the



surrounding countries; and that their exploits are not to be paralleled in history." It was one of the principal customs of the ancient Irish to train up their youth to a military life, that they might either defend their country in times of distress, or carry the fame of their arms abroad." Add to this what *Llhuïd*, an old Welsh historian, has long since demonstrated, viz., that the names of the principal commanders who opposed *Cæsar* in Britain are pure Irish, Latinized. Can we suppose that those whom we saw so manfully assist the Carthaginians and Gauls, in their struggles with the Romans, would remain idle spectators when the Romans were approaching so near their own homes? Certainly not. And I shall show, in the course of these lectures, that with the aid of Irish legions, led by the great Irish heroes and generals, *Nial* and *Dathy*, the Romans were finally driven out of England, in some four hundred years later than the period I am now treating of. And the same generals and Irish legions, or *cohorts*, chased the Roman force to the very foot of the Alps. As the name of the valiant CUCHULLIN has frequently appeared in the songs of our bards, I deem it appropriate to insert here an account of the battle at which he fell, which was, unhappily, between the native princes of Ireland, and grew from the claims of the rival houses of Heber, Heremon, and Ir, to the chief government of the nation. I take the account from Pepper, whose own soul seemed to have imbibed the spirit of the heroes he so eloquently describes.

"The allied army encamped in Ardee, which was then called *Baile na Riog*, or the 'Town of the Kings,' which is still its Irish appellation. Here Fergus and the other chiefs wished to bring the Ultonians to battle, and, with this intent, they raised fortifications on the banks of the River Dee, a deep and rapid stream, that rises from a small lake in the county of Meath, five miles north-west from Ardee, and, after passing through that town and Dunleer, and receiving, in its course, the waters of several tributary rivulets, falls into the sea at Annagassin, in the county of Louth, at the distance of fifteen miles from its original source. The rath, or mound, which the Connacians then erected adjoining Ardee, is one of the most majestic, elevated, and extensive piles of earth and stone in Ireland.

"Connor, in the mean time, made a vigorous preparation to oppose the meditated attack of the approaching foe, and happily succeeded, by his artifice and address, in appeasing the resentment of the hero Cuchullin, and in persuading him to take the chief command of the Ultonian army, then encamped at Dundalk. The very name of this chief of the *Craob-rogh*, or the knights of the Red-wreath, was a 'tower of strength'

to Connor's forces. Notwithstanding that Cuchullin could never forget nor forgive the baseness and cruelty of the king of Ulster to his relatives, he still was impelled to assume the command of the army, not only by the desire of glory, but by the craving of revenge; for, in a former war between the Connacians and Ultonians, Lugha, the champion of Munster, had killed his father. The Ultonian general had strict orders to remain on the defensive at Dundéalgan, (Dundalk,) until he should be reënforced by a legion, under Connal Cearnach, that was daily expected to return from an expedition to Britain. The Connacians, aware of their numerical superiority, did every thing which artifice could suggest to force Cuchullin to a battle. They abandoned their entrenched camp at Ardee, and took up a position on an eminence at *Muirthimme*, (Mullacrew,) four miles northward of their former camp, and in the immediate vicinity of *Caislean na Calga*, or Galga Castle, the patrimonial residence of the Ultonian general. This movement compelled Cuchullin to extend the right wing of his army to a height now called Ard Patrick, or the Hill of Patrick. The two armies approximated so close, that it was impossible, in consequence, to avoid a battle. The Ultonian chief, however, notwithstanding his fiery valor and impetuous courage, wished to decline coming to action, until the arrival of his gallant colleague, Connal. But Fergus and Lugha caused trumpeters to approach Cuchullin's camp, in order to mock and deride them, and by this means provoke him to join battle with them. These insults had the desired effect; for they irritated the brave hero of Ulster, who, impatient to avenge them, issued the signal for the attack on the Connacian camp. At that moment, when his military passion reached the acme of enthusiasm, some of his officers endeavored to persuade him to postpone the action for a day. He indignantly retorted, 'What! are we to fear their superior numbers? No! their defeat will be more glorious to the Ulster arms. I to shrink, like a dastard, from the face of the vaunting foe! O, never! Since my first arms were put into my hands, I have never declined a battle, nor shall I this. If I am to fall under the spear of Lugha, I shall fall like my heroic sire, covered with a warrior's glory, and with a spotless fame, worthy of being embalmed in the song of Erin's bards.' The onset was as dreadful as it was desperate; resentment and implacable rage burned in every breast, and rendered the conflict of the belligerents sanguinary and fierce beyond any former example on record. Cuchullin's war chariot, like the red thunderbolt felling the trees of the forest, flew through an avenue studded by uplifted battle-axes, and paved with dead bodies. To stop this fiery car of

carnage, which rolled through the Connacians as irresistible as the head-long torrent of burning lava when sweeping down the rocky declivities of *Ætna*, was an achievement that none except *Lugha* had the daring courage to attempt. The Munster champion bravely resolved to cross his blood-flowing path, and arrest his destructive career, or nobly die in the glorious attempt. Our ancient historians compared the collision of the war-cars of *Lugha* and *Cuchullin* to that of two huge rocks of flame, thrown in contact by a violent volcanic concussion. The combatants fought with a force and a fury which astounded the contending armies. It was a murderous conflict of two enraged giants, each of whom was at once fired with the desire of vengeance and glory. After fighting from noon to dusk with unexampled bravery and unshaken resolution, *Lugha* succeeded in piercing the heart of the Ultonian champion with his javelin. Thus fell the renowned champion of Ulster, a hero whose exploits have been the theme of countless songs and stories of Irish and Scottish writers."

## THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

BY LOVER.

*A Four-leaved Shamrock is supposed to endue the finder with magic power.*

MODERATO.

1. I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock In all the fair-y

dells; And if I find the charmed leaves, O,

how I'll weave my spells! I would not waste my

mag - ic might On diamond, pearl, or gold; For

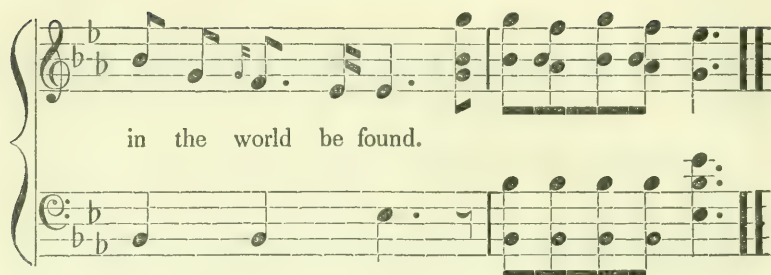


treasures tire the wea-ry sense ; Such triumph is but

cold. But I would play th' enchanter's part, In

cast - ing bliss around : O, not a tear, nor

ach - ing heart, Should in the world be found, Should



## 2.

To worth I would give honor;  
 I'd dry the mourner's tears;  
 And, to the pallid lip, recall  
 The smile of happier years.  
 And hearts that had been long estranged,  
 And friends that had grown cold,  
 Should meet again, like parted streams,  
 And mingle as of old.  
 O, thus I'd play th' enchanter's part;  
 Thus scatter bliss around;  
 And not a tear, nor aching heart,  
 Should in the world be found,—  
 Should in the world, &c.

## 3.

The heart that had been mourning  
 O'er vanished dreams of love,  
 Should see them all returning,  
 Like Noah's faithful dove!  
 And Hope should launch her blessed bark  
 On Sorrow's dark'ning sea;  
 And Misery's children have an ark,  
 And saved from sinking be.  
 O, thus I'd play th' enchanter's part;  
 Thus scatter bliss around;  
 And not a tear, nor aching heart,  
 Should in the world be found,—  
 Should in the world, &c.

## O PATRICK, FLY FROM ME.

§

1. O Pat - rick, fly from me, Or we are

lost for - ev - - er! O Fortune, kind - er

be, Nor thus our true hearts sev - - er.

My mother scolds me o'er and o'er, With lessons

cold and end - less; It on - ly makes me love him

more, Be - cause he's poor and friend - less.

## 2.

And then to me my Patrick says,  
 'Tis true, he has not riches;  
 But that love they little prize,  
 Whom gold so much bewitches.  
 He tells me—but, ah me! I fear  
 Lest I from duty falter;  
 I wish he could as soon persuade  
 The mother as the daughter.  
 O Patrick, fly from me,  
 Or we are lost forever!  
 O Fortune, kinder be,  
 Nor thus our true hearts sever.



## LECTURE VIII.

### FROM THE BIRTH OF CHRIST TO A. D. 141.

Names and Titles of the forty-three Kings who reigned in Ireland during the six hundred Years preceding the Birth of Christ. — Comparison with the Reigns of sixty-four Roman Emperors; with the Saxon Kings; with the Scotch. — Character of the civil Wars among the Irish Chiefs. — Julius Cæsar. — His Invasion of Britain. — His Character of the ancient Britons. — Traffic of the Britons carried on in Irish Ships. — Irish, Welsh, and British Druids meet in Mona's Isle. — Agricola invades Britain. — Reigns of the Irish Monarchs. — *Conaire*. — *Connor* of the red Eyebrows. — *Criomphthon*. — His Invasion of Britain, and Victory over the Romans. — *Cairbre* the Usurper. — *MORAN* the Just. — Appointed chief Judge. — *Moran's* Collar. — *Moran's* Purity. — Lord Norbury and other Judges unlike him. — *Tuathal*. — Agricola, the Roman General, prosecutes the Conquest of Britain. — Is met at the Grampian Hills by Irish Legions under *Gealta Gooth*. — Erection of the Roman Wall by Adrian and Severus. — The Wall erected to keep out the Irish and Picts. — Customs and Games of the Irish. — Baal Fires. — Brilliant Fêtes of the Monarch *Tuathal*. — Horse Racing. — Charioteering. — Marriages. — Feats of the Knights. — Marriage Ceremonies. — Amphitheatres in Meath. — Architecture of the Ancient Irish. — Appeal to Irishmen on the Education of their Children. — History of Ireland forms no Part of modern School Study. — Comparison between Irish and Roman Customs. — Roman Exercises. — Scipio's Feats. — Exhibition of Beasts fighting. — Claudian's Description of the Beasts. — The Circus. — Sea Monsters introduced. — The Gladiators. — Female Gladiators. — Knights and free Citizens become Gladiators. — The Senators and Patricians become Gladiators. — Ladies enter the Circus to fight each other, and to fight with the Beasts. — Roman Gentry traded in the Virtue of their Wives. — Dreadful Ferocity of the Roman People. — Shed Rivers of Blood in opposing Christianity. — Ridiculous Superstitions of the Romans. — The History of Rome is given to our Youth, and that of Ireland excluded. — The splendid Reign of *Tuathal* continued. — Provincial Assemblies. — Regulations to encourage Arts and Manufactures. — Commerce of ancient Ireland very considerable. — *Tuathal's* Address to the National Assembly. — Great Expedition against the Romans, under *Gealta Gooth*. — Defeats them in two pitched Battles. — Pauses in Obedience to Instructions from the King and Parliament. — Marriage and tragic Death of *Tuathal's* two Daughters. — The Monarch marks out Leinster for Destruction. — Origin of the Leinster Tribute. — A Revolt, and Death of *Tuathal*. — Flight of his Son to the Picts. — His Return and Victory over the Usurper

HAVING presented to the reader the *principal* events of Irish history for a period of six hundred years, since I took up the chain at the death of *Ollamh*, omitting many vivid accounts of battles, court intrigues, love affairs, which are so like each other, and so little instructive, that I expect to be pardoned for dashing on rapidly over *centuries*, merely noting the chief organic changes, and characteristic acts of the several ages through which I pass; I now give a catalogue of the kings, whose principal deeds I have noticed in the preceding pages, who succeeded

Lughaidh, from six hundred years before Christ to the fifth year of the Christian era, viz.: *Siorlaimh, Eochaidh V., Eochaidh VI., Conning, Art II., Fiacha, Olioll, Airgeadmher, Eochaidh VII., Lughaidh III., Aodh-Dithorba, Ciombaoith, Queen Macha, Reachta, or Righ Dherg, Jughaine the Great, Laoghaire II., Mahon, Meilge, Modh Chorb, Aongus II., Jurero, Fearchorb, Conla, Olioll III., Adamar, Eochaidh VIII., Feargus, Aongus III., Connall, Niadh, Eanda, Criomthean, Ruighruidhe, Jonadhbhur, Breasal, Lughaidh IV., Duach, Fiachtna, Eochaidh IX., Eochaidh X., Eidersgeoill, Nuadhneacht*; forty-three kings, from the reign of Lughaidh II., six hundred years before the Christian era, to the fifth year of Christianity, which gives an average reign of thirteen and a half years to each. From that period to the invasion of Terjesius the Dane, there reigned sixty-one kings, in a space of seven hundred and thirty-eight years, which gives an average of twelve years to each. When this evidence of the civilization of Ireland for that period is weighed,—when it is balanced against the history of five hundred years of Rome, during the full time of the empire,—it will then be seen to which of those people the palm of approbation ought to be adjudged. From the time of Julius Cæsar to that of Augustulus, anno 475, about five hundred years, there reigned sixty-four emperors over Rome. Their reigns averaged but eight years for each. Forty-six of these emperors were monsters of crime and vice; thirty-three of them were murdered; seven were assassinated or poisoned, one strangled; two fell by their own hands; one was burnt, and one was drowned; and nineteen only died natural deaths.

If we turn our eyes to England, we will find that twenty-eight kings of the Saxon heptarchy were murdered in a period of three hundred and fifty years. Robertson says of the Scotch kings and nobles, they were revengeful. Of six successive princes, from Robert the Third to James the Sixth, not one died a natural death. The wars and kingly murders that grew from the English factions of the white and red roses, only three or four centuries past, are sufficiently bloody and treacherous to keep the tongues of Englishmen quiet on topics like these.

It is unfortunately true that the warlike propensities of the Irish led them into hostile conflicts with each other, when the more exciting enterprise of foreign wars did not call their princes from their own country. Taught, from youth upwards, to esteem personal bravery and military exploit as the very climax of human excellence, they resented insults, and settled disputes about territory, on the field of combat. Still, in

those deplorable conflicts, a code of laws was observed by the most deadly opponents, which proved how sensibly alive they must have been to that principle of human action called *honor*, whose root is justice, and whose nourishing fluid is tenderness and exalted human feeling. In the hottest period of battle, if the attending bards or heralds, on either side, shook the "*chain of silence*," there was an instantaneous suspension of the war, and the voice of negotiation was listened to. The combatants were frequently induced to retire to their respective homes by the songs of bards, and seldom or never have they been known to take unfair advantage of each other. Those internal battles, however, were most generally maintained with terrible resolution on both sides. The idea of *retreating* never entered into the heads of any party. The absorbing, impelling sentiment that enwrapped the nation, directed them to die on the field or conquer their opponents. The princes who instigated and led those warrior legions to the field, deemed it so great a disgrace to survive the loss of a vital or pitched battle, that, when they saw, towards the conclusion, their hopes and soldiers die away, they *invariably* plunged into the thickest of the contest, and fell fighting by the sides of the remnant of their followers. The whole history of Ireland presents but *one* exception to this general practice—that of Malachy II., anno 1010, who survived the loss of his diadem. Had Napoleon died, with his sword in hand, resisting his enemies at the gates of Paris, instead of on the rock of St. Helena, how much more brilliant would his fame have shone in the eyes of the military world than it now does!—As to the *political* equity of Napoleon, I hold an opinion on it different from those who cry him up a genuine lover and distributor of human liberty, which shall be expressed in its place.

With all their faults, the ancient Irish strictly revered the most sacred laws of honor. Contests were frequently decided by the single combat of the contending princes, who put their claims upon the issue of their personal bravery and skill, whilst the contending armies on either side paused in their work of death, and gazed upon the vital combat of their respective chiefs. Great was the glory of the victor. Frequently a diadem and a principality awaited his triumph. The opposing armies joined together, forgot their former feuds, and mutually partook of hospitality, whilst the processions of the victor to his palace, whether maintained or acquired on the field of honor, were swelled by his former enemies as well as friends, and were attended by a pomp and circumstance to which modern days afford no parallel.

On this feature in their character, the eloquent Phillips has founded the

following stanza in his beautiful song of "Cushlamachree," which is printed, with the music, in the beginning of this work : —

"Thy sons they are brave; but, the battle once over,  
In brotherly love with their foes they agree."

We have now arrived at that era in the world's history marked by the birth of a Savior. Rome had risen to the meridian of her power. *Julius Cæsar*, as her general, had conquered more than half the then known world. He had subjected many of the civilized and barbarous nations of the earth to his sway, and compelled them to pay tribute to the Roman aristocracy. After his conquest of Gaul, Spain, Africa, Egypt, Pontus, and some other states of lesser note, he had carried before him, in his triumphal procession into Rome, vessels of gold and silver, computed by modern authors to be worth *twelve millions pounds sterling*, or *sixty millions of dollars*, — together with eighteen hundred and twenty-two golden diadems, weighing *fifteen thousand and twenty-three pounds weight*. All these were put into the Roman treasury, as spoils to the republic, independent of the booty he brought home for himself. In addition to all these, the profusion of jewels, paintings, and other rich and valuable curiosities, swelled his spoils to an incredible amount.

Elated with this success, he sought the shores of Britain, to add it to his conquests. According to his own account, he landed on the shores of Britain, near Dover, on the 26th of August, fifty-five years before the birth of Christ. He soon overcame the feeble resistance of scattered and undisciplined tribes. He describes the inhabitants as divided into forty tribes, each living in a state of independence of the other. Those in the southern parts, who appeared to be emigrants from Belgic Gaul, were the most civilized. They had made some progress in agriculture and the arts of life. The rest maintained themselves by pasture, were clothed with the skins of beasts, painted their bodies, and were constantly shifting their habitations, either in search of food or to annoy or avoid their enemies. They had no other laws than the will of their chiefs.

Cæsar returned to the continent after establishing a temporary government in Britain, in the name of Rome; but was obliged to go back the next year to quell the insurrections of the northern Picts. In this he succeeded, having landed, from a fleet of eight hundred ships, an immense army, with which he overran a great portion of Britain. But the foot of a hostile Roman soldier never polluted Ireland, and consequent



events, well attested by Roman and English history, will tell the reason why.

On Cæsar's return, he sent over lawgivers to England, and pursued, as did succeeding governors, a conciliatory policy. The laws of Rome were partly adopted in the south of Britain, but rejected towards the north. The only thing the Britons, at this time, shipped to other countries, according to Cæsar, was *tin*, which, it appears, the Phœnicians obtained from the British mines in Cornwall; but as the Britons, according to Tacitus, had no ships at this time, this traffic was carried on in *Irish vessels*—an important admission, which is made by the Roman historian in his *Life of Agricola*. Britain remained in this condition for ninety years, during which no Roman general approached the country. In the forty-sixth year of the Christian era, *Plautius*, a Roman general, landed in Kent, and advanced to the Thames, which he passed, and fought three great battles with the Britons, whom he defeated near Oxfordshire. In five years afterwards, the Roman general *Paulinus* arrived in Britain, and found, that in *Mona's Isle*, now called the Isle of Anglesey, (separated from the main land in Wales merely by a river, over which the greatest suspension bridge in the world now hangs, namely, the *Menai* bridge,) was congregated an immense number of Irish knights, Britons, Welsh, Druids, and bards, who opposed his progress. In this isle there was established a sacred seat of Druidism, to which the Druids of Ireland used to repair to mingle their peculiar ceremonies with those of their brethren of Wales and other parts of Britain.

The Roman general met with great resistance here, and he bent his whole force to the destruction of the religious and military congregations on the island. It was here the Irish allies were accustomed to land from Wexford. The Roman general laid siege to this place, and finally destroyed the fortifications, together with the Druidical altars, and then erected a fort of great strength, leaving behind him a strong garrison, to drive off auxiliaries who might approach from Ireland.

In twenty years afterwards, we find *Julius Agricola*, the Roman general, employed in *retaking* Mona's Island, which proves that this was the battle-ground between the Irish allies of Britain and the Roman legions.

Returning to my narrative of Ireland, we find *Conaire*, in the first years of the Christian era, monarch of Ireland. He belonged to the family from which the *Patrida* of Scotland descended, and from whom

her present majesty, by the female side, claims lineage. The first act of *Conaire's* reign was an unexampled punishment on the people of Leinster for the murder of his father. He ordered that every first of November, three hundred swords mounted with gold, three hundred cows, three hundred purple cloaks, and three hundred steeds, should be delivered at his palace as an *eric* from that province, for the crime. He reigned forty years, some historians assert it to be sixty years; but during his reign the people enjoyed a perfect state of happiness. He was succeeded by *Connor* of the Red Eyebrows, and he again by *Criomthón*, who penetrated Britain with a victorious army, harassing the Roman forces, destroying their fortifications, and carrying home quantities of warlike spoils. *Criomthón* died suddenly by a fall from his horse.

A. D. 41. On the death of this prince, he was succeeded by *Cairbre*, the usurper, a prince of the *Danaan* line, from Connaught. *Cairbre* possessed shining abilities, as well as cunning and treachery. His remote ancestors were amongst the very first chiefs of the tribes who settled in Ireland, and his family, through a long course of ages, mourned the predominance of the Milesian race in the government. *Cairbre*, seeming to possess this feeling to an uncontrollable degree, conceived the daring resolution of seizing upon the sceptre by a treacherous effort. To carry this resolve into effect, he negotiated with, and secured the alliance of, some British Belgæ and Gauls, to act with the forces which his own province of Connaught afforded. He prepared for a favorable opportunity to attack the constituted authorities. It was in that moment when the throne of Ireland had become vacant by the death of the beloved *Criomthón*, when the princes and nobles of the kingdom had assembled at Tara for the purpose of electing a successor to the crown. The festive entertainments which custom had ordained, were being enjoyed. These electoral entertainments generally continued three days. *Cairbre* watched the hour of unsuspecting hilarity for his attack. Late in the night, when the princes and other authorities in the palace of Tara were stultified with wine, and relaxed with enjoyment, he and his troops, who approached by secret marches, rushed upon the devoted guests, and slaughtered all they could reach, without distinction or mercy. The sanguinary *Cairbre* was then proclaimed king by his soldiery, who compelled the terrified arch-Druid to inaugurate him as monarch, on the Stone of Destiny, with the accustomed solemnity. For five years, the full duration of his reign, he acted towards the nation with singular mildness and justice, and his son *MORAN*, the celebrated lawgiver and judge,

won the general affections of the people by his talents and unexampled equity.

On the death of Cairbre, the usurper, MORAN, the heir apparent, was proclaimed monarch of Ireland, with the usual ceremonies; but when a deputation of the national assembly waited on him with the crown, this great man declined to assume it, giving his reasons in the following memorable words:—

“I never shall wear that crown, to which I have no just right, except what I might derive from the violence that placed it on my father’s brow. Do you conceive Moran so ignoble as to accept the power which is based on such dishonorable claims? No, legislators! You wrong me when you suppose that injustice should be the foundation of my personal aggrandizement. If my own honest merits cannot secure me the applause of posterity, let my deeds rest in darkness, in oblivion.”

*Feardhach*, of the old Milesian line, was therefore called (anno 46) to the throne, and to him all parties in the state swore allegiance. MORAN was appointed chief judge of all matters in the kingdom; and, from his extraordinary wisdom and integrity, his name has passed down to us as a model for judges in all succeeding ages. The prince and the judge were worthy of each other, and, by their wisdom and equity, produced in the kingdom the most perfect state of social happiness. So great was the reputation of MORAN for wisdom and justice, that the golden collar he wore round his neck was worn by all his successors; and so wonderful were the powers attributed to it, that the people were taught to believe that whoever gave a wrong decree with this collar round his neck, was sure to be compressed by it in proportion to his deviation from the line of truth; but when the judgment given was just, it would hang loose and easy. The common people, even to this day, swear *dar-an-joadh-Mhoran*, i. e. “by the collar of Moran,” which is deemed a most solemn asseveration.

With the exception of Sir Thomas More, lord chancellor of England, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, who, according to Sir James Mackintosh, was the purest judge that appeared in England for a thousand years, we have no judge, in England or Ireland, that won such universal approbation and respect as Judge MORAN, until we come to our own days, and light on the person of the lamented Sir Michael O’Loughlin, the late Irish master of the rolls,—one who came from a line of ancestors known in Ireland a thousand years ago.

*Dr. Warner*, the English historian, says of Chief Justice Moran, “There is not in all history, as I remember, another instance of a

revolution like this, brought about by the self-denial and strength of a single man, called to the exercise of royal power through the wickedness and perfidy of his own father, divesting himself of this power, and disarming a giddy multitude, in order to establish the public tranquillity, and set the lawful heir upon the throne. Indeed, *ancient or modern history affords no parallel of such self-denial*, if we except the single instance of Lycurgus, the famous Spartan lawgiver, who, though called by general consent to the throne, on the death of his brother, no sooner heard that his sister-in-law was pregnant, than he abdicated the regal sway, and assumed merely the regency of the state."

Such, descendants of the Irish race, was Judge Moran; one who elevates your nation on the score of judicial equity to an equality with the proudest and most polished on the earth. It was much regretted, in the days of Lord Norbury, that Moran's collar could not be found to place about his neck, for it would have choked him long ere he condemned so many brave men to the block; and it would be creditable to justice, if a distinguished functionary, who figured lately in certain "state trials," had had this collar round his neck while charging the jury.

Anno 69, *Fiachadh* was proclaimed monarch of Ireland. In the same year, Vespasian was proclaimed emperor of Rome. *Fiachadh* poured forces into North Britain, and continued to resist the Roman power there. In those battles, the celebrated *Gealta Gooth*, (the *Galgacus* of Tacitus,) an Irish chieftain of those days, led over the Irish legions against the Romans, who were then sweeping the plains of Britain; but internal division, which, at that time, grew up amongst the chiefs and princes of Ireland, absorbed the national spirit, and kept back the supplies; otherwise the Roman arms might have been stemmed much sooner and much more effectually than they were.

Anno 86, we find *Fiachadh* slain in battle, and succeeded by *Elim*, who, however, was not suffered to enjoy his powers long. He was opposed by *Tuathal*, the son of the preceding monarch. *Tuathal* gathered home some of the Irish legions from North Britain, with which he attacked *Elim*, and, in eighty-five battles, won his way to the throne. Though he waded through much blood in his way to power, yet his reign was otherwise just, wise, and glorious. His first public act was a convention of the estates of Tara. Before this assembly he appeared in his place as monarch and president of their councils. He addressed them with great eloquence, pointed out the danger of divisions, and of the pretensions of so many families whose blood entitled them to



the throne, and besought them, as they valued their safety and dreaded the power of Rome, to pass an act limiting the chief monarchy to the male issue of one house. To this they agreed, and they swore fealty to the house of Heremon.

This prince revived all the wise institutions of *Ollamh Fodhla*. More lands were appropriated by the estates, or parliament, to the support of the crown and the interests of literature, and to enable the prince to support his dignity with greater splendor. These lands were called *fearon buird righ Erion*, or the mensal lands of the monarch of Ireland. The great Ollamh Fodhla, having conferred on the University of Tara the power of granting the highest degrees in literature and science, King Tuathal followed up the idea, and conferred privileges and powers on the Tara University, endowing it liberally with revenues.

A little while ago, I brought forward a view of the invading armies of Rome, penetrating Britain, attacking Mona's Island, which was then a point of great consequence, as the rendezvous of the allies of the Britons.

In the intestine struggles of Ireland, in the last and preceding reigns, a portion of the Irish forces were withdrawn from the Isle of Anglesey. *Agricola* had, therefore, the easier conquest of that important military post. And, though little or no defence had been made, yet *Tacitus* asserts, that, by its capture, *Agricola* got the name of a "most consummate general." Having obtained this important post, he swept the plains of Britain before him from the south, and was repulsed only on the gathering together of a sufficient force of Irish allies on the Grampian Hills, under *Gealta Gooth*, the Irish general. Here a desperate resistance was offered to the overwhelming legions of Rome, by the combined arms of the Irish cohorts, Picts, and North Britons; but, though *Tacitus* claims the victory of the day for his *father-in-law*, *Agricola*, yet it is quite certain that the Romans never penetrated farther. Indeed *Agricola* contented himself with erecting a chain of forts from the Clyde to Galway Frith, which divided Britain from Scotia Minor. In twenty years farther on, we find the Roman emperor, Adrian, obliged to come into Britain, to defend their possessions, which defence ended in his building a wall from Solway Frith across to the mouth of the Tyne. Again, *Severus* has, farther on, to fight for his existence against the combined forces of the Picts and Irish; and we may form some idea of the strength of his legions, when we learn that fifty thousand of them died of an epidemic,

near York, in England, whilst prosecuting his defence of the Roman conquests.

*Severus*, in the year 200 of the Christian era, builds the famous wall of stone along the line of *Adrian's* wall of clay, which divided England from Scotland. Its height was twelve feet, its breadth, at the foundation, was nine feet, and its length sixty miles. In front was a ditch eleven feet broad. And here was high and haughty Rome, compelled, by the valor of the Milesian race, to pause, and draw a limit westward to her all-conquering power. This wall yet remains above the earth, a stupendous monument, not of Roman greatness, but of Irish valor — a sort of memorial to tell the world that such a race was never destined by Heaven for slavery.

Here may be the best place to view the customs, games, and amusements, of the ancient Irish, and to make a comparison between their character and that of the Romans during parallel ages. I have already shown that the Irish worshipped *Baal*, or the sun, as the great author of nature, of heaven, and earth. It was the custom, on the eves of May and November, for the Druidical priests to light up holy or worship-fires, in honor of the sun, throughout the kingdom, when all other fires were extinguished, and not rekindled but by a torch from the chief fire of the Druids. This chief or primary fire was, by *Tuathal*, ordered to be lighted only in Tara, where it was surrounded with the utmost degree of splendor and ceremony. The fire was lighted in a shady grove, when the king, queen, princes, Druids, bards, chiefs, knights, and the multitude, were present. When the ceremony was completed, portions of this holy fire were then given to the first orders, from whose fires the others took torches, and so on the fires of the whole kingdom were lighted up. Although, at this time, we may smile at the simplicity of this custom, yet, in those days, it had a considerable influence on the people. And so difficult it is to subdue a popular custom, that, even in our days, the first of May is ushered in by the young and gay with extraordinary excitement; though the original cause for the custom is unknown to probably nine hundred in every thousand.

The object of the monarch *Tuathal* was to conduct the government of the country in a way agreeable to the taste and feelings of the people. In order to make the meetings of the gentry and chiefs more frequent, and to attach them to his person, he revived the festive meetings on the plains of Louth with uncommon splendor. Here he erected a superb pile of architecture, where he revived the great fair, to which

all the trading people of the kingdom repaired. It commenced fourteen days before the first of August, and continued fourteen days after. The amusements of horse-racing, chariotceering, feats of arms and dexterity by the knights, took place at this national gathering. Temporary amphitheatres of wood were raised for the accommodation of many thousand persons; and the ladies were, of course, assigned the best and most conspicuous places at these public entertainments. At these meetings, marriages and alliances were formed between the families of the chiefs, gentry, and distinguished orders, and every method was studied to promote exhilarating exercise, and refined and modest enjoyment.

So intent was *Tuathal* on raising the morals of his people to the highest pitch of virtuous refinement, that, to promote connubial alliances, he offered prizes to such young men as selected their wives at this great meeting. Here rival knights contended, at tilts and dexterous feats of grace and agility, for the ladies of their love; and poets sang, and rustics wrestled, to win the smiles and approbation of the fair.

The learned O'Flaherty says of these games and amusements, that the strictest order and most becoming demeanor were observed throughout: the men were placed by themselves; the ladies had a separate place assigned them in the capacious amphitheatres of oak erected for the occasion, where their parents were present, and treated about their nuptials. As soon as the match was settled, the happy youth presented a garland of roses to the elected object of his choice, and then led her forth to the Druid's altar, where the nuptial ceremony was solemnly performed by the ministering Druid. We are told, that this prince erected on the site of these festive games a Druidical cave in the earth. The ruins of this celebrated pagan abode are yet to be seen, and, say the learned *Beauford* and the Welsh antiquarian *Llhywide*, who visited the ruins, "they equal any time-honored remnant of ancient architecture, which a Palmyra or Babylon could boast." The learned Camden and Raymond, both English writers, say the same, one of whom describes this celebrated cave "as elegantly vaulted, with polished marble slabs, indented into each other — is eighty feet long, with a marble paved floor, and walls encrusted with the same material." There are *bass-relief* and *hieroglyphic* inscriptions on some of the panels, boldly sculptured. And Beauford continues his remarks in the following words: "It is a ridiculous assumption in some English writers, who, to gratify their prejudices, maintain that the ancient Irish were not eminent in architecture before the English invasion. The round towers and antique cathedrals of Cashell, Clonard, Armagh,

Ardfert, and many others, with hundreds of old abbeys and innumerable Druidical altars and caves, are testimonials in favor of the taste, the architecture, and the genius, of the ancient Irish."

Bede has honorably admitted that to Ireland his country was indebted for their naval and mural architecture. William Rufus sent into Ireland for the oak that built Westminster Abbey, over which it yet presides, a grand and solemn witness of its superiority over the oak of England. "King Alfred, who had been exiled in Ireland, on regaining possession of his kingdom, invited over Irish ship-builders, who constructed for him a large fleet. Some of the vessels then built had seventy-six oars, and were generally navigated by sixty or seventy sailors." — *Dundel's Inquiry into the Rise and Progress of the British Navy*, London edition, 1799.

Gildas, who wrote A. D. 560, says, "The Hibernians had large ships for the purposes of war, but that, in carrying on trade, they conveyed their commodities over a sea rough and tempestuous in wicker boats, encompassed with a swelling covering of ox-hides;" these were called *Curraghs*, and were noticed by Tacitus five hundred years before Gildas wrote. Gildas himself, was educated in Ireland.

We are now considering the period ranging in the first century of the Christian era, three hundred and fifty years before Ireland was yet blessed generally with the light of Christianity.

I have opened to you a view of the rational, healthful, modest, and graceful amusements practised by your ancestors — at least the ancestors of the Irish — even before the refining influence of Christian precept had added a polish and a lustre to their character. You, children of this brave, chivalrous, modest, and virtuous race! to you I now address myself. You send your youth to the schools which a liberal government has provided for their instruction; and they are directed to drink their first draughts of knowledge from the fountains of Greece, Rome, and England, whilst the country of their ancestors, containing all that is brave, beautiful, grand, learned, pious, modest, and virtuous, is totally neglected. Not even is there a history of that glorious country on your school tables. The history of the oppressor of your race is that which corrupt fashion and impure and degenerate taste direct you to peruse; whilst the wisdom of those neglected sages, saints, and heroes, of your own country is cast off, — that country, that opened its doors to the persecuted missionaries of literature, when the hurricane of human passion, which swept over Europe in the middle ages would, but for your



sainted ancestors, have extinguished every vestige of Greek, or Roman, or ancient literature.

But come now, let us examine the lessons which your youth are directed to study in the senate, in the field, and in the theatre, of the Romans, which are pretended to be so far beyond the models for study which your own neglected ancestors have left you. I have shown you the innocent, the modest, the graceful, the elegant amusements of your calumniated ancestors, on the plains of Louth, and in the palaces of Tara.

Let us now take a glance at the public amusements of the Romans, previous and subsequent to the same period, whilst both people were under the influence of Druidical or pagan worship. The feats of exercise which these heroes performed, consisted chiefly of running, leaping, swimming, throwing a stone or a javelin, or running against a horse across a plain.

It is thus the famous SCIPIO is described, in a grand gathering of the Roman people, by *Italicus*, as translated by *Dryden* : —

“Among the rest the noble chief came forth,  
And showed glad omens of his future worth.  
High o’er his head, admired by all the brave,  
He brandished in the air his threatening stave;  
Or *leaped the ditch*, or *swam* the spacious moat,  
Heavy with arms and his embroidered coat.  
Now fiery steeds, though spurred with fury on,  
On foot he *challenged*, and on foot *outrun*;  
While ’cross the plain he shaped his airy course,  
Flew to the goal, and shamed the generous horse.  
Now *ponderous stones*, well poised with both his hands,  
Above the wondering crowd unmoved he sends;  
Now ’cross the camp he aims his *ashen spear*,  
Which, o’er ten thousand heads, flies singing in the air.”

Such were the extolled exercises of SCIPIO, one of their greatest heroes. And there is nothing in the boasted feats that an Irish hero of the same age would not accomplish; and *we* could get a thousand Irish boys, of the present age, to beat *Scipio* hollow, at leaping ditches, throwing stones, or running against the swiftest horse. So much for some of the *wonderful* feats of these great models which we are to follow. Let us go farther into their delicate, polished, *ele-gant*, amusements. It was the custom of the Roman people to have periodical combats with wild beasts, got up for their amusement. The animals were brought from the most distant countries for their gratifica-

tion. There were three sorts of diversions with the beasts, all which went under the description *venatio*. The first order of the amusement was when the people were permitted to run after the beasts, and catch what they could for their own use ; the second order, when the beasts fought with one another ; and the last, when they were brought out *to engage with men*.

*Claudian*, their own poet, thus describes the animals that were collected to gratify, by their presence and their feats in the ring, the *elegant* Roman patricians : —

“ All that with potent teeth command the plain,  
All that run horrid with erected mane,  
Or proud of stately horns, or bristling hair, —  
At once the forest’s ornament and fear, —  
Torn from the deserts by the Roman power,  
Nor strength can save, nor craggy dens secure.”

The middle part of the circus was set all over with trees, removed thither by main force, and fastened to huge planks, which were laid on the ground. These, being covered with earth and turf, represented a natural forest, into which the beasts were let, from a *cave*, or dens under ground. The people, at a sign given by the emperor, fell to hunting and combating them, and carried away what they could kill to regale upon at home. Sometimes we find a tiger matched with a lion ; sometimes a lion with a bull, a bull with an elephant, a rhinoceros with a bear. But the most wonderfully surprising feature in those horrid sports was, the bringing of the sea-water into the amphitheatre, when huge sea-monsters were introduced, to combat with wild beasts. *Calphurn*, in his *Eclogues*, describes the scene thus : —

“ Nor sylvan monsters we alone have viewed ;  
But huge sea-calves, dyed red with hostile blood  
Of bears, lie floundering in the wondrous flood.”

The men who engaged with wild beasts had the common name of *bestiarii*. Some of these were condemned persons ; others hired themselves out, at a set pay, as gladiators. We find several of the nobility and gentry, many times, voluntarily undertaking a part in these encounters ; and *Juvenal* acquaints us that the *ladies* of Rome were ambitious of showing their courage on such occasions, though with the forfeiture of their modesty : —

“ Nor Mars alone his bloody arms shall wield ;  
Venus, when Cæsar bids, shall take the field —  
Not only wear the breeches, but the shield.”

“*Cum Mævia Tuscum figat aprum, et nuda teneat venabula mamma.*”

Those who coped on the ground with beasts, commonly met with a very unequal match; and their safety consisted in the nimble turning of their bodies, and leaping up and down to elude their adversary. In the show of wild beasts, exhibited by Julius Cæsar, in his third consulship, twenty elephants were opposed, in the circus, to five hundred footmen.

The first rise of the celebrated but horrible class of human beings, called *gladiators*, is accounted for by the Roman writers in this way: It was their custom to believe that the ghosts of the dead were only to be satisfied, and kept from howling abroad, by the sacrifice of human blood. At first they used to buy captives and slaves, whom they butchered and offered up at these obsequies; afterwards they contrived to veil over their impious barbarity with the specious show of pleasure and voluntary combat. And therefore, on the day appointed for the sacrifices to the departed ghosts, they obliged the captives to engage in mortal combat with each other, at the tombs of the chief men; and the victor who killed his opponent obtained his liberty and a reward. This shocking custom, as I shall show, grew with the growth of Rome, and strengthened with her strength, until a nation of savages was created, which swept like a curse over the face of the earth.

The first public show of gladiators, apart from the funeral rites, took place at Rome, in the consulship of Claudius, long before the Christian era. Within a little time, when they found the people exceedingly pleased with such bloody entertainments, the consuls, who courted popularity, gave them these feats of blood frequently, and they soon grew into a custom. And not only on the death of any great or rich citizen did these inhuman rites take place, but all the principal magistrates took occasion to present the people with such spectacles, in order to procure their esteem and affection. As for the emperors, it was so much their interest to ingratiate themselves with the commonalty, that they obliged them with these shows upon almost all occasions; as on their birthday, at the time of a triumph, after any signal victory, or at the consecration of any public edifice. As the occasions of these solemnities were prodigiously increased, so was the length of them, and the number of the combatants. At the first show exhibited by the family of the *Bruti*, there were only three pair of gladiators. Julius Cæsar presented three hundred and twenty pair of these fighting monsters. Titus exhibited a combat of gladiators and wild beasts which lasted a hundred days together. And *Trajan* continued

the barbarous amusement one hundred and twenty-three days, at a single show, during which he brought out a thousand pair of gladiators.

These gladiators were commonly slaves or captives; for it was an ordinary custom to sell a disobedient servant to the *lanistæ*, (master gladiators,) or their instructors, who, after they had taught them part of their skill, let them out for money at the shows. But mark! the free-men subsequently put in for a share of this honor, *to be killed in jest*, and many times offered themselves to hire for the amphitheatre—whence they had the name of the *auctorati*. Nay, the knights and noblemen, and even the senators, at length were not ashamed to take up the same profession, some to keep themselves from starving, after they had squandered away their property, and others to curry favor with the emperors. The emperor *Augustus* issued a public edict that none of the senatorian order should turn gladiators, and soon after he laid the same restraint upon the knights. Yet these prohibitions were so little regarded by succeeding emperors, that Nero brought out into one show, as gladiators, four hundred senators and six hundred of the equestrian order.

But all this will be left in the shade, when we come to a further search, and find the *very women* engaging, in the circus, as gladiators—particularly under Nero and Domitian. *Juvenal*, in his sixth satire, thus exposes their barbarous manners—translated by *Dryden*:

“Behold the strutting Amazonian there!  
She stands in guard, with her right foot before,  
Her coats tucked up, and all her motions just;  
She stamps, and then cries ‘Hah!’ at every thrust.”

And again he says,—

“O, what a decent sight ’tis to behold  
All thy wife’s magazine by auction sold—  
The belt, the crested plume, the several suits  
Of armor, and the Spanish leather boots!”

These female gladiators fought with sharp spears or swords, until the combat ended with the death of one. Some of the more daring engaged with the men, and even with the wild animals.—The Roman senators traded in the virtue and in the persons of their wives; it was common for these *noble* Romans to let out their wives for one, two, or three years, to other *noble* Romans, and receive them back again with the price of their dishonor. Even the great Cato was guilty of this degradation. O, but it is shocking to proceed.



This barbarous, cruel, inhuman, beastly state of morals prevailed in Rome for *six hundred years* — ay, during its most palmy days.

When the thrones of the emperors were at last endangered by the numbers of the gladiators, — when all decency was swept away, and *all* security for life or property annihilated, by the prevalence of this horrible propensity, in a city composed, we are assured, of millions, — it was then the emperors tried to put a stop to the horrid practices; but it was not till Christianity had triumphed, it was not till the divine precepts, given to the apostles and Christian missionaries, had been sowed and nurtured by rivers of the martyrs' blood, that these inhuman practices were abated and melted down. How did this ferocious race meet the preachers and apostles of Christianity? Ask the page of history, and it will answer, With *imprisonment, torture, and death*. History will tell you that the Christian blood shed by the Romans, in their persecutions of the followers of Christianity, exceeded the powers of calculation. It is said that four millions of human beings were put to death simply for professing the peaceful doctrines of the merciful Savior of the world. And at length, so wearied did the Roman judges become, from the sheer labor of condemning the Christians to death, and so fatiguing was the labor of executing them, that judges and executioners at last could not with readiness be obtained to do the work of blood. Many of these judges, and many of the executioners too, seeing so many freely go to death rather than renounce a single particle of the Christian faith, became themselves Christians; for, they said, a religion that could not be extinguished after the shedding of so much blood, must have God to support it.

But it is not only of their ferocity and beastly habits we can speak — they practised the most ridiculous superstition. They believed in dreams, and had public interpreters appointed to communicate to the emperor the meaning of the dreams of his people. Thus the dreams of the young or the old ladies of Rome influenced the decisions of generals and statesmen. The appearance of certain birds or animals crossing the march of an army, would induce their bravest generals to turn aside from their purpose. Animals were sacrificed to their gods to propitiate them before battle, and the manner of their death decided the order of battle; the quantity of blood, the number of groans or struggles of the dying beast, gave the cast to their fate.

Such was bloody, barbarous, beastly, and inhuman Rome — Rome, whose deeds your youth are taught to study, as sources of instruction and models for imitation — Rome, whose history is held to be a part of

the "classics," or that combination of knowledge, which the world bows to as the literary code, by which it is to be governed; whilst Ireland, brave, chivalrous, modest, virtuous, hospitable Ireland,—pious, learned, cultivated, polished,—the land where not one martyr was offered to oppose the introduction of Christianity,—the land where architecture flourished, and flourishes to this day,—the school for virtue, oratory, music, poetry, and arms,—that great and good model which has survived Rome, and will survive equally bloody and inhuman England,—that great model of all the human duties and all the human ornaments, children of the Milesian race, is forgotten by your teachers, and your youth are educated in every thing but the history of your venerated and almost forgotten father land.

Having made this unavoidable digression, I return to the reign of the monarch *Tuathal*. The triennial meeting of the estates at *Tara* were carefully attended to during this reign. The national records were revised and corrected, and every new art or discovery that sprang up was cherished. It is recorded that, at this time, a meeting of the estates of Connaught was held at the palace of *Cruchain*, in that province, at which new laws were originated, to be proposed in the chief parliament of *Tara*. During the same reign, a meeting of the estates of Leinster was held at Naas, to suggest alterations in the national code of laws, and to provide for the better administration of the laws throughout the province. This proves for us, that, at this period, the legislative powers of government were distributed, to a certain extent, through the provinces, just as the powers of the American republic are, to a certain extent, distributed through the states. This is further confirmed by the action of the Ulster estates, which met at the celebrated palace of *Emania*, in the north, in the same reign; where certain laws were passed for the regulation and encouragement of arts, manufactures, trade, and commerce. And thus were laid in the earth those seeds of manufactures and commerce, which, we shall see, as we get along, progressed in the north of Ireland, and still linger in that part of the kingdom. In fact, we may say that Ireland was to Europe, in respect of manufactures, what the New England States are to America. On this matter, *Tacitus*, the Roman historian, in his *Life of Julius Agricola*, states that the commerce of the Irish, in his days, was much more extensive than that of the Britons.

The Roman legions had now laid waste a great part of Britain. Owing to the struggles for the diadem that had, for the previous few years, distracted the Irish at home, and had drawn back the auxiliary

legions, which they had been previously enabled to leave in Britain, the Romans found little to resist their onward course, and King *Tuathal*, fearing for the triumph of Roman power so near him, apprehending his own green island might be the next gem the stranger would set in his diadem, summoned the estates to assemble and consider their danger, being in the very neighborhood of Roman conquerors. King *Tuathal's* address to his parliament is to be found, in the original Irish, in Bishop Molloy's *Genealogies of Irish Kings*, and bears the marks of vigor and eloquence.

After alluding to other matters, the prince thus concludes a powerful appeal:—

“Behold, wise counsellors, the Roman legions menacing our coasts, pampering their lofty hopes with the expectation of subjecting this sacred isle, rich with the dust of Milesian heroes, to their yoke! Will you suffer your wives and daughters to be dragged as captives to the streets of Rome, to share the ignoble fate of Britain and Albania's daughters? Will you suffer the Roman eagles to perch on the national standard of *Gathelus*, [the harp,] that sacred standard which the great Hebrew prophet, Moses, gave to the father of the Milesian race? Be united, be firm in concord, and the Irish air will never be poisoned by the breath of the Roman invaders. When we march forth to battle, with souls enkindled with the spirit of patriotism, the despoiler's power will recede from our spears, as the foaming waves recoil when broken and dissolved on the rocks of our shores. Yes, senators, if destructive and intestine dissension make no chasms in our ranks and love of country, the Romans shall find us invincible, and as firm in the fight as the majestic mountain, which, seated on its ocean throne, looks down with contempt at the idle rage of the turbulent billows that burst on its rocky footstool!”

This heart-stirring, this sublime appeal to the nation, was responded to in the equipment of an immense force for immediate operations in Britain. This force was put under the command of the celebrated Irish hero whose name has come down to our days surrounded with glory—*Gealta Gooth*, whose progeny gave kings to Leinster for many ages after.

The forces of Rome at this time had devastated Britain, under the Roman emperor, *Adrian*, anno 118, and were about marching on Caledonia, which, by treaty, the Irish were bound to protect from invasions. The king of the Picts placed the combined forces under the command of the Irish general, and he immediately gave battle to

the Romans, whom he defeated in two engagements, and compelled to retreat to Newcastle. The emperor, Adrian, who was then in Wales, repaired to the north, where his armies were disheartened. Here he commenced a wall of clay, the erecting of which he inspected in person, carrying it across from Carlisle to Newcastle, a distance of sixty miles. This wall subsequently gave place to a wall of stone, erected by Severus, which yet remains to tell the world of the bravery of the ancient Irish, and their kinsmen, the Picts.

*Gealta Gooth* encamped at Stirling, and awaited orders from the king and parliament of Ireland, as to whether he should cross the Tweed in chase of the Romans; but it was decided in the Irish councils, that he should not proceed farther with the Irish army than their compact with the Caledonians required. And here was the Roman power checked by one of our forgotten ancestors, while the Roman warriors, who fled before him, are recorded and held up to our youth as the paragons of bravery and military glory.

Shortly after this, an event occurred, of a most painful and tragic character, which lit up for a long time after the strife of civil war in Ireland. The monarch *Tuathal*, whose life we are considering, had two daughters, fair and beautiful; the elder of whom, *Dairine*, was wooed and wedded by *Eochaidh*, prince of Leinster, and carried, with an immense retinue, in great splendor, to his palace of Ferns, in Wexford. The bride was accompanied to her future palace and home by her younger sister, *Fithier*, a princess, we are told, of extraordinary beauty, who remained some time in the palace of Ferns. During this time, the prince, *Eochaidh*, smitten with her extraordinary beauty, conceived a strong passion for his sister-in-law, and, in some time after her return to her father's palace of Tara, followed her thither, dressed in the deepest mourning, and represented to the king, his father-in-law, that his wife, *Dairine*, had died suddenly — “an event,” said he, “that will break my heart, unless your majesty snatches me from the precipice of despair, by giving me the princess *Fithier*, to soothe my sorrows, and replace in these arms the counterpart of that angel perfection of which death has robbed me.” The monarch, moved by his well-assumed grief, consented to bestow a second daughter on the *fiend*. He soon wooed and captivated the young princess, and they were married by the arch-Druid, with great solemnity, at the palace of Tara. In some time afterwards, the married pair set out for the prince's palace at Ferns. When they arrived there, the shame and amazement of the young princess, *Fithier*, on finding



her elder sister yet alive, cannot be described. *Dairine*, the first and lawful wife of the prince, fired with jealousy, loaded her poor innocent sister with the most dreadful reproaches, which operated so sensibly on her feelings, that she fell into convulsions, and died in a paroxysm of grief. *Dairine*, deeply affected at the death of a sister she always loved so dearly, threw herself upon the body, and, overwhelmed with the wickedness of her husband and the death of her beloved sister, plunged a dagger in her own bosom, and died clasping that sister in her arms.

In the whole history of Greece or Rome,—ay, of Roman virtue, that you are taught so much to admire,—there is no more shining example of female virtue, sensibility, and self-immolation, on their long records, than the death of these two sisters presents.

So overwhelmed in grief and rage was the monarch *Tuathal*, at this dishonor and tragic end of his two daughters, that he called his estates of Tara together, before whom he related all these facts, when it was resolved, with one accord, to drive the guilty prince of Leinster from his throne. War was instantly declared, and the enraged monarch led his army into Leinster in person, laying waste the habitations of *Eochaidh's* followers. Eochaidh and a few of his followers sought safety in flight; and from the place of his secret refuge, he despatched his chief bard to the enraged monarch, with offers of the most humble submission to such terms as he chose to dictate. This proposal being made with considerable address by the prince's bard, an armistice was agreed to upon the following conditions: That *Eochaidh*, to enjoy his life and crown for himself, and to have his principality guarantied to his successors forever, should pay unto the chief monarch of Ireland the following tribute every second year, viz., three thousand cows, three thousand ounces pure silver, three thousand mantles richly embroidered, three thousand sheep, three thousand hogs, and three thousand copper caldrons. This tribute, known as the *Boroinbe tax*, was the after-cause of much internal warfare, when the guilty author had been for centuries in the dust. It proves for us the masculine virtue of those people who marked a whole province to destruction for the crime of its prince; and it proves the wealth that abounded in Ireland in those early ages, by the nature of the medium in which this tribute was paid.

Some of our English neighbors of the present day insinuate, that we were a poor, miserable set before they came amongst us; that we had no gold or silver; that we had no manufactures of cloth, and, of course, no such thing as embroidered mantles; and that, as for copper caldrons, we never had the like, and never had a leg of mutton

to put into a caldron, till they came over and blessed us with their arts, sciences, and civilization. But the items of these and other tributes, the detail of the will of our princes, and the concurring testimony of Roman, French, and Florentine writers, will prove, in spite of our oppressors, what Ireland was. And the concurring desire and sympathy of mankind will soon restore Ireland to her rightful position, and enable her to pass through future ages with still more stainless glory than she won during the ages that are past.

*Tuathal*, having reigned fifty years, was killed by a revolter, named *Mal*, who persecuted his family and followers. *Tuathal*'s eldest son fled to the camp of his uncle, the chief of the Picts, in whose armies he performed prodigies of valor. But the usurper, *Mal*, losing the confidence of the people, *Feidlimh*, the exiled prince, hastened back to his native land with a few followers, when the whole population rose in his behalf, and, after some slight resistance, the usurper was killed, and *Feidlimh* crowned with much pomp at the palace of *Tara*, in the year of Christianity 141.

## THE EMERALD ISLE.

QUASI ALLEGRETTO.

1. Far, far o'er the waves of the blue glancing

waters, Sweet Erin, my country, I

wander to thee; Thy free-hearted

sons, and thy bright smiling daughters, Are

call - ing me home o'er the wild, swell - ing

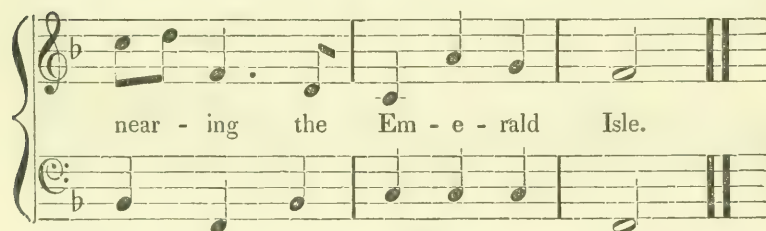
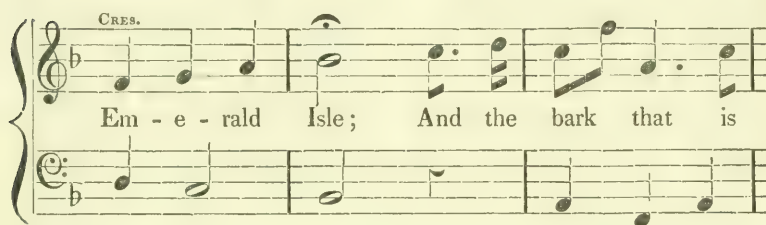
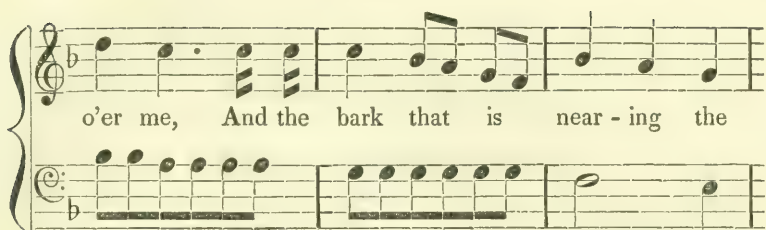
sea ; My heart has gone out like a

wild bird be - fore me, And rests on thy

shore, as I lin - ger the while, To

bless the bright heaven that sweet - ly smiles





## 2.

Yes, Erin! green Erin! though long years have whitened  
 The dark shading locks that hung over my brow,  
 Yet closer in love, the cords have they tightened  
 Of the heart that is yearning to be with thee now.  
 I fancy I grasp the brave hand of my brother;  
 I see the glad light of my sister's fond smile;  
 I stand in the hall of my father and mother,  
 Who welcome me back to the Emerald Isle!

## 3.

O! land of the grateful, where every emotion  
 Of kindness is fostered, of friendship sincere;  
 Where every breast, in its loyal devotion,  
 Would barter its life-blood to spare thee a tear!  
 O beautiful land! whose sunny-eyed daughters  
 Wear hearts on their lips, that have never known guile,  
 I hasten to thee, o'er the far-swellings water,  
 My home, and my country! the Emerald Isle!

## CAROLAN'S RECEIPT.

(OL REIE CHEARBALLAIN.)



## THE THREAD-BARE COAT.

(AN COTA LIOME.)



## LECTURE IX.

FROM A. D. 141 TO 279.

Reign of *Feidlimh*. — Law of Lex Talionis. — Reign of Cathoir More. — His extraordinary Will. — His Posterity. — Wealth and Refinement of the ancient Irish. — Reign of Con of the Hundred Battles. — Quarrel with Eogan, Prince of Munster. — Battle of Lena. — Gaul M'Morna, the Connaught Hero. — Death of Con, and Accession of *Conaire*. — Carbrai Rihda. — Caledonian Colony. — Established and sustained by the Irish. — Proof. — Feargus the Second of Scotland. — *Liah Fail*. — The Stone of Destiny. — The Kings of Ireland, Scotland, and England, crowned upon it. — Origin of many Irish Families. — Fion M'Cumhall. — Oisin. — The Leinster Militia. — The Reign of Cormac. — His Laws. — Palace of Tara rebuilt by him, of Marble. — His Magnificence. — The Officers he appointed. — Successes of Fion M'Cumhall against the Romans in Britain. — Revolts against Cormac. — Cormac's Abdication in Favor of his Son. — His Writings. — Proclaims his Belief in God, and renounces the Sun Worship. — Persecution of him by the Druids. — Tara's Hall. — Great Meeting on Tara Hill, in August, 1843.

FEIDLIMH, as we have seen, succeeded to the throne, anno 141. He introduced a consolidation of all the good laws of his predecessors — *Ollamh*, *Moran*, *Jughaine*, *More*, and *Connor*.

Previous to his time, the only crime punishable with death was the insult of any person at Tara during the sitting of the legislature, especially the insult of a lady. All crimes committed under other circumstances might be paid for by *eric*, or fine. This, we find, was the custom of the early Greeks, and of the Britons also, down to the seventh century of the Christian era. *Feidlimh* introduced the law known as *lex talionis*, which signifies a life for a life, an eye for an eye, and a limb for a limb. The punishment of death was inflicted on criminals by the sword, by the arrow, or by drowning. "Hanging," says Bishop Hutchinson, "the most ignominious of all deaths, was unknown in Ireland until after the English invasion." A complete reformation of the laws was effected by *Feidlimh*, and a comprehensive code of enactments was passed, which appropriated punishment, founded on the strictest equity, to every occurring crime. These enactments have passed down to posterity, known as the *Breatha Nuimhe*, or *Celestial Judgments*, and have formed the foundation of that code of laws established in Britain seven centuries later, by King Alfred.

Feidlimh died at his palace of Tara, anno 150, after a reign of nine years, leaving behind him, in the equitable code of laws which he compiled, a lasting monument of his wisdom and talents, — a code which



Warner pronounces to be “strictly equitable, and agreeable to the laws of God.”

The estates of Tara were summoned to choose a successor, and the choice fell on *Cathoir More*, grandson of *GEALTA GOOTH*, the celebrated hero who opposed Agricola and his Roman legions at the Grampian Hills.

*Cathoir More*, we are told, was a wise prince; but the pretensions of other of the royal houses disturbed his reign, and, at length, *Con*, surnamed “of the Hundred Battles,” a prince of his own line, fomented an insurrection against his throne, and finally disputed its possession on the field. Both parties amassed considerable armies to contend for empire.

On the night preceding the decisive battle that was to put one or the other on the throne of Tara, *Cathoir* awoke from a dream, in which he saw foreshadowed the disastrous results of the ensuing day. He summoned his chief bard, or secretary, and his ten sons, together with all his chief counsellors, to his presence, whom he addressed as follows: —

“To-morrow’s sun will beam on my dead body; but I shall die, like my gallant ancestors, resisting the foe, while I have strength to stand at the head of my brave army, in whose ranks there is not a single coward.”

He then desired all to leave him, except his chief bard, whom he caused to engross his will, a copy of which is carefully preserved in the *Book of Lecan*, to be seen in the Irish College, Paris. It was transcribed from that antique record by the celebrated O’Flaherty.

To his beloved son *Rosa*, called *Failge*, he bequeaths his kingdom of Leinster, to which he adds ten shields, richly ornamented, ten swords with gold handles, ten gold cups, and wishes him a numerous and warlike posterity to govern Tara.

To his second son, *Daire Berach*, he gives *Inath Laigheen*, the present Fingal, and part of Wicklow. He wishes him to prove a successful hero, and always to rule over the Gailean Glas — the ancient *Belge*. To this he added one hundred and fifty spears, ornamented with silver; fifty shields, ornamented and embossed with gold and silver; fifty swords, of exquisite workmanship; fifty rings, of the purest gold; one hundred and fifty cloaks, of rich manufacture; and seven military standards.

To his third son, *Breasal*, seven ships of burden; fifty shields, richly ornamented with gold and silver; five swords with gold hilts; and five chariots, with harnesses and horses. To these he adds the lands on the

banks of the River Amergin, and charges him to watch over the old inhabitants, who will be otherwise troublesome to him.

To *Cetach*, the fourth, he leaves possessions, thinking it a pity to separate him from his brothers.

To *Feargus Luascan*, the fifth, he left nothing ; but this defect his brothers supplied.

To *Oliel*, the sixth, his backgammon tables and men, saying that neither the possession of lands or towns would be of any use to him, as he never attended to any study but gaming.

To his seventh son, *Aungos*, he gave nothing ; but this defect his brothers supplied.

To *Ecoaidth*, the eighth son, he gives his benediction only, wishing his posterity may adhere to their blood, and calls him *Treath Fear*, or "a weak man," for he was so far imposed upon as to give away a tract of land claimed as a promise in his sleep.

To his son *Criomphthon* he leaves fifty brass balls, with brass maces to play with ; ten backgammon tables, of curious workmanship ; and two chess tables.

To his youngest and tenth son, *Fiacha*, whom he praises for his bravery and spirit, and for the universal love he gained, he leaves the country about Wexford ; recommends him to support his brother, and bequeaths him fifty large vessels, made of yew, fifty drinking cups, and fifty pied horses, with brass bits.

To his nephew, *Tuathal*, he gives ten chariots, with horses and harnesses ; five pair of backgammon tables ; five chess boards, with ivory men ; thirty shields, embossed with gold ; and fifty swords, highly ornamented.

To *Mogh Chorb*, one hundred black and white cows, with their calves, coupled two and two with brass yokes ; one hundred shields ; one hundred javelins, colored red ; one hundred polished spears ; fifty saffron-colored cloaks ; one hundred horses, of different colors ; one hundred gold pins for cloaks ; one hundred goblets, elegantly finished ; one hundred large vats, made of yew ; fifty chariots, curiously finished, ten of which were of exquisite workmanship ; fifty chess tables ; fifty playing tables, of different kinds ; fifty trumpets ; fifty standards ; fifty copper caldrons ; with a privilege of being privy counsellor to the king of Leinster.

To the prince of *Leis* he left one hundred cows, one hundred shields, one hundred swords, one hundred spears, and seven spotted horses.

*Cathoir More*, according to the English Dr. Warner, was the richest monarch that ever appeared in Europe; and these details of wealth and luxuries prove the advanced degree of maturity to which arts and manufactures had then arrived in Ireland.

King *Cathoir* fell, as he himself predicted, in the next day's battle; but his posterity of ten sons gave to Ireland several of the most patriotic and influential families who distinguished themselves for many ages. From *Rosa*, the eldest son, sprang the house of *O'Connor Faly*, the *O'Dempsies*, lords of Clanmarah, and the *O'Duns*. From *Daire Barach* are the *O'Gormans*, *O'Mallone*, and *O'Mooneys* descended. The issue of *Fiachiadh*, the younger, gave more kings to the throne of Leinster than those of all his brothers united. From him are descended the royal families of *MMurragh*, and *Cavanagh*, kings of Leinster, *O'Toole*, *O'Byrne*, *O'Murphy*, *O'Dowling*, *O'Maoilrain*, *O'Cinseleugh*, *MCormick*.

*Rosa Failge*, the eldest son of *Cathoir*, is the great progenitor of the O'Connors of Faly, or Offaly, a district comprehending the King and Queen's counties, and part of the county of Kildare. Roger and Arthur O'Connor, or their children, are the only *legitimate* descendants of this sept of the O'Connors now living. Their father, John O'Connor, of Mount Pleasant, enjoyed a remnant of the family estates in 1750. Arthur O'Connor was seized as one of the chiefs of the revolution of 1798, and in the amnesty agreed upon between Lord Castlereagh and the state prisoners, he passed over to France, where he yet remains in exile. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the family of Roger O'Connor to speak with certainty of its living members; but, having written, for information on this point, to the venerable Thomas O'Connor, of New York, I have received from him the following letter in reply, which I give to the reader without curtailment:—

“NEW YORK, June 24, 1844.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have your favor of the 19th instant. I am not an historian, and cannot throw any useful light on the interesting subject of your intended publication. In this momentous crisis of the Irish struggle, the patriot will hail every well-authenticated historical research as a useful contribution to the stock which patriotism accumulates for the vindication and support of Ireland.

“The O'Connors of Cork, and those of Roscommon, to both of which you allude, are, I am inclined to believe, different families, unconnected by consanguinity, or deriving a common origin in some period long past.

“Arthur O'Connor, an exile residing in France, must, I suppose, be the chief of the Cork family. The O'Connor Don, residing at Clanalis, in the county of Roscommon, is the head of the Roscommon family. Fergus O'Connor, who distinguished himself by a generous advocacy of the righteous cause of the British Chartists, is, I suppose, a son of Roger, and a nephew of Arthur O'Connor.

“In a small volume, entitled ‘Dissertations on the Ancient History of Ireland,’ published in Dublin, some sixty or seventy years ago, I find the following paragraph:—

“‘From Rossa Filgeach, the eldest son of Cahoir the Great, came the O'Connors of Failgeach, a large country in ancient time, comprehending considerable parts of the King's county, the Queen's, and Kildare. They were, in all ages, a very martial and renowned family, as all our annals testify, (both before and after the invasion of Henry the Second,) until they were crushed by the superiority of relentless power, in the reign of Philip and Mary. Some general officers of the family serve, at present, with great repute, under his Catholic majesty; and John O'Connor, of Mount Pleasant, in the King's county, esquire, enjoys, at this day, a part of his ancestors' estate, one of the most ancient tenures in the kingdom.’

“In the same volume I find the following:—

“‘Roderic, the last king of Ireland, was chief of the Hy-Brune and Clan Murray race. For more than a thousand years, this family, including a few of the Hy-Fiacans, governed the province of Connaught with sovereign authority. On the failure of Roderic's power, the government of this country fell to Cahal Crovedarg, in his time as great a man as any in this kingdom, and the younger brother of Roderic. From him descended, in fifteen lineal generations, the late Andrew O'Connor, of Ballintobber, in the county of Roscommon, a person of great worth and virtue, the chief of his name, and the father of Daniel, the present O'Connor Don, and of the chevalier Thomas O'Connor, an officer of great repute in the service of his most Christian majesty.

“‘Dominic, the eldest son of O'Connor Don, lives now abroad on his travels; and I mention him here with the greater pleasure, as, in so early a period of life, he is exhibiting those rare accomplishments, which are not the less valuable that they are independent of the highest birth, as well as out of the reach of fortune.’

“In a work compiled by an Irish ecclesiastic, and published in England, in the year 1814, there appears a genealogy showing the descent of the present family of the O'Connors of the county of Roscommon,



from Tordelbachus, the supreme monarch of Ireland, the father of Roderic and of his brother Cabal Crovedarg, (Red-handed,) herein already mentioned. The names appear in Irish and in Latin. They are as follow, as well as I can translate. Opposite to some of them, I give, in brackets, the names as they appear in the Latin version. The other names are probably properly translated.

- |                             |                          |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Turlough (Tordelbachus.) | 11. Owen.                |
| 2. Charles.                 | 12. Carbery (Carbreius.) |
| 3. Hugh (Ædhus.)            | 13. Dermot (Diarmitius.) |
| 4. Roderic.                 | 14. Hugh.                |
| 5. Owen (Eoganus.)          | 15. Charles.             |
| 6. Hugh.                    | 16. Charles.             |
| 7. Turlough.                | 17. Dennis.              |
| 8. Hugh.                    | 18. Charles.             |
| 9. Turlough.                | 19. Dennis.              |
| 10. Felim.                  |                          |

“Dennis, the last name above mentioned, died, and was succeeded by his son Owen, the first of the family of Belenagare, who assumed the affix of ‘Don.’ He died, and is succeeded by his son Dennis, the present O’Connor Don, residing at Clanalis, in the county of Roscommon, formerly the residence of the late Dominic O’Connor Don.

“Owen, of Belenagare, and Dominic, of Clanalis, were descended from a common ancestor, a lineal descendant of the monarch Turlough, or Tordelbachus. The deaths of Dominic and of his brothers Alexander and Thomas, without issue, in the present century, rendered extinct that branch of the O’Connor family. The next in lineal succession from the monarch was Owen of Belenagare, then living. This accounts for the genealogy being carried down in the living line of Belenagare, and not in the extinct line of Clanalis.

“The present O’Connor Don represents his county in the imperial parliament — more properly the British parliament; for the mockery of Irish participation in the legislature is an absolute and intended insult to Ireland. But a better fate is in store for unhappy Ireland.

“I fully believe that England is a falling nation. If any thing is more clear to my mind, it is this, that Ireland is a rising nation. The great, last struggle now making by England is a proof that British rulers are sufficiently sensible of the necessity of more than ordinary exertion to maintain a tottering fabric, not in the vain expectation of securing permanent stability, but with the more rational hope of extend-

ing the lease. If I mistake not, the British minister has, by the imprisonment of O'Connell, extinguished this hope.

"The rise of Ireland does not depend solely on the fall of England. Such fall might accelerate the ripening destiny of Ireland; but Ireland must rise in despite of whatever obstructions may be interposed by the British minister. The British people—thanks to our enlightening presses—at length discover that they are not themselves free; that they gain nothing, but lose much, by the degradation of Ireland, and that it is their interest to make a common cause with Ireland against the common enemy of both. The poor may not reach the station of the wealthy, so far as worldly pelf is concerned, but they will approximate in intellectual endowment. Inequality of pecuniary fortune will always exist, and it may be well that it be so; but the acquisition of literary information, the fruition of which by one portion of the community, and the insidious denial of it to the other, have hitherto constituted the distinction between the lordly arrogance of the one and the constrained servility of the other, is about to become, like the air we breathe, the common heritage of all; delusion and humbug will no longer prevail over the tutored mind; neither fraud nor force will cajole or deter; literary education will resist the subtlety of the one, and the modern invention of an Irishman—passive resistance—will nullify the other. The revolution of Europe is clearly commenced. Old Ireland is in the van. It surely cannot be that those who lead in the movement will be the last to reach the goal of general aim. 'Whom God would destroy, he first makes mad.' Neither concession nor compromise will come from a government which casts the gamester's last throw. Mr. Peel obstinately resists the repeal of the union. Let me be a prophet: the present generation will not pass away until an Irish ambassador will be received at Washington, and there recognized as the representative of free, sovereign, and independent Ireland. I will not see this day; you may. *Erin go bragh.*

"Your obedient servant,

"THOS. O'CONOR.

"THOMAS MOONEY, ESQ."

I take it that I have proved, from the items of the will of Cathoir More, that Ireland was then (the second century) in the enjoyment of all the arts, manufactures, luxuries, and literature, which mankind could boast of in any part of the world.

Independently of the great wealth conveyed by *Cathoir More* to his

ten sons, — the profuse detail of gold and silver vessels ; of arms and war chariots, ornamented with gold ; of embroidered mantles and cloaks for knights and ladies ; of ships ; of cattle ; of spears, swords, banners ; of the chess boards and *ivory* men ; of backgammon tables ; of musical instruments, &c., seems to have been recorded by the wealthy donor, with a prophetic eye, as evidences which would go, to the latest posterity, to overwhelm in confusion those who, having pillaged Ireland, and butchered her people, would traduce her name, and deny her the honor of her twenty-four centuries of political independence — an independence adorned by the development of arts, sciences, literature, and glory. But in this the calumniators of Ireland shall be disappointed ; for

“Enough of her glory  
Remains on each sword  
To light us to victory yet.”

In the year of Christianity 153, *Con of the Hundred Battles*, son of *Feidlimh the Lawgiver*, succeeded to the monarchy of Ireland. He was a prince of great abilities, both in the field and in council ; and his reign has furnished the historians of Ireland with much exciting matter for applauding comment and instructive digression. His reign was embroiled by a contest with *Eogan*, the prince of Munster, for the supreme government of the country. Many heroically-fought battles ensued. At length, it was resolved that the government and patronage of Ireland should be divided into equal parts, as in the days of Heber and Heremon, the first kings ; that *Eogan* should govern the southern division, lying beyond the line drawn from Dublin to Galway ; and that *Con of the Hundred Battles* should have the government and income of the northern division. This arrangement continued for some years ; but in the year 181, we find the wars again renewed, we are informed upon the following grounds : —

*Eogan*, on a royal tour through his dominions, visited Dublin, which, in those days, was called *Atha Cliath Dubhline*, or the “Passage over the Black Pool.” He found a greater number of ships on the north, or *Con’s* side of the river, than on his own ; and, of course, the revenues and customs derived by *Con* were unduly greater than his. This proves to us the extent of trade which Dublin enjoyed in those early times. In the days of St. Patrick we find it celebrated “for its extent and magnificence, the number and riches of its inhabitants, the grandeur of its edifices, and the greatness of its commerce.”

This trivial ground of quarrel, added to others of a weightier character, produced the revival of hostilities. Both princes prepared with

great animation for the decisive battle that was to give one or other supreme dominion. At length the armies meet at Lena, in the King's county. The Munster prince, Eogan, is described by the historians as cutting down all before him in the contest — moving, like the living demon of fire, through the hostile ranks.

*Art*, another princely warrior, is thus described, as he enters the battle field, by the recording bard : —

“ — the hero of Tara!  
 The irresistible wave in enmity;  
 As quick as lightning in defence;  
 Terrible in battle;  
 The support of mighty armies;  
 The very hand of liberality;  
 The all-protecting; the  
 Performer of most mighty deeds!  
*Art*, the son of Con, the son  
 Of Tuathal, arose.  
 Warrior-like was his anger,  
 Powerful his voice;  
 Lovely the champion,  
 His flaxen hair plaited,  
 His *shirt of silk*.  
 In one hand he bears two bows,  
 In the other his javelin,  
 And by his side  
 His dreadful and irresistible sword.  
 Yonder he sweeps over the plain, like  
 The thunder-bolt that tumbles the rocks  
 Into the foaming sea.  
 How majestic is the hero's step!  
 The brightness of his sword contends  
 With the refulgence of the sunbeam;  
 The gleam of his spear illuminates the hill!”

We find, from the detailed descriptions, three things proved; *first*, the beauty and majesty of the poetry; *secondly*, the bravery, high bearing, and natural nobility of the hero; and, *thirdly*, the fact of *the silk manufacture* being, at this early age, a flourishing branch of national industry — centuries before the Gauls or Britons were in possession of it.

But at length the mighty *Gaul M'Morna*, the Connaught general, stood before Eogan, sword in hand. “Now,” said Eogan, “we meet in a fair field; let our swords decide which of us is the bravest.” They fought desperately for an hour, when it was the fate of *Eogan* to fall, a



victim to his own unreasonable ambition. During this great personal combat, the armies on each side, as if by the spell of enchantment, suspended hostilities to gaze with wonder on the mighty conflict of their chiefs. Such a circumstance, if illustrated by the poetry of a Homer, would rank, on the pages of glory, as brilliantly as any action or circumstance of Greek or Trojan valor which that great poet cast in the mould of immortality.

When Eogan fell, pierced by a hundred wounds from the sword of Gaul M'Morna, his soldiers lifted up his body on their shields, to show to Eogan's followers that he was slain. "Lay down the body of the king of Munster," said his brave conqueror, "for he died as a hero should die — covered with wounds and glory."

*Con of the Hundred Battles* was then declared monarch of Ireland, over which he reigned, not without much trouble, for thirty years. Historians differ about the manner of his death, some alleging he fell in battle, others that he was assassinated. O'Halloran doubts the latter view, as it was totally inconsistent with the genius and spirit of chivalry which then pervaded every class in Ireland.

A. D. 183. On the death of Con, the national assembly of Tara proceeded to the election of a successor. The suffrage of the majority declaring for *Conaire*, of the northern or Heremonian line, he was, accordingly, seated on the throne of Tara. Conaire, being in undisturbed possession of the Irish throne, had the greater means left to him of opposing the Roman power in Britain, and went over at the head of considerable legions of Irish, to resist their forces, which were commanded by Severus, A. D. 192. The Irish historians dwell in terms of rapture on his progress and battles with the Roman legions.

A. D. 200. In his reign, or immediately after it, *Carbrai Rihda*, one of his sons, was sent over to Caledonia to protect it, as an Irish province, against the threatening arms of Rome. Since the days of Heber and Heremon, Albania, or Scotland, was partially subject to Ireland, acknowledging allegiance, under the memorable compact entered into between Heremon and the Picts. *Carbrai* was invested by the national assembly of Tara with some of the attributes of independence, for the purpose of giving more satisfaction to the Albanians, who were flattered with the idea of obtaining the semblance of an independent prince to reign over them. *Carbrai*, according to *Bede*, commenced the first regular attempt at an independent government in Caledonia, in the second century. "From this leader," continues *Bede*, "whose name was *Riada*, the posterity of those settlers are, to this day, called

*Dal Reudimh*, or the Irish occupiers of the *part*." The Abbé M'Geoghegan is also positive on this point, and explains thus: "It is true that before this time the Albanian Picts were, for centuries, tributary to the crown of Ireland; yet it remained for *Carbrai* to form the first regular settlement in Scotland." Primate *Usher*, a great authority, says that this prince reduced all Scotland under his dominion; and O'Kennedy, in his *Chronology of the Stuart Line*, published in Edinburgh, 1780, asks, in reply to some of the Scottish writers, who contended for an origin from the north of Europe for their ancestors—"How can the Caledonians, in the face of the authorities of *Bede* and *Fordun*, have the egregious folly to deny their Irish origin?" In addition to these, there are all the Irish historians agreeing to and asserting the same great facts. In a most learned essay by Dr. Barnard, Protestant bishop of Killaloe, published by Walker, in 1786, entitled an *Inquiry into the Origin of the Scots in Britain*, which has never since been refuted, there are detailed proofs exhibited which would alone sustain the claim of Ireland to the colonization and government of Caledonia. We have seen that their old language and music were Irish, to which may be added their measurements—a Scotch and Irish mile being two thousand two hundred and forty yards, which differs from the length of an English mile. A few extracts from the "*Inquiry*" may be appropriate.

"The original of that portion of the inhabitants of Britain, properly called Scots, has been a point of history, so established by the concurrence of all writers on that subject, both native and foreign, from Venerable *Bede* down to Sir George M'Kenzie, that, for a period of at least nine hundred years, it was never esteemed matter of question, until some late Scottish antiquarians, anxious to support an hypothesis inconsistent with their own annals and tradition, have thought proper wholly to reject the received opinion of their ancestors on this head, and to offer to the public, in its place, an entire new system of their own, founded on arguments of probability sufficiently plausible and ingenious, but *unsupported by written testimonies, or ANY authentic documents whatsoever*."

The bishop then examines the testimonies of several learned authors on the question, and quotes the Roman writer *Tacitus*, the British writers *Gildas*, *Bede*, *Fabius*, *Athelwerdus*, *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, and *Fordun*, *Buchanan*, *John Major*, *M'Kenzie*, and other learned writers of Scotland. His quotation of the celebrated suggestion of the historian *Tacitus* to *Julius Agricola*, his father-in-law, in reference to the necessity of conquering Ireland for the purpose of ren-

dering the Roman empire in Britain the more secure, deserves our special notice. "The intercourse between the Irish and the Caledonians, and their ancient alliances, had been further cemented when it became their mutual interest to join their forces against the Romans — the Caledonians to preserve their liberty, and the Irish to keep the enemy from attacking theirs, which they were in no danger of until after Britain was totally subdued. Tacitus, speaking of the utility of an expedition against Ireland, to secure the Roman conquest in Britain, adds, among other motives, *ut libertas tanquam e conspectu tollatur*, [to take away that hankering after freedom which the sight of a free ally so near at hand would naturally excite.] This hint gives the reader to understand that Agricola had already suffered some inconvenience from this connection of interests. The expedition here suggested never took place, because," adds the bishop, "*that general had work enough cut out for him by the valor of the Irish and Caledonians under Galgacus, [Gealte Gooth] without crossing the sea in search of a new enemy.*"

After a comparison of all the accounts which the learned bishop examined, he thus sums up: that a colony of Scots from Ireland had anciently settled in Caledonia; that they had several conflicts with the Romans, after Cæsar's invasion of that country; that they were, on one occasion, attacked by the Romans under Maximus, defeated, and forced to abandon Britain; that, on Maximus's leaving Britain, they took advantage of his absence, and made fresh attempts to reinstate themselves; that they were again forced back by Gratianus, and obliged to fly to Ireland; after whose death they returned in full force, a united army of Irish, Caledonians, and Picts, and laid waste and occupied the country from sea to sea; that, lastly, they established complete dominion in Scotland, about anno 396, when the names of *Caledonians* and *Picts* were sunk by *Niall*, and the general name of *Scotia* substituted. And further, about the same period, the great Niall of the Nine Hostages began his reign in Ireland, — he who vanquished the Romans in several battles through Britain, and finally extinguished their power in that country, after it had subsisted for four hundred years.

Cairbra Ribda had established a firm footing in Caledonia, during his expedition, in the close of the second and beginning of the third century, which was continued by his descendants for better than two hundred and fifty years. Towards the middle of the fifth century, we have an account of another migration of Scots into Britain, and more settlements obtained there. This was when Britain was totally freed from the Romans. When the Irish made their second great settlement in the

northern part of Britain, their armies committed excesses, which are recorded and deplored both by Gildas and Bede. But this was natural in exulting conquerors, who had been previously harassed for ages by legions from that soil.

From this time the settlement of the Scots (Irish) in Caledonia assumed a monarchical aspect. And it appears, further, that they were determined to have a king and government independent of the mother country. With this object in view, they invited the monarch of Ireland, *Arcath*, or *Earca*, to send them his son Feargus to be their king. The proposal was accepted; and upon this occasion did the Irish monarch make the Scots colony a present of the famous *Liah Fail*, or "Stone of Destiny," on which, from the times of Heber, the kings of Ireland were crowned. This took place in the latter part of the fifth century. It was the popular belief of the Irish, for many centuries, that an illegitimate branch of the royal family could be detected on being placed sitting on this stone. The policy of kings favored this delusion. On this stone were crowned all subsequent kings of Scotland, to the time of the conquest of that country by Edward the First of England, in the thirteenth century, when it was carried by that prince to England, as a precious trophy—a symbol of conquest, and deposited in Westminster Abbey. Upon this stone, which is encased in an antique oaken chair, all the kings of England, from that time to the present, have been crowned and proclaimed. The learned Bishop Barnard remarks thus on the superstitious properties attributed to this famous relic: "In the days of paganism, no Irish king would have parted with such a mysterious relic; but as Ireland was then just become Christian, we may suppose that it was little esteemed; though Feargus the Second might think it would be of use to him to give his new subjects a superstitious veneration for his person and family, and prevent them from attempting to shake a throne thus established by fate itself."

Yet we find, amid the *enlightened* people of England, that their coronations of their monarchs are considered incomplete—in fact, illegal—if the kingly ceremony of sitting on *this stone be omitted*. Her present majesty was crowned sitting on this old Irish stone, in Westminster Abbey, surrounded by all the bishops, peers, chancellors, and heralds, of her country, and by ambassadors from the courts of every civilized country upon earth. And yet these English are the people who absurdly enough sneer at the "superstitions of the ignorant Irish."

It is common in individuals, swelled by temporary affluence, to deny connection with poor relations, no matter how respectable they may



once have been ; so the Scotch, after boasting for nine or ten centuries their Irish origin, turned round when Ireland had fallen in political opulence and literary wealth, and endeavored to disown their parentage and protection.

The only piece of Albanian Scottish historical antiquity extant is a regal poem, much like our style, containing a list of their kings, beginning with *Loarn*, brother to *Feargus*, and ending with *Malcolm*, the son of *Dónchadh*, confirming, word for word, our Irish annals.

The Scotch, then, are the *Irish* inhabitants of North Britain ; and as, through the posterity of our monarchs, we gave Scotland and England a long race of kings, it will be necessary to keep an eye on the progress of the Milesian race in that direction.

The *Mackeoghs* were connected with this great line. From *Cormac Cas* and *Eogan*, princes of great valor and prowess in the field, sprang several noble families, that shine in the Irish annals — names that fling the radiance of exalted virtue and martial renown on the pages and the nation they adorn.

Amongst these are the *M Carthies*, the *O Connells*, *O Callaghans*, *O Keeffes*, *O Donohoes*, *O Mahonies*, *O Donovans*, *M Aniliffes*, *O Shee*, *O Line*, *M Gillicuddy*, *O Gara*. From the posterity of *Cormac Cas* have proceeded the *O Briens*, *M Namaras*, *M Mahons*, *Kennedies*, *M Clinchies*, *M Cochlins*, *O Hiffernons*, *O Carrolls*, (princes of Ely and Louth,) *O Rierdons*, *O Flanagan*s, *O Haras*, *O Fogartys*, *O Maras*, *O Machains*, *O Caseys*, *O Flynn*s. From the monarch *M Con* proceeded the families of *O Driscoll*, (chief of the county Cork,) *O Leary*, *O Kelly*, *O Bernes*, *O Breogan*. The very old and respectable Scotch family of *M Flanchy* and *Campbell* claim the honor of a descent from the same ancient and honorable source.

I now return to the reign of *Conaire*, from which I digressed to present the reader with a distinct view of the progress of the Milesian colony in Caledonia. In doing so, I was obliged to anticipate my narrative at least three centuries, as relates to that branch of the subject.

In this age of Ireland's story there appeared two men, whose transcendent powers — the one in arms, and the other in poetry — cannot be passed over with ordinary haste. The first is *Fion M Cumhall*, the chief of the Leinster militia ; the second *Oisín*, his son, the Homer of ancient Ireland.

First, of *Fion*, the military hero. The time in which he flourished was about the year 220 of the Christian era. So great was this hero's

exploits on the field, that he was magnified, by his admiring successors, to the size of a *giant*; and all his celebrated militia were ranked by the popular legends as giants, or men of extraordinary agility and stature. Hence there hangs about *Fion M'Cumhall's* niche, in the temple of Fame, a romantic drapery, which renders his whole history doubtful to those who are unwilling to believe aught that is brave or virtuous of Ireland in the ages of her independence. Fion was a great hero, a great general, a great legislator, and the terror of the Roman power in Britain. He resided chiefly on the Hill of Allen, in the county of Kildare. He trained his militia himself; and when I relate that he was equally the terror of the Ulster and Munster knights of his own country, it gives no mean idea of his heroism; but when I further state that he made, with his fleets, no less than thirty descents on Wales, which was then under the government of Rome, and carried from thence great spoils of war each time, it will give some idea of his bravery and prowess. According to all the best authorities, including Warner, the *English historian*, and the solemn declaration of the *Gaelic Society* of Dublin, published through its Transactions, "*Fion*, the renowned general-in-chief of the Irish militia, was son of *Cumhall* and *Murin*, who was daughter of Thady, son of Nuadh, the 'white monarch of Ireland.' He was son-in-law to King Cormac, and grandson to Con of the Hundred Battles. His *two sons*, *Oisín* and Feargus, by the Irish princess, were renowned in arts and arms. Feargus Fair Lips, figuratively meaning of *sublime diction*, has been emphatically styled the 'philosophic poet of pointed expression.' " So far from the Transactions of the Gaelic Society.

Warner says, in reference to the Leinster militia, "That great body of heroes, the Irish militia, was commanded by *Fian*, the gallant son of Cumhall, who was married to the daughter of Cormac Cas." All this it is necessary to place on the record, as there was a dispute about the hero's country. The great poet *Oisín* has left behind him a fragment of his composition, which has sailed down the stream of time to us. In it are discoverable the fire, the genius, and the well-stored mind, of one whom Ireland may proudly rank against the loftiest talent of the past ages, or of that in which he lived. For a full account of Oisín, see page 168.

#### THE REIGN OF CORMAC.

Two hundred and fifty-five years after the birth of Christ, the court of Tara was adorned by one of the most enlightened and brilliant of the Milesian princes—the monarch CORMAC. His road to the throne lay through hostile legions; yet he had address, skill, and bravery sufficient

for the design. Being a legitimate prince of one of the rival houses of the southern line, his claims to power were supported by a valorous army, in which there commanded the celebrated hero Lugh, who, in the heat of battle, slew, with his own hand, Feargus, the rival prince, annihilating thus all further impediment to the exaltation of Cormac. That prince was crowned, with an unusual degree of splendor, on the *Stone of Destiny*, at Tara, anno 255. It was the most brilliant coronation that had taken place for many previous centuries. More than a hundred Druids of the first class assisted in the gorgeous ceremonies, and a hundred bards chanted the inaugural salutation, mingling with their voice the tones of instrumental music.

Having reached the summit of his ambition, he immediately directed his attention to the state of the laws, and the administration of justice throughout the kingdom. The laws, which had greatly accumulated from the reign of Ollamh Fodhla, were all reviewed, purified, digested, and condensed. Any that were deemed in the slightest degree inequitable were abolished, and a code of jurisprudence was established, which remained in force from that time, say Warner and others, to the end of the monarchical dynasty of the Milesians, in the twelfth century. Dr. Warner says of him, "*The ordinances which he established for the public good, which are yet to be seen in the old Irish records, and which show his great skill in the laws and antiquities of his country, were never abolished whilst the Irish regal government had existence.*"

These laws were so much approved of by the people, and by their leaders in the national assembly, that they were denominated the will of Heaven, or celestial judgments, and it was ruled a treason or sacrilege to attempt to change any portion of them; so true was it ever that no people in the world loved justice more than the Irish—a trait in their character remarked on, fourteen centuries later, by Lord Coke, Sir John Davies, and many other English jurists.

Cormac applied himself also to the regulation of the religious ceremonies of the people, and, for this purpose, summoned to Tara a great number of the Druids from all parts of Ireland, and, at the same time, convoked the various orders of learned doctors for the purpose of revising the history of the country, and establishing improved regulations for the administration of public instruction. The concentration in Tara of so many men, eminent for their great literary acquirements, rendered the court of Cormac the most brilliant in Europe at the time, and not inferior, indeed, to the courts of the Roman emperors. The monarch also encouraged poetry and music, and was not insensible to the enchant-

ments of the social circle. Though he attended to the sober business of legislation and jurisprudence with the grave, he mingled, in seasons of festivity, with the gay and chivalrous. He encouraged, with lavish hand, every art and science. He had the old palace of Tara, and hall of assembly, which were erected principally of oak, pulled down, and a magnificent palace and legislative hall of marble erected on the site. It was deemed the most elegant structure in Europe; there were many grand entrances to it, and one hundred and fifty richly-carved marble columns graced those entrances and piazzas on every side. *Torna Eigis*, who wrote in the fourth century, says, that "the marble statues of two hundred Irish kings, princes, and generals, adorned the niches of the halls of Tara." Whilst these great works were in progress, the royal establishment removed to *Miodh-Cuarta*, in West Meath. When they were at length completed, they were a source of extreme delight to the people, and to strangers, for many came from other countries to admire them. Several hundred bed-chambers were fitted up for the accommodation of foreign visitors, and fifteen hundred persons sat down daily at the royal tables. We are further assured that the monarch and his guests were waited on by one hundred and fifty knights of noble blood, whilst the meats were mostly served in gold and silver. The music of a hundred minstrels, mingling with the ceremonies of these banquets, must have flung over all the illusion of enchantment.

As if nothing were deficient in this splendid group, the monarch was blessed with three sons, and *ten* daughters, the most beautiful and accomplished in the land, whose animating presence in all these courtly scenes must have added to the magic that abided around his person.

Dr. Warner concludes his notice of this monarch in the following words: "There never had been a monarch on the throne of Ireland who was attended by such a numerous retinue. The great guard, consisting of the flower of the Irish army, always on duty in the palace, and the other ensigns and distinctions of royalty which he had about him, which were equal to the dignity of the greatest princes of that time, made the court of this monarch the theme of universal fame. What added something to its lustre was his numerous issue — three sons, of great renown in arms, and ten daughters, of distinguished beauty and rare accomplishments."

The king's eloquence in the national assembly; his skill in military affairs; his profound acquaintance with the laws, literature, and history, of his country; his magnificent architectural erections; his refined man-



ners, elegant hospitality, lavish encouragement of science and art; and the minute attention he paid to the wants and welfare of the people, to the improvement and defence of the country,—contributed to imbody a ruler that may be weighed against a Solon, a Pericles, a Lycurgus, an Augustus, an Alfred, or a Charlemagne; a Louis Fourteenth, a Frederick, or against any that any age or kingdom has given to mankind.

Cormac caused a law to pass the assembly which made it imperative on every future monarch of Ireland to keep about his person a discreet nobleman, of Milesian blood, with whom he could confidently converse; a pious Druid, to direct him in matters of conscience; a chief *brehon*, (judge,) to assist him in his judicial decisions; a physician, to attend to his health; a poet, to record his military exploits; a musician, to stimulate his spirits; an antiquarian, to explain historical mysteries; and three treasurers, to collect his revenues. These offices were religiously continued, by the Irish kings, for the remaining thousand years of their power; and, more remarkable, they were transferred to the English court by King Alfred the Great, together with the entire framework of the jurisprudence of Ireland. Many, if not all, the offices of Cormac are still preserved in the court of the British monarch, from immemorial usage. The present keeper of Queen Victoria's conscience is that *charitable, moral, and conscientious* personage, the learned Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst; and the remaining officers *now* (1844) about her person, contrary, I presume, to her majesty's desire, are of a similar character.

In the reign of Feargus, the predecessor and rival of Cormac, *Fion M'Cumhall*, the renowned general of the Leinster militia, whom I have already introduced to the reader, had been despatched, with a considerable army, to the Dalriadan colony in Caledonia, for the purpose of protecting it from the aggressive invasions of the Romans. *Fion*, having belonged to the party of the fallen monarch, whose cause he had warmly espoused against Cormac and his father, was not on terms of friendship with the present king. Notwithstanding this, he sent an ambassador to Cormac's court, acquainting him with his perilous condition; for his army had been seriously diminished by various battles with the Romans, whilst the army of the enemy had been considerably augmented. Cormac, though he entertained no kindly feelings towards *Fion*, sent him a strong reënforcement, placing the entire command in his hands. *Fion*, thus recruited, attacked the Roman legions, and caused them to fly before him to the centre of Britain. In this brilliant campaign, *Oisín*, the poet,

the son of Fion, distinguished himself by deeds of great bravery. Having gone at some little length into the character of *Oisín* in my section devoted to the "BARDS," I refrain from any remark on the topic here.

Whilst victory crowned the arms of Cormac abroad, his internal affairs ran unpleasantly. The great expenses which he had incurred in building the magnificent palace and house of assembly of Tara, and in supporting a most costly regal establishment, compelled him to raise large revenues on the people. He established, for this purpose, new tributes, which, as they ever do, begot plenty of discontent and opposition. These led to treasons and plots; and so Cormac, notwithstanding his equity, wisdom, and talents, found himself successively engaged in war with the people of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. In an engagement with the army of the latter, he lost an eye, which rendered him incapable of exercising longer the functions of monarch; for it was contrary to the law of Ireland for any prince who had received a serious blemish in his person to remain on the throne.

Ere Cormac resigned the throne to his son and successor *Eochaidh*, he publicly declared his belief in the existence of a supreme God, and renounced the absurd worship of the sun, which prevailed in Ireland for fifteen centuries. This, as might be expected, caused a mighty sensation in Ireland. The Druids immediately became his enemies; but he removed them from the palace, and they never after resumed their accustomed power in Ireland. His son *Eochaidh* was crowned on the Stone of Destiny, at which ceremony the accustomed aid of the Druids was dispensed with. This was the greatest blow against their power. As a matter of course, they conspired against Cormac. He had now, after a reign of twenty-three years, retired to a cottage in Meath, near the royal palace, where he was consulted by politicians, princes, and literary men, upon all matters and things interesting to them; "For," says the Gaelic Society of Dublin, "Cormac was transcendently pre-eminent above all others for his profound knowledge in the antiquity and jurisprudence of his country. The schools he endowed, the books he composed, and the laws he established, bear unquestionable testimony of his munificence, wisdom, and learning."

In that cottage he wrote his *Advice to Princes*, addressed to his son Carbre *Eochaidh*, an able work, that still exists in the possession of the O'Halloran family of Limerick. There he also revised the Psalter of Tara, enlarged by commentary on Ollamh Fodhla's treatise on law. The Druids, determined to crush his influence, preached against his heresy, and incited the people, and even the monarch, his son, against

him. They induced Eochaidh to issue a proclamation calling on all princes, ollamhs, and people, to come and worship Baal (the sun) on a certain day. This was a net to catch Cormac, but he regarded it not; he remained in his cottage; they complained to the king of the act of contumacy, upon which he advised them to bring the image representing the sun to the presence of Cormac, and call upon him to worship. The arch-Druid and four others accordingly carried the idol to the house of the king, whom they found engaged in prayer to the supreme God. On entering into Cormac's presence, they set up their idol on a tripod, and then fell down before it in worship. Cormac took little notice of their ceremonies. The arch-Druid soon arose, and questioned Cormac "why he refused to adore as his fathers did." He replied, that "the Deity whom he worshipped could, with a breath, extinguish the sun and stars, dry up the ocean, and sink the universe beneath its bed." The Druids felt deeply mortified at this reply, on receiving which they retired, vowing vengeance on the abdicated monarch.

On the evening ensuing this meeting, Cormac was choked by a fish-bone, at supper, and the Druids were greatly rejoiced thereat. Some writers have accused them of poisoning him. Thus died this extraordinary man, the first amongst the pagan Irish who intuitively perceived, through the profound medium of his philosophy, the existence of a Creator, in the extent, mechanism, and regularity, of his works. Posterity has designated him "Cormac the Lawgiver." In the sixth century, St. Columb Kille discovered the tomb of Cormac, at Cruachan, in the county Roscommon. The saint erected a church over the royal grave, the ruins of which are yet to be seen.

Dr. Warner further says of this great man, "King Cormac had convinced himself of the absurdities of idolatry upon principles of philosophic reason; and had he lived but a little longer, it is probable that paganism would have been extinct in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity, and that the original theology and patriarchal worship would have been restored."

Of the magnificent court which he erected on the eminence called *Tara Hill* there is not now a stone together. This far-famed hill is about sixteen miles from the city of Dublin. It was the theatre, for countless generations, of the deeds of the Milesian kings and senates. It is a spot consecrated, hallowed, in the memories of the Irish people. The fall of Tara is associated in their minds with the fall of their country — with its subjection to the stranger.

It was here, in 1798, that a desperate battle was fought between the United Irishmen and the British troops, in which the former were defeated. Upwards of two hundred of the United men who fell in the engagement were buried in one large grave on this eminence. And on this consecrated spot was held the monster meeting of August, 1843, at which the **LIBERATOR**, Daniel O'Connell, presided. That meeting will be memorable in Irish history throughout all ages. Upwards of a million of human beings gathered at the call of O'Connell, to petition for the restoration of their parliament. They were attended to the ground by the clergymen of their respective parishes! The holy sacrifice of the mass was offered up by these priests over the "Croppy's Grave," and the multitude knelt in prayer for the reception into the mansions of the Eternal of the souls of those who fell at that memorable battle; and then they proceeded to the passing of resolutions declaring that no other power, save the king, lords, and commons, of Ireland, had, or by right ought to have, any power to make laws to bind Ireland.

There did not occur at this meeting a single accident, insult, outrage, or quarrel of any kind; nor was there a single drunken person seen amongst the million that gathered there—a thing unparalleled in the whole history of mankind.



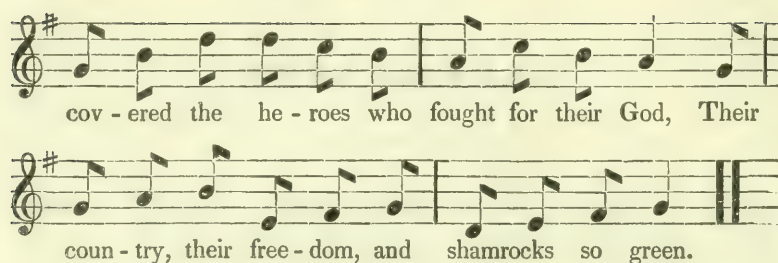
## TARA'S OLD GREEN.

BY T. MOONEY.

Did you hear of the meeting on Tara's old Green,\* Where  
 twelve hundred thousand were there to be seen, With their  
 lead - ers so brave, and their shamrocks so green? O' -  
 - Connell was there, and he spoke to them all; And he  
 stood on the ru - ins of Ta - ra's old hall. And he  
 called on the mil - lions to kneel on the sod,† Which

\* This was the greatest meeting ever held in Ireland, or, perhaps, in any other country. It took place on the 13th of August, 1843, on the hill of Tara, (distant fifteen miles from Dublin,) on the site of the palaces of the former kings of Ireland; and its object was to demand the restoration of the Irish parliament. The Irish papers make the number that assembled twelve hundred thousand, while the reporters of the English press fix the number at *eight hundred thousand*. But, admitting the middle number, of a *million*, as the most correct, it was the greatest meeting known to history. There did not take place at this meeting a single accident, insult, or disturbance, during that memorable day.

† In the insurrection of 1798, several hundred men fell on this hill. A great number were buried in one large grave on the side of it, which is called the "Croppy's Grave." On this mausoleum of patriotism the people knelt to pray, on the morning of that memorable meeting.



## 2.

The eyes of all Europe looked on in amaze  
 On the fire of Liberty's beautiful blaze,  
 That rose from the mountain where Patrick had been ; \*  
 And the Saxon stood palsied in awe at the sight ;  
 He said very little, just then, about fight,  
 For he knew that the hearts of the valiant and brave  
 Would never submit to the chains of the slave,  
 In the land of Saint Patrick and shamrocks so green !

## 3.

And the harp of old Tara, half silent so long,  
 Which breathed, neglected, its mournful song,  
 Strikes the music of Liberty over the main,  
 And proclaims the first gem of the earth and the sea  
 Shall ever again be great, glorious, and free !  
 For millions have vowed they are ready to bleed  
 In defence of old Erin, and freedom of creed,  
 Her parliament rights, and her shamrocks so green !

## 4.

Then hurrah for the men who assembled that day !  
 To drive all the tyrant oppressors away  
 From the hill where our parliament ever had been.  
 And, hurrah for their friends, that live over the sea ! †  
 Who are struggling so hard to set Ireland free !  
 And may their exertions with triumph be crowned ;  
 And the proud name of Erin be honored all round,  
 As a nation of freemen and shamrocks so green.

\* St. Patrick preached the gospel on this hill to the pagan king Logaire, whom with all his court, he converted, in the year 434.

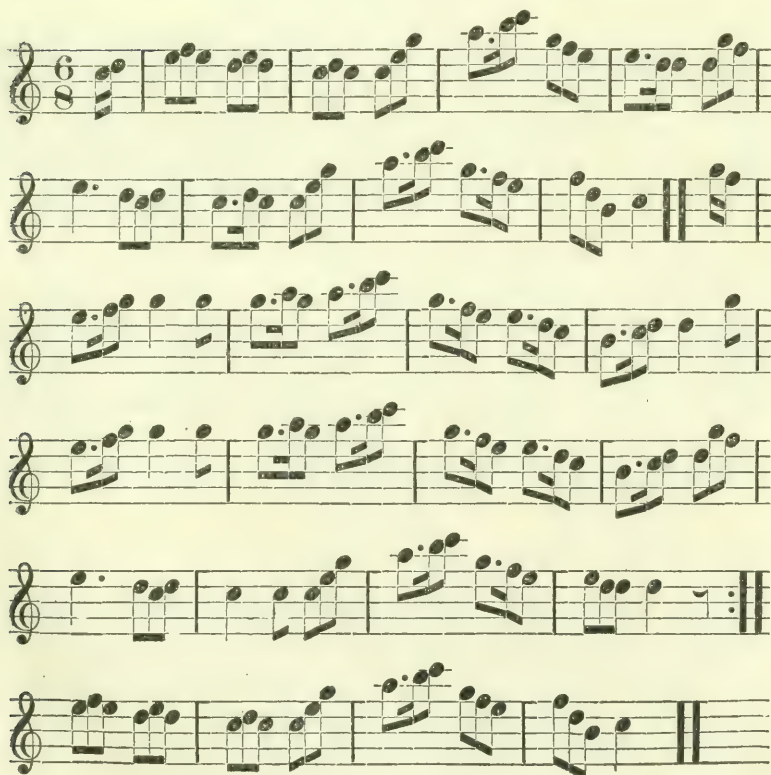
† The American repealers.

5

And hurrah for O'Connell! who spoke to them all!  
 Who stood on the ruins of Tara's old hall,  
 When a million of patriots knelt on the green!  
 And they sent up a prayer, that's registered in heaven,  
 And the chains of their tyrants will shortly be riven;  
 And music shall echo the shouts of the free!  
 And the harps of old Tara sing, over the sea,  
 Long live the shillelahs, and shamrocks so green!

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NOTHING IN LIFE CAN SADDER US.

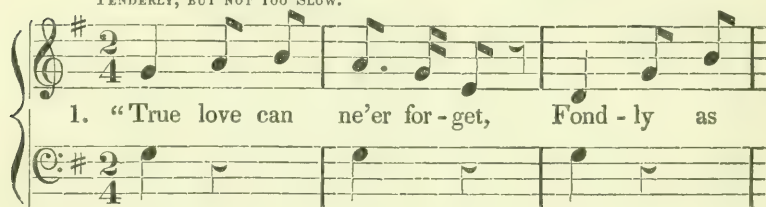


## TRUE LOVE CAN NE'ER FORGET.

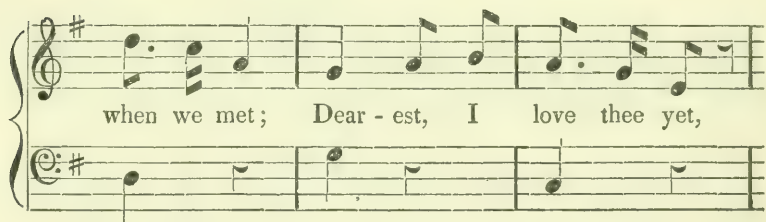
WORDS BY FURLONG. MUSIC BY LOVER.

*Founded on the fact related of Carolan, the Irish bard, that, after his loss of sight, and the lapse of twenty years, he recognized his first love by the touch of her hand.*

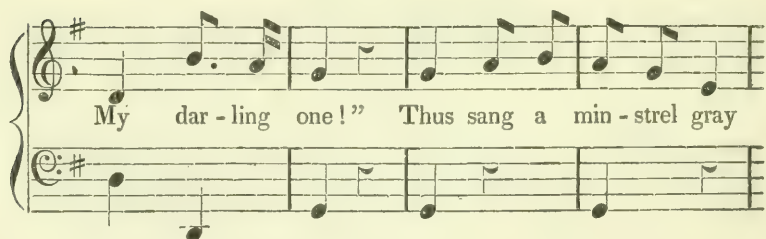
TENDERLY, BUT NOT TOO SLOW.



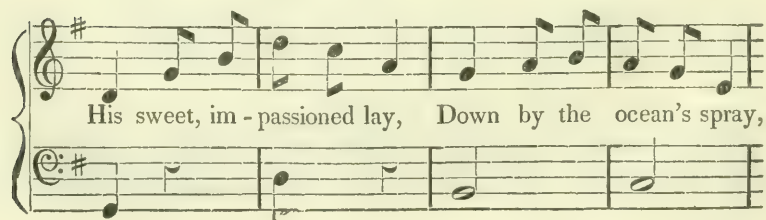
1. "True love can ne'er for-get, Fond-ly as



when we met; Dear-est, I love thee yet,



My dar-ling one!" Thus sang a min-strel gray



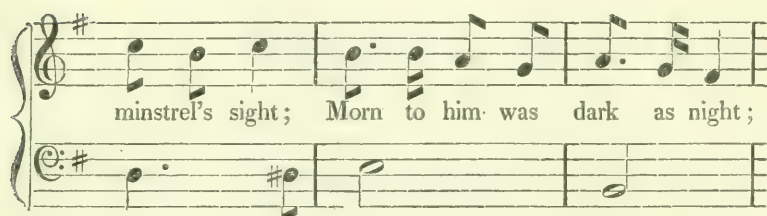
His sweet, im-passioned lay, Down by the ocean's spray,





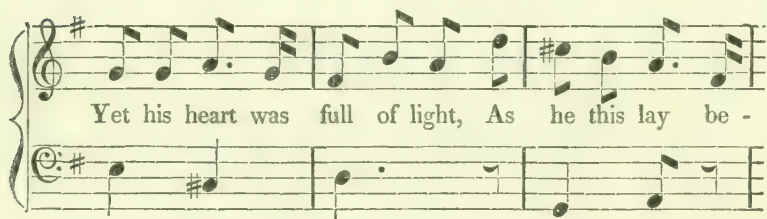
At rise of sun. But withered was the

The first system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics "At rise of sun. But withered was the" are written below the treble staff.



minstrel's sight; Morn to him was dark as night;

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "minstrel's sight; Morn to him was dark as night;" are written below the treble staff.



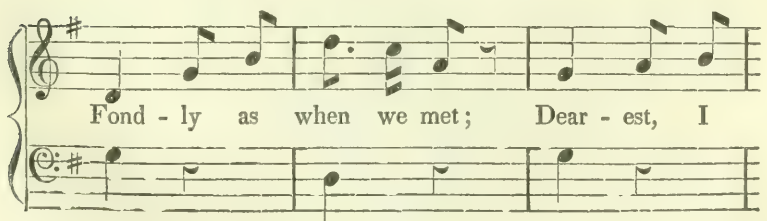
Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be -

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics "Yet his heart was full of light, As he this lay be -" are written below the treble staff.



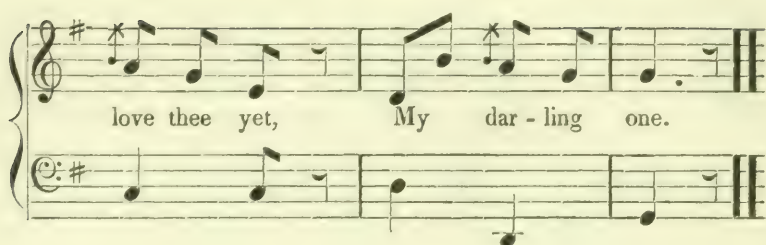
- - gun: . . . "True love can ne'er for-get,

The fourth system of musical notation. The lyrics "- - gun: . . . 'True love can ne'er for-get," are written below the treble staff.



Fond - ly as when we met; Dear - est, I

The fifth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The lyrics "Fond - ly as when we met; Dear - est, I" are written below the treble staff.



## 2.

"Long years are past and o'er  
 Since, from this fatal shore,  
 Cold hearts and cold winds bore  
     My love from me."  
 Scarcely the minstrel spoke,  
 When, quick, with flashing stroke,  
 A boat's light oar the silence broke  
     Over the sea.  
 Soon, upon her native strand,  
 Doth a lovely lady land;  
 While the minstrel's love-taught hand  
     Did o'er his sweet harp run,  
 "True love can ne'er forget, &c.

## 3.

Where the minstrel sat alone,  
 There that lady fair hath gone;  
 Within his hand she placed her own:  
     The bard dropped on his knee;  
 From his lip soft blessings came;  
 He kissed her hand, with truest flame;  
 In trembling tones he named her name,  
     Though her he could not see.  
 But, O! the touch, the bard could tell,  
 Of that dear hand, remembered well.  
 Ah! by many a secret spell,  
     Can true love trace his own!  
 For true love can ne'er forget,  
 Fondly as when they met;  
 He loved his lady yet,  
     His darling one.

# LECTURE X.

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FROM A. D. 279 TO 500.

## SECTION I.

Reign of Carbre. — Leinster Militia. — Their Constitution. — Qualifications. — Obligations. — Number. — Commands. — Garrisons. — Discipline. — Names of the Legions. — Population of Ireland in that Age. — War with Denmark. — Triumph. — Civil Wars at Home. — Destruction of the Leinster Militia. — Origin of several Irish Families. — Niall of the Nine Hostages. — Irish Government in Caledonia. — Prowess of Niall in Caledonia. — Forces the Roman Wall. — Capture of Patricius. — Death of Niall. — Reign of Dathy. — Brilliant Victories over the Roman Legions. — Evacuation by the Romans of Britain and Gaul. — Position and Condition of Ireland at this Period. — Ireland the Athens of Europe. — Accounted for. — Proved by the Admissions of British Writers. — Opinions of Sir James Mackintosh, Dr. Warner, Toland, Camden, Whitaker, Stillingfleet. — The pagan Worship of the ancient Irish. — Comparison with that of Rome and Greece in coeval Ages.

WE have seen, in the preceding pages, the advance of arts, sciences, and literature, in Ireland, ere yet the meridian rays of the Christian religion had illumined her oak-covered hills. We are now approaching that epoch in her history, when her military glory and her Christian works shine in bright reflections on the page; and, if all the original spirit of our Milesian fathers be not killed within us by the unhealthy atmosphere of a selfish age, the trumpet-call of freedom in behalf of that suffering land shall be answered over the Atlantic by the proud impulses of our devoted hearts; and that country which was, in other ages, *the land of the free and the home of the brave*, shall, by the united efforts of her scattered children, be again restored to her rank amid the nations —

“Great, glorious, and free,  
The first flower of the earth,  
And first gem of the sea.”

Anno 279, we find *Carbre*, the son of Cormac, on the Irish throne, exhibiting in his government all the virtues of his father. He had the

history and antiquities of Ireland carefully revised, and some additions made to the national code of laws. About this time, a celebrated Irish hero, *Curausius*, had raised himself so high in the Roman emperor's confidence, that he was sent to Britain to govern as the lieutenant of Rome. Here he obtained the affections of the people, and finally assumed the purple, the symbol of imperial authority. Rome, becoming alarmed at this, sent forces to depose him. He applied to the Irish monarch for aid, which he obtained, and then successfully resisted Rome until his death, which, it is said, was effected by assassins.

It was in this age that the famous Leinster militia was broken up and dispersed. The history of that celebrated corps deserves a special place in our memory. On the ancient partition of Ireland between Heber and Heremon, the different orders of the people were also divided, and lands were assigned to the chiefs and princes, on the condition that each should support a stipulated number of armed troops, to attend the prince when called on. The land thus disposed of was called *fearan an cloidheamh*, or "sword land."

Here was the origin of military tenures in Europe.

These troops were divided into legions called *catha*. Each *catha* contained three thousand men; every thousand was commanded by a *fear comhlan mile*, or "the commander of one thousand," who had under him ten captains, twenty lieutenants, and forty sergeants. The captain was called *fear comhlan cead*, or "the commander of one hundred," and so on. The commander of the legion was named *faioseach an catha*, or "governor of the legion." To each legion was appointed a proper number of physicians and surgeons, and these were the most eminent of the different universities of the kingdom.

None were admitted into these legions but men of large stature, without any deformity of person; they must be versed in history and poetry; they must be perfect in the use of arms. Each soldier must be able to clear at once any wall as high as himself, and to run under the branch of a tree as low as his knee without relaxing his pace. He was bound singly not to fly from *nine* armed men. Those legions were the children of the state, and it required interest to become one of the body. Another condition was that, before enrolling, the parents and friends of each candidate were to swear not to revenge his death, if slain, but to leave it to the general. Such was the constitution and material of *Fion's* celebrated legion, the Leinster militia.

The force of the whole kingdom at this time was eighty-four thousand fighting men. Each provincial king had his seven legions, of three



thousand men to each legion ; besides this, the chief prince of *Tara* had his seven legions. The chief commander of each provincial army was called *righ thine*, or “king of the soldiery ;” and to him they swore fidelity and allegiance. The marshal was named *tuargna cutha* ; and their pay was made out in clothes, money, and provisions, as had been established by the Irish monarch *Seadhna*, who reigned in Ireland seven centuries before the Christian era.

From November to May, they were quartered on the country, each house supplying a soldier with certain necessaries. In summer, they were obliged to support themselves by fishing and hunting. From May to November, they were ordered to the different *duns*, or *stations*, established to give proper notice should an enemy approach. There was one of these old *duns*, or garrison forts, in the Bay of Tralee, one at the mouth of the *Casín*, in the county of Kerry, also one at *Inis Catha*, or Scatterry, and some other places in the county Limerick. Rath Conan, in Limerick, still retains the name of its governor, to wit, the famous *Conan Maol* ; and many similar instances could be quoted. Such soldiers as were not on particular duty, or service, were employed in great hunting matches, where the chase preserved them in health and vigor, and supplied part of their wants.

The red deer was then numerous in the mountains of Ireland ; they were very large, fleet, and fierce. We have yet several glowing relations of those famous hunts about the romantic district in which the lakes of Killarney are situated ; and Killarney itself is immortalized in the books of travellers for its stag hunts, which are yet continued with great spirit by some of the old Milesians, whose patriotism and spirit not *all* the powers of England could subdue.

Neither ancient nor modern history can furnish a more complete and formidable military institution than this. Men arrived at the highest degree of military discipline previous to their reception into the army. Not only expert at annoying an enemy, but equally so in defending themselves, — not only animated to the fight by their natural courage, but raised higher by the swelling sounds of music, and animated into heroism by the songs of the bards, — a military body thus trained up must have been formidable ; and so indeed they were. Those legions were denominated after the services they performed against the common enemy, Rome. Thus the Irish forces kept up in Albion or Scotland were called *fine Albin*, or Albanian legions ; the legions in Gaul were called *fine Gaul*.

This constant exercise of the Irish military will explain very clearly

not only why they kept their own country free from foreign insult or domination, but why, also, they were enabled to pour their troops on the continent, and why, in the days of Cæsar, and of successive Roman generals, they led on the troops of Britain and Scotland.

By the military returns of this age we can estimate the population of Ireland at four millions and a half.

In this reign, the celebrated *Moghcorb* ruled over Munster: his mother was a princess of Denmark, called *Ilcrothach*, or the "All-lovely." The two brothers of this princess flew to Ireland, to look for aid from their nephew, to push the usurper of their father's throne from his unjustly-acquired eminence. Influenced by his mother, he prepared a large fleet; and, with a select body of troops taken out of the Munster and Leinster militia, he invaded Denmark. The Danes prepared to meet him. The battle was fierce, bloody, and well fought. The superior bravery and discipline of the Irish at length prevailed. The Danes were totally defeated. There fell, on the Danish side, the usurper of Denmark, his four sons, and four brothers, besides numbers of his commanders, and three thousand of his soldiers. *Moghcorb* caused his two uncles to be proclaimed joint kings of Denmark, exacted tribute from the Danes for the expenses of his war, and returned home crowned with glory. This brilliant achievement was the theme of the bards and antiquarians for many years.

The fame of *Moghcorb* naturally begot the enmity of other princes of his own country, which blew up at last, under one pretence or another, to open hostilities; and, unhappily, we are pained to read of those brilliant arms, which won such trophies abroad, turned by Irish heroes on each other. *Carbre*, the prince of Ulster, led on his forces towards Munster, the territory of *Moghcorb*. The contending armies met on the plains of Meath, near Tara. The Leinster and Connaught militia, since the days of Con, were enemies or rivals. The entire forces of both provinces appeared under arms that day, and, as neither knew fear or thought of retreating, it became a total carnage on both sides. Of Fion's troops not one escaped, but *Oisín*, the father of *Osgur*, and the *Clana Morni*, or Connaught troops, experienced the same dreadful fate. *Osgur*, the general, after performing prodigies of valor, fell by the sword of *Carbre*, the king of Ulster; and he, in return, met the same fate from the arm of the great *Moghcorb*. This battle was fought A. D. 295.

The only princes who survived this dreadful day were the hero *Moghcorb*, and *Aodth*, king of Connaught; and the latter, the

year after, raised a new army, engaged *Moghcorb* at *Spaltrach*, on the borders of Munster, in which action the gallant *Moghcorb* fell, anno 296. The Leinster militia were thus totally destroyed. *Osgur*, their general, was killed. *Osgur* was the son of *Oisín*, who lost his eyes in the battle; and *Oisín*, as I have said, was the son of *Fion M' Cumhall*. This band of heroes was totally extinguished by that misfortune. The Munster militia, which was revived by *Loghcorb*, continued to exist for many centuries after.

Anno 300, *Fiacha*, of Connaught, was called to the throne. From the son of this prince are the *Clana Neill* and their tribe, in Connaught, descended. From his brother descended the three *Collas*, who were the progenitors of several noble families in Ireland. From the eldest, or Colla-nas, came the *M'Donnells*, both of Scotland and Ireland; the *M'Douel*, or *Doyles*, the *M'Rorys*, the Clan Isithigh, or O'Sheehies; the Clan Chirrins, or *O'Kerins*, O'Gniefes. From *Colla dha Crioch*, the second son, sprang the M'Mahons of Orgial; the *M'Quines* of Fermanagh, *O'Hanlan*, *M'Anaigh*, *M'Manus*, *M'Egan*, *O'Kelly*, *O'Madin*, or Madigan, *O'Nealan*. Of the posterity of the third son there is no record.

These brothers had engaged in the local struggles of their country, which kept her in trouble and civil wars for better than half a century; during which the celebrated palace of *Amania*, the seat of the Ulster princes for eight centuries,—the home of bards and heroes for many an age,—was sacked and burned. Though it was never after habitable, its venerated ruins were discernible in the last century.

Several monarchs succeeded those princes, whose deeds were of the average character. But we light on the reign of *Eochaidh*, anno 359, to whom a son was born named *Niall*, afterwards surnamed "of the nine hostages." After a troublesome reign, *Eochaidh* died, and the choice of a successor produced great excitement. At length the vote of the estates of Tara fell upon the young *Niall*, who, though opposed with great vigor, even by the swords of his rivals, was at length triumphant. Some invasions and troubles arising in Scotland between the Irish settlements there and the Romans on the British side of the border, the monarch *Niall* went over with a large force. The troubles were subdued, the colonists submitted, and acknowledged that all Scotland, except that part north of the Friths of Clyde and Forth, was subject to the Irish monarch, to be governed by laws made by the parent power in Ireland. *Hume*, the historian of England, acknowledges this. He says, "In very ancient language, Scotland



means only the country north of the Friths of the Clyde and Forth. I shall not," he continues, "make a parade of literature to prove it, because I do not find that the Scots themselves dispute the point."

*Niall* settled the boundaries on this occasion, calling the entire of Caledonia *Scotia*, after the parent and governing country, Ireland. It ought to be remarked that Ireland was originally called *Scotia* in honor of Scoto, the mother of the Milesian princes Heber and Heremon.\*

Having thus settled all dissensions, *Niall*, at the solicitation of some Saxon tribes, agreed to help them to subdue the Roman power in Britain. And accordingly we find him prepare an immense army, including Irish, Picts, and Saxons, at the head of which he forced the celebrated Roman wall, attacked the Roman cities, and compelled them to pay tribute; after which he returned to Ireland in great triumph.

As the Romans had been oppressive to Saxon tribes in Gaul, a messenger from the latter appeared at the Irish court, to solicit the powerful aid of *NIALL* in coercing them; and here again our great *NIALL* showed himself a distinguished hero. He prepared an expedition against the Romans, who then held Gaul in subjection. He landed on the borders of Brittany, laid waste the Roman settlements, and came home loaded with spoils and treasure, together with several captives, amongst whom was the youth that became afterwards the apostle St. Patrick.

Much discussion has arisen among writers about the place of the saint's birth. The best authorities, and the most numerous, too, agree that he was a Gaulish captive, taken to Ireland by *Niall*. He might have been born in Wales, for his family came from Wales to Brittany; the Book of Lecan says his mother was a Frank, and that she was sister of St. Martin, bishop of Tours. One thing is admitted by all, namely, that he and his two sisters were taken as captives to Ireland by *Niall*, and sold as such, according to the custom of those days. This invasion and caption took place anno 388.

*Niall*, on his return to Ireland, found his kingdom suffering under troubles; which having settled, he prepared a great force to make a second descent on Gaul. To this end he summoned the leaders and chiefs of his people to Tara, and had present at the assembly deputies from *Scotia Minor*, who all unanimously resolved to support him in his enterprise against the Romans in Gaul; and with an immense force he entered that country, and, finding little resistance, marched through the provinces, and encamped on the banks of the Loire, where, however, in the midst of his triumphant career, he met his death by an arrow shot at him from an assassin. His army reëmbarked, taking with

\* It was also called *Erne*, *Hybernia*, and *Irland*.



them his dead body, which was interred in Ireland with great pomp. "He was called the *hero of the nine hostages*," says Hutchinson, "because he compelled nine nations to send him hostages. No monarch carried the glory of the Irish arms farther than Niall. He drove the Romans out of Caledonia, and pursued them to the banks of the Loire, in Gaul." These hostages were covered with golden fetters.

As the posterity of Niall of the Nine Hostages made a most distinguished figure in our history, and as, from his house, for almost six centuries, the monarchs of Ireland were chosen, with a single instance excepted, it is proper to say something of his posterity : *Niall* had eight sons, four of whom remained in Meath and its neighborhood ; the others acquired possessions in the north of Ireland. The issue of these eight sons have been distinguished by the titles of Northern and Southern *Ai Nialls*. From the southern branch have descended *O'Sionach*, or Fox, lord of Taff ; *Magaully*, *Mag. Caren*, *O'Braoin*, *O'Quin*, and *O'Daly* ; also *O'Kindelan*. From these four southern brothers, whose territories lay in the very centre of Ireland, came the *O'Malochlins*, the *M'Geoghagans*, and the *O'Molloys*. Of the northern line, *Eogan*, or *Eon*, the fifth son, got the great tract of country known as *Tir Connal*, or *Tir Eon* ; for the tract was formerly Connal's. Connal's tract goes yet by the name of *Tir Connel*, and the chiefs of this house assumed the name of *O'Donnel* from a celebrated ancestor so called.

Anno 420. On the death of *NIALL*, his nephew, *Dathy*, ascended the Irish throne. Several refugees from Roman persecution having fled from Gaul and Britain to Ireland, they besought him to render them assistance. At the head of a powerful army, he landed in North Britain, where he broke down the Roman wall, drove their forces before him out of Britain, passed with his victorious army over to Gaul, where he subdued the recruited legions of Rome throughout that kingdom, and chased them to the very foot of the Alps ; at which point, unfortunately, he was killed by lightning.

This brilliant chapter in the history of the Milesian race took place in the year of Christianity 428. The Roman power was now completely extinguished in Britain. The successes of *Dathy* gave other nations courage to attack Rome in every direction, until, at length, her provinces broke away from her, one after the other. She broke up at the extremities, and fell, after she had persecuted mankind for seven hundred years. Even so will that great race, whose true Milesian blood still streams through millions upon millions of brave Irishmen, — even so will that brave blood, which exudes its aspiring and uncon-

querable spirit into every generation, — survive the fall and dispersion of the piratical aristocracy of England. And “when the future traveler from New Zealand shall visit London, and, standing upon the single remaining arch of its last bridge, view from that spot the ruins of St. Paul’s,” — the sacred island, which nourished that blood, for countless generations, with a miraculous vitality, shall herself be then “the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

It is necessary to keep in strong relief before the public eye that Ireland, even under the pagan system, was the school of Western Europe. Here were preserved, with a religious exactitude, the histories of contemporary nations, and also an elaborate history of Ireland, her laws, literature, science, &c. Here the Gauls, Franks, Britons, Welsh, the Picts, and the Germans, came to study. Three principal circumstances contributed to this — *First*, the nations of Europe were constantly agitated and disturbed by the depredations of the Romans, for better than seven hundred years, which drove the studious to Ireland, the only spot in Europe where their persons and properties were safe from outrage, — the only spot in Europe that preserved its independence of Roman sway. An evidence of this is singularly offered in the names of the several tracts of land yielded by the hospitable Irish to those refugees, which retain their names to this day. In the county Limerick, they have *Gall Baile*, or the “Gauls’ Town,” *Baile na Francoigh*, or the “Franks’ Town,” and so of other places. I have already shown that the persons and properties of the *ollamhs*, or doctors of learning, the *bards*, and *Druids*, were ever held most sacred by the contending factions in Ireland. It was deemed a sacrilege to assault, kill, or invade the property of any of them.

*Secondly*, the original settlers, under the sons of Milesius, brought with them the chief arts and sciences known in ancient Egypt, and the knowledge of manufactures, and of the arts of dyeing, and working metals, which were known in Tyre, then the queen city of the world. This is proved by various incontestable evidences, which I have already arrayed in the early pages of this book.

*Thirdly*, the equable and healthful climate of Ireland, its fruitful and luxuriant fields, its delicious air and water, the sweetness and richness of its provisions, its romantic recesses, time-honored by the study of the bards and Druids, — all these circumstances would conspire to attract the studious to its inviting bosom. And when, as admitted by St. Patrick himself, he found the Druids possessed of a thorough knowledge of all things then known to mankind, — when he found them well versed in

the languages, customs, arts, and histories, of the Eastern nations, and well acquainted with the features and dogmas of Christianity, — we can then estimate the true character of that people amongst whom St. Patrick appeared to preach the *Crucified*.

Here, in support of what I have now advanced, let me present again the testimony of the eminent historians of the present and past century.

Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, who was familiar with the past and present features of man's history; whose philosophic eye penetrated the recesses of nature and of science, and swept over creation's wide domain, subjecting all to his inquiry and comment; the advocate of civil and religious liberty; the companion of Henry Brougham, — he, the monarch of the Edinburgh Review, honored Scotland by his birth; honored England by his learning; honored literature by his genius; honored Ireland by the honesty of his testimony to her ancient greatness and learning; and he honored humanity by his moral worth. Stand forth, thou shining light of the present century, and tell the world what Ireland was in ages past! "The chronicles of Ireland," says he, "written in the Irish language, from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published, with the fullest evidences of their genuineness and exactness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of many of their favorite legends by this authentic publication, are yet by it enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient *than any other European nation* possesses, in its present spoken language. They have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. Indeed, no other nation possesses any monument of its literature, which goes back within several centuries of the beginning of those chronicles. Some of Dr. O'Connor's readers may hesitate to admit the degree of culture and prosperity he claims for his countrymen; *but no one, I think, can deny, after perusing his proofs, that the Irish were a lettered people while the Saxons were still immersed in darkness and ignorance.*" — Sir James Mackintosh, History of England, vol. i. chap. ii.

"Will it be any longer doubted, after this," says Warner, "whether the ancient Irish had any philosophy, literature, or arts, in their pagan state? Will any critic in this country [England] any longer confidently assert that the Irish had not the use of letters till after the arrival of St. Patrick, and the conversion of the island to Christianity? Ought we Englishmen not rather take shame to ourselves, that we have hitherto always treated that ancient gallant people with such illiberal contempt,

[and MARK !] *who had the start of the Britons, for many ages, in arts and sciences, in learning and laws ?*"

Toland, in his *History of the British Druids*, says, "At this era, the Irish were the most enlightened cultivators of letters in Europe; and so great was the respect in which their learning was held by the Saxons and North Britons, that the Druids of these countries, for ages, were initiated into their arts, knowledge, and mysteries, by the Irish Druids." Another Englishman, CAMDEN, says, "St. Patrick found the Irish Druids, who contended with him at Tara, eminently versed in Grecian literature and astronomy." Again, Whitaker, another English historian, says, "In the reign of the celebrated monarch NIAL, the arch-Druid of Ireland was acknowledged the sovereign pontiff of the order by the Druids and bards of Gaul, Britain, and Scotland." And Bishop STILLINGFLEET, another adverse authority, says, "St. Patrick certainly brought no accession of literature to the Irish, as their Druids were then the most learned body of men in Europe, and stood unrivalled in the cultivation of letters."

"The simple statement of Tacitus," says Moore, "that, at the period when he wrote, [the first century,] the waters and harbors of Ireland were, through the means of commerce and of navigators, better known than those of Britain, opens such a retrospect at once into her foregone history, as, combined with similar glimpses in other writings of antiquity, renders credible her claims to early civilization, and goes far to justify some of the proud boasts of her annals." These are testimonies from writers the most of whom are not Irish! These are testimonies in favor of Ireland's former standing in arts, in laws, in arms, and in morals, which should cheer the exiled emigrant from that sacred island in his pilgrimage through countries where he is little known, and where his nation is studied only through the printing presses of her tyrants.

Such were Ireland and the Irish on the arrival of the apostle Patrick; and now we shall witness her embrace, without the sacrifice of a single drop of blood, the peaceful, bloodless doctrines of the Christian gospel; we shall see her become, in fact, a very nation of apostles and preachers of the gospel of Heaven; we shall see her open colleges and schools for the youth of all nations, where food and clothing, where education, and, what was then more valuable, where *books*, were given to the students free of charge — books that were valued at double their weight in gold. We shall see her missionaries go into Europe, — ay, through the length and breadth of Europe; we shall see them convert, instruct, and civilize, the Saxon, the Pict, the Gaul, the Belgian, the German,



the Italian. We shall see their country revered amongst the nations, and honored by the appellation of *insula sanctorum et doctorum*, (island of saints and doctors;) and when this is brought out before the people of this great republic, let the paltry Irishman, who forgets the sacred earth of his forefathers, be contemned by enlightened man, and be despised by chivalrous woman.

The religion practised generally by the Irish, down to this period, was *pagan Druidism*, which continued for seventeen hundred years the religion of the princes and people of Ireland. It is hard, at this distant period, to define exactly the nature of the Druid religion; the reader will please turn to page 136, and learn something of its nature.

It appears that the paganism of the ancient Irish was better calculated to generate good morals, than the paganism of Rome, or Greece, during coeval ages. We have seen the Leinster prince, Eochaidh, banished from his throne, some two centuries previous to this era, for having imposed on his father-in-law a tale that his first wife, daughter of the king, was dead, and fraudulently obtain the hand of his second daughter in marriage, his first being alive. We have seen another king in Ireland branded as "the Shameful," for the crime of incest. And we have seen the solemn and ceremonious nuptial rights strictly observed at the public festivities. We cannot find a single feature of polygamy mark the face of society in ancient Ireland. We have seen the care with which female honor was guarded; and pagan Ireland may proudly contrast herself, in morals, with the most refined nations of the ages which we are considering.

For, if we turn even to Greece, though they had there some confused ideas of a future state, yet Socrates was persecuted for publishing his belief in the existence of a supreme God. Not so *Cormac*, the king of Ireland, as we have seen in the last century. When he intuitively discovered the existence of a divine Creator, and renounced the paganism of the Druids, he was not persecuted. Although Greece has given to the world some splendid scholars, yet the morals and philosophy of that ancient people are questionable. Tytler, in his *Ancient History*, says, "The Greek philosophy, on the whole, affords little more than a picture of the imbecility and caprice of the human mind." Their religious notions were formed after various crotchets of the philosophers, who, to become conspicuous, combated with each other, destroying by one set of opinions the creations of another.

If we turn to Rome, we will find their religion consist of the worship of imaginary gods, to whom the most brutal and ridiculous sacrifices were

offered. Besides this, they observed a code of prognostication, founded on the manner of death of the animals offered up to their gods; thus, if the ox died easily from the first stroke, and bled profusely, then their battles were likely to be successful. If, on the contrary, he showed signs of a convulsive struggle; if the animal's heart was small; if any of the entrails fell from the priest's hands, — then the augurs and soothsayers would weigh all the circumstances, and order public affairs accordingly. A court of augurs or interpreters of dreams, omens, and other accidents, was established in Rome; and even the emperors were appointed presidents of this wise assembly, the emperor taking upon him to judge of things divine and human. A pretty system of philosophy, indeed, which sanctioned an emperor and a grave court sitting on the dreams of all the young and old ladies of Rome!

Yet Rome is amongst the studies of your youth, to the exclusion of Ireland.

There were many most disgusting ceremonies practised in Rome, but the state of morals was degrading in the extreme; it was a custom for married men to negotiate for what *we* would consider the dishonor of their wives. Even the great Cato was guilty of this degradation; and, although we have a Lucretia stabbing herself, in the presence of her husband and kindred, rather than survive her dishonor, we have a *Tullia* stabbing her own father, the king of Rome, to prepare the way for the usurpation of her husband, *Tarquinius*.

No such degrading, debasing features can be discovered in the morals or customs of the pagan Irish: on the contrary, public virtue, which grows only from the individual virtue of each unit of the community, was manifest in every act and custom of the ancient Irish. Such was Ireland before the meridian Sun of Christianity shed its refulgence over her verdant valleys.

We shall now pursue her eventful story during the brilliant ages that she was mistress of the world's literature, when Greece was almost forgotten, when Rome had crumbled beneath the weight of her own wickedness, when England was the theatre of contending barbarians — Saxon and native Britons:—and when Europe was trod alone by the barbarian Goth and Vandal, then was Ireland the seat of science, piety, and art.

## HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

BY MOORE.

*TENDERLY.*

1. Has sor - row thy young days sha - ded, As

clouds o'er the morn - ing fleet? Too

fast have those young days fa - ded, That

e - ven in sor - row were sweet. Does

Time, with his cold wings, with - er Each

feel - ing that once was dear? Come,

child of mis - for - tune, hith - er, — I'll

weep with thee tear for tear.

## 2.

Has love to that soul, so tender,  
 Been like our Lagenian mine,  
 Where sparkles of golden splendor  
 All over the surface shine?



But if, in pursuit, we go deeper,  
 Allured by the gleam that shone,  
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,  
 Like love, the bright ore is gone!

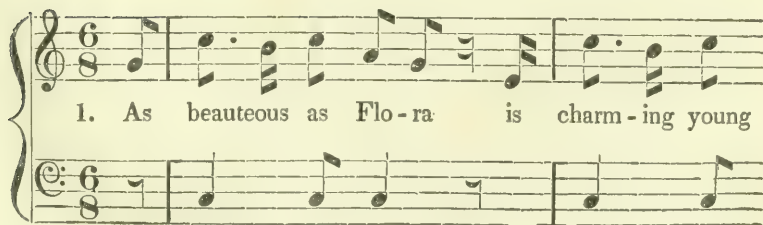
## 3.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,  
 That flitted from tree to tree,  
 With the talisman's glittering glory —  
 Has Hope been that bird to thee?  
 In branch after branch alighting,  
 The gem did she still display,  
 And, when nearest and most inviting,  
 Then waft the fair gem away?

## 4.

If thus the sweet hours have fled,  
 When Sorrow herself looked bright;  
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,  
 That led thee along so light;  
 If thus the unkind world wither  
 Each feeling that once was dear,  
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither, —  
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

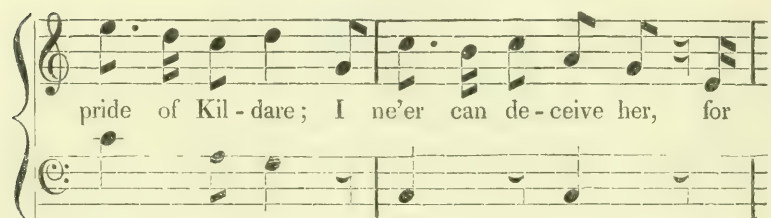
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 NORAH, THE PRIDE OF KILDARE.




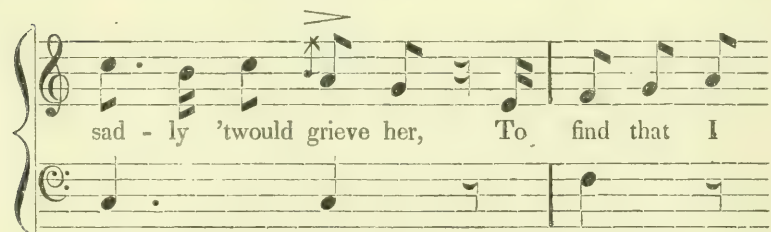
No - rah, The joy of my heart, and the

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a quarter note on G4, followed by an eighth note on A4, a quarter note on B-flat4, and a quarter note on C5. The bass staff begins with a quarter note on G2, followed by a quarter note on B-flat2, and a quarter note on C3.



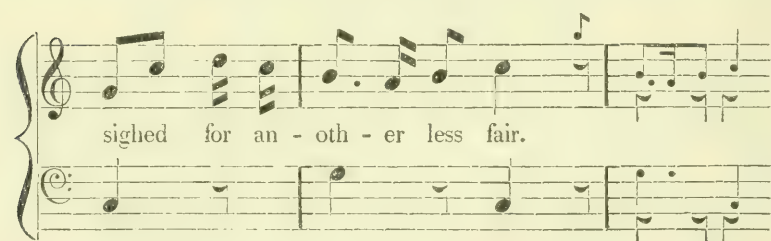
pride of Kil - dare ; I ne'er can de - ceive her, for

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note on D5, followed by an eighth note on E5, a quarter note on F5, and a quarter note on G5. The bass staff continues with a quarter note on D3, followed by a quarter note on F3, and a quarter note on G3.



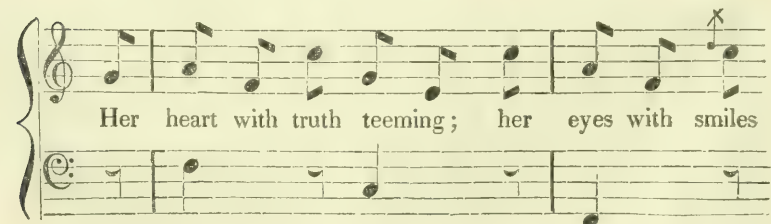
sad - ly 'twould grieve her, To find that I

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melisma mark (a star with a line above it) over the note G5. The melody continues with a quarter note on A5, a quarter note on B-flat5, and a quarter note on C6. The bass staff continues with a quarter note on A2, followed by a quarter note on C3, and a quarter note on D3.



sighed for an - oth - er less fair.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note on D6, followed by an eighth note on E6, a quarter note on F6, and a quarter note on G6. The bass staff continues with a quarter note on E2, followed by a quarter note on G2, and a quarter note on A2.



Her heart with truth teeming ; her eyes with smiles

The fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a quarter note on A6, followed by an eighth note on B-flat6, a quarter note on C7, and a quarter note on D7. The bass staff continues with a quarter note on B2, followed by a quarter note on D3, and a quarter note on E3.

beam - ing, What mor - tal could in - jure a

blos - som so rare, As No - rah, dear

No - rah, the pride of Kil - dare? As

No - rah, dear No - rah, the pride of Kil - dare?

## 2.

Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love,  
 Though beauties may smile, and try to ensnare;  
 Yet nothing shall ever thy heart from mine sever,  
 Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare!

## SECTION II.

Dawn of Christianity in Ireland. — The first Missionaries. — Cathaldus. — The Feast of Easter. — Dima the Missionary. — Heber. — St. Albe. — Palladius. — Their Labors. — St. Patrick. — His Captivity and Servitude. — His Return to Gaul. — His long Studies as an Ecclesiastic. — Appointed Bishop of Ireland. — Origin of the Name Patrick. — Arrives in Ireland. — His Progress. — Appears at Tara. — Discusses Christianity before the King. — Doctrine of the Trinity. — The Shamrock. — Converts the Druids, the King, and his Court. — Leaves Tara. — Passes into Connaught. — Absence of venomous Reptiles in Ireland. — Arrives in Dublin. — Proceeds to Munster. — Baptism of the Prince. — Proceeds to Ulster. — Is attacked by an Assassin. — Preserved by Odran. — Attacked by a Brigand. — Repentance of the Brigand. — Attacked by a Pirate. — Success of the Apostle. — Great Number of Bishops and Priests appointed. — Conciliation of the Druids. — Erection of Armagh into an Archbishopric. — Retreats of the Pious. — Committee of Nine, to revise the Laws and History of Ireland. — Destruction of the Poetry of the Bards. — The Trial by Twelve Men. — The Apostle revisits Rome — Returns to Ireland. — His Death. — His Sepulchre.

THE renunciation, by King Cormac, of the Druid worship, and the proclamation of his belief in the existence of a God, a Creator of heaven and earth, prepared the way, in a considerable degree, for the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. The minds of the people were shaken by the philosophic reasons which Cormac published for his recantation of a worship which his progenitors had followed for so many ages. O'Halloran goes into a learned discussion to prove that Christianity was preached in Ireland at an earlier period than is commonly supposed.

The constant enmity between the Roman emperors and the Irish monarchs, which existed for the first four hundred years of the Christian era, prevented any kind of friendly intercourse between the two nations. The Christian doctrine first came, not immediately from Rome to Ireland, but from the churches of Asia. *Mansuetus*, an Irishman, the first bishop and patron of *Toul*, and canonized by *Leo the Ninth*, is said to have been a disciple of St. Peter. "To me," continues O'Halloran, "it would seem that *Mansuetus*, and the other Irish Christians, were rather the disciples of St. John the evangelist; and I ground my opinion on what the Venerable Bede relates, touching the famous controversy about the celebration of Easter. He tells us, that, in defence of the Irish time of celebrating this feast, in opposition to that of Rome, Coleman, the Irish bishop of Lindisfarn, among other reasons, declared, that 'he had re-



ceived it from his forefathers, who sent him to Northumberland as their bishop ; and it was the same custom which St. John, Christ's especially beloved disciple, with all the churches under him, observed.' ”

In the reign of *Con*, in the second century, Ireland sent forth the famous St. Cathaldus, to preach the doctrine of Christ ; and he became bishop and patron of Tarentum, in Italy. In the next age, Christianity had taken root in the minds of many reflecting men of Ireland, and it is expressly said, in the *Catha Gabhra*, that the Irish general Fion went to Rome. In the succeeding age we read of an Irish bishop suffering martyrdom in Britain ; and it is evident, by the poem of *Torna Eigis*, chief bard to Niall the Grand, beginning with *Dail Catha idir Core*, that he himself was a Christian, and Colgan offers arguments to prove the great *Niall* one also.

As to the feast of Easter, the observance of which was a source of so much contest between the western and eastern churches, I think this the proper place to introduce the reasoning of O'Halloran and others on the subject. The Jews had their pascha, or passover, to commemorate their escaping unhurt on the night the destroying angel killed the first-born of man and beast throughout Egypt ; and the apostles, after the death of our Redeemer, judged that nothing could be more expressive of our deliverance from sin than the institution of a similar festival. The Jews were commanded to celebrate their passover on the fourteenth day of the moon of the first month, which corresponded with our March, this being the time of the vernal equinox, when the sun is in *Aries*, the days and nights of equal length, and the new year beginning to spring. The Jews had put our Lord to death, whilst they were celebrating the feast of the paschal lamb. And this circumstance determined the Christians to celebrate theirs at the same time.

St. Peter and St. Paul, after quitting Palestine, judged that the keeping this feast on the fourteenth day of the first moon, was rather adopting the Jewish than forming a new festival. They therefore transferred it to the Sunday after, unless that Sunday fell on the fourteenth ; but St. John, and the churches of Asia and Africa, adhered to the first institution. It was, however, a matter of mere discipline, in which Christians might differ without sin or schism. *St. Polycarp*, bishop of Smyrna, and an immediate disciple of St. John, came to Rome, anno 158, on purpose to confer with Pope *Anacetus* on the subject. The Asiatics, and all the churches deriving under them, continued their practice of celebrating Easter until the year 325, when the COUNCIL OF NICE issued a decree for observing this feast every where on the Sunday

immediately following the vernal equinox. After further discussion between the bishops of various nations, this decree was ultimately obeyed every where.

The missionaries of Christianity not only preached in the fourth century, but founded churches, and opened schools and colleges, in Ireland. The holy *Dima* founded a Christian school near Adare, in the county Limerick. *Heber* soon after founded another at *Beg line*, in Leinster, "where," Father Colgan says, "many persons flocked to be instructed in Christianity and letters." St. *Albe*, archbishop of Munster, St. Kieran, and St. Declan, all preceded St. Patrick, and founded churches in Ireland.

In the year 427, Pope Celestine, during the reign of *Logaire*, monarch of Ireland, sent Palladius, his bosom friend, with an ecclesiastical staff of twelve missionaries, to Ireland. These were directed by the pope to "proceed to the Scots believing in Christ," and *Palladius* was appointed their first bishop. Such is the account given of this first mission by the Venerable Bede, who was a saxon ecclesiastic, and monk of the same faith, and who wrote, in the seventh century, his histories in Latin, from which they were translated into old Saxon English by King Alfred.

The Irish were unwilling to acknowledge ecclesiastical obedience to Rome, a power whose arms they so bravely and successfully resisted in the field. They did not then perceive the distinction between the temporal power of the Roman emperors and the spiritual power of the chief bishop of the Christian church; and although, by the open renunciation of the Druidical system by King Cormac, pagan worship had received a deadly blow, and though Pelagius, and his disciple Celestus, who were both Irishmen, did much to disseminate their doctrines of Christianity, yet, before St. Patrick alone did the pagan system melt away. This all the historians admit; so that, without entering farther into the earlier efforts of the Christian missionaries to convert the Irish, I will at once proceed to the consideration of the mission of the great apostle Patrick.

We have seen, in the previous pages, that the Irish legions harassed the Roman power in Britain, and, that Niall the Grand, battled with them in that country, and through Gaul, where he took two hundred captives. These he carried to Ireland, and sold, for the period of seven years, according to the custom practised in those ages, in reference to captives taken in war. Amongst these captives were *Patrick*, then sixteen years of age, and his two sisters, *Lupida* and *Deverca*.

Historians differ about the birthplace of Patrick, O'Hallaran contending his parents were Welsh on the father's side, and Gaulish on the mother's side, whilst *Moore* contends for his Roman extraction. And although there have been written upwards of sixty separate biographies of this remarkable missionary, yet we are not truly certain whether to assign him a Welsh, a Gaulish, or Roman parentage ; but, after all, the parentage of such a one matters not much, for he was born for mankind and for religion. All the historians agree as to the mode of his capture, his conversion, &c.

When brought to Ireland, the youth was sold to one *Milcho*, living in that part of the island known as Antrim, where he was appointed a shepherd. The mountain now known as *Sliobh Miss*, or the "Mountain of the Moon," was the place of his meditation and prayer. After his term of seven years of servitude ended, Patrick returned to the continent, and obtained entrance into the College of *Tours*, in which his uncle Martin was a teacher. In this place he studied for four years. This was in 397. After St. Martin's death, in four or five years, he set out for Rome ; here he was admitted among the prebendaries of St. John of Lateran, anno 403 : he was then thirty years of age. For some time he studied here. He afterwards visited several holy retreats in the islands of the Mediterranean, and attached himself to the barefooted order of St. Augustine. From these he went, in 418, to study with St. Germain at Auxerre. Here he prepared himself more especially for performing the important services to Christianity which subsequently crowned his life. Leaving St. Germain, he entered the monastery of the Isle of Lerius, where he continued for nine years in close study. After his leaving Lerius, he returned to Auxerre, to his beloved friend St. Germain. When the news of Palladius's death had reached them, St. Germain sent him to Rome with instructions upon the mission to Ireland. He was then, anno 430, thirty-eight years old.

It appears from his own Confessions, a book, the original of which, according to Colgan, is still extant in the library of St. Vast, in *Artois*, that when a youth, in servitude, among the hills of Ireland, he was fervent in his prayers to Heaven. "Every day I fed the flocks, and prayed frequently during the day ; my love of God increased more and more, and my fear and faith in him were augmented, so that in one day I prayed almost a hundred times, and as often in the night. Whilst I tarried on the mountain and in the woods, I was roused to pray both in the snow, frost, and rain ; neither did I feel any pain from it, nor lassitude, as I think, because my soul was then ardent." — *Usher*, c. 17, p. 830.

In another place, Usher quotes the account of visions which the holy man repeatedly saw, at several periods of his life. After having had his interviews with Pope Celestine, then the incumbent of the holy see, he hastened towards Ireland, together with twenty men, eminent for their wisdom and sanctity, appointed by the pontiff himself to assist him in the mission. In passing, he visited St. Germanus, his guardian and instructor: from him he received chalices and sacerdotal vestments, a quantity of books, and every other thing requisite for the ministry of the church.

His baptismal name was *Succath*: at the time of his ordination by St. Germain, it was changed to *Magonias*. After his consecration, and to add greater weight and dignity to his embassy, Pope Celestine conferred on him the order of the *patricii*. This was an institution of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor of Rome. It was more honorable than the ancient Roman order of the *patricii*; for the Christian order of *patricii* ranked next to the emperors. Thus did the apostle Patrick return to the land of his captivity, bearing all the honors which temporal and spiritual authority could confer. When Ireland became thoroughly Christian, her people, in reverence towards their beloved apostle, called their male children *Patricius*, after him. The name was subsequently abbreviated to *Pat*, and corrupted into *Paddy*; but little do the great masses of vulgarity, who use the term *Pat*, or *Paddy*, as a medium of reproach or contempt towards the expatriated Irishman, — little do they know that it was a title of the highest honor which the Roman emperor could confer — a title which was rendered still more illustrious by the apostle, by whom it was interwoven in the fondest memories of the Irish — a name honored for fourteen hundred years by the descendants of the Milesians — a name that will go honored down to the remotest posterity, reminding other ages that a change was effected in the minds of an entire nation, by its bearer, without resorting to a single act of persecution. It was a title which the nobility of Europe, in succeeding generations, were proud to wear; for we find that the emperor Charlemagne, and other kings of France, assumed the title of *patricii*, in the eighth and ninth centuries, as one of the highest honors. The apostle retained the title *Patricius* during his life, by which title alone is he recognized by posterity.

There was a small ship placed at his disposal; he first landed upon Ireland at a place called *Crioch Cuallan*, on the eastern part of Leinster, called at present Wicklow. This took place anno 432,



during the reign of King Laogare, the grandson of O'Niall of the Nine Hostages. After preaching here for some time, and making a few converts, he returned to his ship, and steered towards Dublin, when he touched at an island called, after him, *Inis Phadruig*. Having rested here, he again put to sea, and steered along the coast to the north of Ireland, where he made port in the Bay of Dundrum, county Down:

The lords of the territory, having heard that pirates had landed on their coast, issued forth, with their followers, to drive them off, but, being struck with the sanctified appearance of the apostle and his followers, heard them preach, and became their converts. The apostle, being now near the residence of his old master, Milcho, undertook to find and preach to him the tidings of the Crucified. Milcho, too proud to receive instruction from one who had formerly been his slave, and bearing with indignation that his son and two daughters had embraced the Christian faith, in the excess of his rage, set fire to his house, and cast himself into the flames. St. Patrick was so affected at this, that he remained several hours without speaking, and shed tears.

After spending some time in this district, where he made many converts, he ordained some priests, and left behind him some of his own missionaries, whom he consecrated bishops. He then embarked for Meath.

He landed below Drogheda, where the Boyne falls into the sea, and left his little ship in care of Luman, his nephew, and a few sailors, with orders to wait for him for forty days, during which he would preach the gospel in the interior of the country. His intention was to go and celebrate the festival of Easter in the plains of Magh-Breagh, where the city of Tara was situated. He wished to be within reach of the court, at the time of the assembly, composed of the princes, Druids, and pagan priests, which was to be held that year by the monarch; well knowing that whatever impression he might produce at court would necessarily influence the provinces: with this view he armed himself with zeal to take advantage of so favorable an opportunity.

Our saint having met, on his way, with Segnen, the lord of a territory in Meath, who invited him to partake of his hospitality, he entered his house, announcing the word of God, and baptized him with all his family. This lord had a son, to whom the holy bishop gave the name of Binen, or Benignus, at his baptism. The young convert became attached to the saint, accompanied him every where, and made so great a progress in piety and virtue, that he considered him worthy of being appointed to the see of Ardmach, which he surrendered to him. After

leaving the house of Sesgnaen, the apostle proceeded towards Tara, and arrived, the day before Easter, at a place called Firta-Fir-Feic, now Slaine, on the left bank of the River Boyne, where he had a tent erected, to prepare for the ceremonies of the following day.

When the monarch convened, or held the religious festival, at Tara, it was customary to make a bonfire on the preceding day : it was prohibited to have one in any other place at the same time, in the territory of Breagh. Patrick, who despised so superstitious a practice, caused a large fire to be lighted before his tent, which was easily seen from Tara. The Druids, alarmed at this attempt, carried their complaints before the monarch, and said to him that, if he had not that fire immediately extinguished, he who had kindled it, and his successors, would hold the sovereignty of Ireland forever ; which prophecy has been fulfilled in a spiritual light. The monarch sent an order to the stranger to appear before the assembly, the day following, in order to account for his conduct, and he forbade that any should rise through respect for him. Erc, son of Dego, was the first who disobeyed the orders of the monarch : at the approach of the saint, that lord rose up, offered him his place, and, having listened attentively to the word of God, embraced Christianity, and was afterwards nominated bishop of Slaine, by the apostle. Patrick, always eager to do every thing that could tend to the salvation of mankind, presented himself, the day following, with two of his disciples, before the assembly, where he preached the faith of Jesus Christ, in presence of the monarch and all his nobles, with a freedom which was truly apostolical. Dubtach, arch-poet of Laogare, submitted to his preaching ; and the talents which he had employed before his conversion, in celebrating the praises of the false gods, were afterwards turned to glorify the true God and his saints. Fiech, his disciple, followed his example, and afterwards became bishop of Sletty.

So convincing were the arguments of Patrick, that several Druids were converted ; and then the monarch exclaimed, “ It is better I should believe than die.” The queen, the monarch, and their two daughters, were converted. It was on this occasion that St. Patrick, when told by the Druids that the doctrine of the Trinity was absurd, as three could not exist in one, stooped down, and, pulling a shamrock, which has three leaves on one stem, replied, “ To prove the reality and possibility of the existence of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, I have only to pluck up this humble plant, on which we have trodden, and convince you that truth can be attested by the simplest symbol of illustration.” Such was the manner in which the mild but truly eloquent apostle of

Christianity introduced that change in the religion of Ireland, which softened and refined the manners of a chivalrous and warlike race into a nation of apostles and preachers of the Christian divinity.

The preaching of the apostle was here supported by many miracles, mentioned by the authors of his life. There never was, in reality, a circumstance in which signs were more necessary than in an assembly composed of the chiefs and learned men of the whole nation. St. Patrick, having completed his mission at the court of Tara, repaired to Tailton, where the military games were celebrated every year. He did not keep the talent which his Master endowed him with unemployed: he always sought large assemblies, in order to turn it to advantage. The season of those military exercises, which was the last fifteen days of July, and the first fifteen days of August, being near, he repaired to Tailton, where he preached the doctrine of Jesus Christ to Cairbre and Conall, brothers of Laogare, the monarch, with different success: the former continued obdurate and unchanged; the latter, having attended to his instructions, was baptized, and in gratitude he conferred land on the saint, upon which he built a church. He spent the rest of that year in the territories of Meath and Leinster, where a great number were converted, amongst others the two princesses Ethne and Fedeline, daughters of Laogare, with the Druids Mael and Caplait.

He then passed over to West Meath, where he was successful; for his fame now travelled before him. He tarried a while at Brefny, in the county Leitrim, the home of the O'Ruarks. Here he was hospitably entertained, and made many converts. It was in this place he destroyed the idol Crom Cruach, and on the spot founded a church. From thence he passed across the Shannon into Connaught. He there made many thousand converts, erected several churches, appointed many priests and bishops, and soon proceeded on to Sligo, where he founded several more churches. He next returned to the county Galway, and made many converts. At the approach of Lent he withdrew to a high mountain, called Creagh Phadring, in the county of Mayo. Here he spent forty days in fasting and prayer. Some of the authors of his life say that he gathered here all the snakes and reptiles of the island, and drove them down into the sea. However this be, it is certain that the soil of Ireland is exempt from venomous reptiles. Solinus, who had written some centuries before the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland, makes mention of this exemption; and, after him, Isidore, bishop of Seville, in the seventh century, and Bede in the eighth, speak of it without assigning any cause. It appears that

Jocelin is the first who gave this account, in the twelfth century. The peculiarity may be supposed to proceed from the climate or the nature of the soil, rather than from any supernatural cause. It would require very many books to give a detailed account of the apostle's labors and successes through Ireland. What I have said, or may yet say about him, is the most meagre outline of his extraordinary mission.

Returning towards the east of Leinster, he crossed the River of Finlough, arrived at Bally-Ath-Cliath, "*oppidum super crates*," a city so called from the hurdles which were used either to secure the foundations of the houses, or to strengthen the roads on the marshy banks of the River Liffey, which waters it: this city has been since called *Dubh-Lin*, at present *Dublin*, from the black and muddy bottom of that river.

The high reputation for sanctity which St. Patrick had acquired, added to the number of miracles he wrought every where, having made him known and respected even by the pagans, the inhabitants of Dublin went out in crowds to meet him. These appearances were a happy omen of the faith they were about to receive from his lips. He baptized them all, with Alphin, son of Eochaidh, who was at that time their king: the ceremony was performed in a fountain near the city, called, since that time, the Fountain of St. Patrick, and became an object of devotion to the faithful for many centuries, till it was filled up and enclosed within a private dwelling in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The saint had a church built near this fountain, which afterwards became a cathedral, bearing his name.

Having established Christianity in Leinster on a solid basis, St. Patrick proceeded to Munster, where there were already some Christians, and a few churches founded by his precursors. He went directly towards Cashell, where King Aongus at that time resided. This prince, being informed of the sanctity and virtues of the holy apostle, came forth to meet him in the plain of Femyn, which is a territory that surrounds Cashell: he received him with every mark of distinction and respect, and brought him to his city in triumph, where he heard the word of God, and was converted to the faith, together with his whole court.

A singular fact is related of the Christian fortitude and patience of Aongus, during the ceremony of his baptism. The holy bishop having leaned on his pastoral staff, which was pointed with iron, it pierced the king's foot, who suffered the pain without complaining till the ceremony was ended. The apostle, hearing of the accident, asked him why he had not complained; the king answered respectfully that he thought it formed part of the ceremony. This circumstance was finely represented



on canvass by the celebrated Irish painter Barry, who was president of the Royal Academy of London in the last century. This prince was pious, and firmly attached to the religion he had embraced: out of a great number of children of both sexes, he devoted one half to the service of God, and always supported in his palace religious persons, who served as his council in religious affairs.

The four precursors of St. Patrick, namely, Ailbe, Declan, Kieran, and Ibar, having come to Cashell to see the saint, and to congratulate their king upon his conversion, assisted at the synod which that apostle had convoked. Some difference arose about the primacy, which those saints, who, like him, had received their mission from the holy see, would not acknowledge in St. Patrick. However, their charity stifled every sentiment opposed to the cause of Jesus Christ. They were confirmed, at that synod, in the possession of the churches they had founded. That of Imleach-Jobhuir, otherwise Emly, in Tipperary, founded by St. Ailbe, was made the metropolitan of the whole province: it was united to Cashell in the sixth century. That of Ardmore, in the territory of Desie, in the county of Waterford, was adjudged to St. Declan, by whom those people were converted: this church was afterwards annexed to Lismore. St. Kieran was confirmed in the see of Saigre. Lastly, Ibar was appointed bishop of Beg-Erin, that is, Little Ireland, an island on the coast of Wexford. Having settled, with the other bishops, the affairs of the church of Cashell, St. Patrick took leave of Aongus, and continued his mission through Muscraige-Breogain, Aracliach, and Lumneach, as far as the River Shannon.

In the year 455, he left Munster, to return to the north of the island. In passing through Leinster, he preached the gospel in the district of Hy-Failge, which belonged to the descendants of Rossa-Failge, son of the monarch Cathoir-More.

Our saint spent six years in visiting the churches of Ulster, consoling and confirming the new Christians, and converting those who had persevered in idolatry; and, the better to watch over the churches in general, he resigned the see of Ardmach to St. Binen, or Benignus, his disciple and successor.

On one occasion a desperate chieftain, instigated by some of the Druids, waylaid the apostle, to take his life; but the extraordinary zeal of his charioteer, *Odran*, happily prevented the accomplishment of the dreadful design.

The assassin appeared; but *ODRAN*, the saint's driver, exchanged dress with his master, placed himself in the chariot, whilst the saint took

the horse's reins, and, when the murderous attack was made, he received the spear of the assassin, and thus preserved, for some years longer, to Christianity a valuable life, whilst we may confidently hope the immolation of the zealous man's body obtained the admission of his soul to the companionship of the blessed. The faithful *Odran* was the only martyr that Ireland offered at the shrine of Christianity, which is a boast that no other nation can make.

Upon another occasion, the captain of a band of robbers attacked him while visiting *Lecale*, the scene of his earliest labors; and the designs to rob him, and perhaps take his life, he baffled by the extraordinary address he summoned on the occasion. His persuasive and powerful rebuke had such an effect on the brigand, that he fell on his knees, implored the saint's forgiveness, and besought him to impose such a penance on him as the saint thought due to his iniquitous attempt. Patrick directed him to place himself in a curragh, or small boat, made of hurdles and leather, and put out to sea, clothed in a coarse garment, and, trusting to the waves and the winds, land on the first shore he touched, and there devote himself to the service of God. The command was faithfully obeyed, and *Maccaldus*, the brigand, landed on the Isle of Man, the island midway between Ireland, Scotland, and England. Here he found two Christian bishops, under whom he learned the doctrines of Christianity, and succeeded these very bishops, on their death, as chief bishop of that Island.

Whilst the apostle was engaged in a district on the coast of Munster, where he had been baptizing an immense number of persons, a pirate, from the coast of Wales or England, named *Coroticus*, landed and pillaged the inhabitants, having murdered some of those Christians, and carried off many of them, whom he sold as captives. Upon this occasion, the holy Patrick pronounced a fiat of excommunication against this pirate, which, together with his *Confessions*, are the only written documents in his own hand-writing that have come down to us. It is said this pirate destroyed himself shortly after through remorse.

No language that I could use would convey an idea of the labors, incessant zeal, and signal and miraculous successes, that attended the mission of St. Patrick. So great and signal, indeed, was this success, that, in a very few years, the princes and chief nobility of the kingdom became Christians. Not only this, but so great was their zeal, and so pure their intentions, that they did not deem it sufficient to devote a part of their riches, their flocks, and their corn to God, but bestowed also their sons on the church. Hence the amazing number of devout

recluses and holy bishops, of the purest blood of Ireland, whose pedigrees have been preserved with great care, many of whom passed over, from time to time, to Britain, Gaul, and to the continent, to establish the doctrine of Christianity by their precepts and their example.

It is recorded of Patrick that, during his mission in Ireland, he consecrated no less than three hundred and sixty bishops, and ordained three thousand priests, none of whom were received who had not given the clearest evidences of a holy and pious life. This number of bishops may, at this time of day, surprise some; but the saint, who mingled great tact and prudence with his zeal and piety, observing that, in Ireland, all titles, and stations, and public offices, connected either with the religion or police of the kingdom, belonged, by an hereditary tenure, to certain families, to which offices certain lands were annexed for their support, instructed and appointed the Druid priesthood, who derived an hereditary right to office and income, to the duties of the Christian religion. The chief Druid, or *Flamen*, enjoyed these incomes, and, to aid him, was appointed a coadjutor. These families were all conciliated towards the new order by this concession to their family dignities and incomes; and when we remember the length of his mission, being sixty odd years, the number of bishops he consecrated will cease to surprise us.

He saw four of the archbishops, that he himself consecrated in the head seat of Armagh, die one after the other, he being the first and the sixth archbishop. By the prudence, moderation, and good sense, of the apostle, was the whole kingdom brought to acknowledge the doctrine of Christ; and this wonderful reform was conducted with so much wisdom that it produced not the least disturbance, confusion, or confiscation. The Druids and their votaries were unmolested, and Christian bishops were appointed to succeed the Druid arch-*Flamens* from those families only whose hereditary titles were clear and admitted.

The university of Tara enjoyed, from the days of Ollamh Fodhla, the power of conferring precedences on the learned doctors. The apostle, having built a great university at his favorite residence of Armagh, resolved that it should be the chief of all the Christian seminaries. To this end he had influence enough with the king and assembly of the estates to obtain a legislative enactment transferring the power of granting doctors' degrees to Armagh, which rank it supported till the dissolution of the Irish monarchy. Holy abbots at that time, and for centuries after, erected their retreats in the most sequestered spots of

Ireland, that nothing might disturb their prayers and meditations. Scarce an island, or solitary spot of ground, in Ireland, that spiritual retreats were not already made in, and churches and abbeys erected, the remains of most of which are yet visible.

The apostle was also anxious to purify the laws and literature of Ireland, and for this purpose obtained a committee of nine from the assembly. Amongst these were the king and some other of the provincial princes. Here the saint was paramount, and with his own hand burned several hundred volumes of poetry and other works of the Druids. It is said the poetry was so fascinating, the apostle feared the reading of it would cause some to relapse into the Druid system again; and this disposition of Patrick was caught up and imitated by all the zealous Christians throughout Ireland, who revered Patrick so much that a universal destruction of the poetic works of the ancient Irish ensued, which, as admirers of literature, we cannot but deplore. In the course of this severe scrutiny, all the laws of Ireland were examined into; and here, amongst the *brehon* accumulations, was discovered that priceless feature in your jurisprudence of the present day, the “trial of the twelve men.”

All disputes about *land* were submitted to the decision of twelve men; and here is the foundation of that palladium of human liberty, the trial by jury, which was in action, amongst other wise laws, in Ireland for centuries, and which was afterwards introduced by Alfred into the English constitution. As some persons, who have been accustomed to read little else than British history, entertain the idea that King Alfred *invented* the tribunal of trial by jury, I would ask such to read the preface to Leland’s History of Ireland, and the able work of O’Halloran, in which has been shown that the apostle Patrick found, at this examination of the Irish laws, the *trial of the twelve men*, as part of their *breathe ntime*, or celestial judgments. He wisely retained that feature in their jurisprudence, and it was found in operation by Alfred when he received his education in Ireland; where, indeed, all the Saxon princes and priests came, in those ages, to be instructed in philosophy, law, literature, music, and religion.

No scholar or jurist will venture to say that the trial by the jury of twelve was known to the laws of any of the Greek islands. It cannot be found among the laws of the Twelve Tables of Rome, nor is it in the Pandects of Justinian—a work which imbodyed the entire laws of the Roman empire. No feature of trial by twelve men can be found in the institutions of the Visigoths, whose kings succeeded those of Rome



in Italy, and who introduced, through the south of Europe, a new code of jurisprudence; nor can it be traced in the laws of the Ostrogoths, who swarmed round the Baltic; nor, least of all, among the customs of the Saxons, the most ferocious and illiterate of the barbarians of ancient Europe.

We have the evidence of St. Patrick and his committee that the law of the twelve men was the *ancient custom of Ireland*; and when we know the other nations of Europe cannot produce a particle of evidence to support their envious claims to this transcendent legal honor, we shall feed our oppressed hearts with the remembrance of that glory which our forefathers have shed on us by their laws, their arms, their arts, and their sanctity; and, though the sacred trial by jury has been desecrated, in our days, by the judges of the Saxon, yet the hour of our vindication is only made the more certain by that desecration! Our freedom is settled by the negotiations of Heaven. Justice and intelligence will triumph at last.

The saint, having completed the conversion of Ireland, prepared to proceed to Rome, to report to his holiness the success which attended his labors. To this end, he sailed for Liverpool, where he preached and converted many hundreds. Liverpool was then but a fishing village. Here was erected a cross, to commemorate the event, which remains to this day a witness of the labors of the great apostle. From this he proceeded to the Isle of Man, where he placed *St. Germain*. From that he repaired to Rome, where, some of the historians say, he received the honorary title of the Roman order *patricius*, but which others contend he received ere he first landed in Ireland. On this second visit to Rome, he received the utmost degree of honor. He was appointed legate or chief of the clergy of Ireland. He returns to the loved scene of his labors, where he appointed thirty new chief bishops, and divided the kingdom into sees, deaneries, rectories, and parishes, over which he placed eminent ecclesiastics of learning and piety.

The sees, parishes, rectories, and deaneries, established by the apostle, remain the ecclesiastical boundaries of the English church in Ireland to this day. Towards the close of his life, he retired to Lough Derg, a favorite retreat in the county Donegal, where he spent the most part of its decline in pious meditation, presiding occasionally at great synods of the clergy.

After a long life of piety, usefulness, and fame, the saint sank to rest, at the age of one hundred and twenty-six, honored and revered by nations. He sank peacefully, the bright luminary of heaven in the dis-

tant west, blending his glory with the light of the gospel sun. No pomp heralded his coming; no mailed armies guarded his dying bed; the heralds of heaven bore him to the presence of his Creator.

He was buried in Downpatrick, in the north of Ireland; and in the same tomb were subsequently laid the remains of St. Bridget and St. Columb Kille. A splendid shrine was erected here for the saint, which was adorned with costly and precious jewels, and his staff was laid by his side.

The tomb of Patrick was visited by Cambrensis in 1174, and upon it he found the following Latin inscription:—

*“Hi tres Duno, tumulto tumulantur in uno,  
Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba Pius.”*

*“In Down three saints one grave do fill,  
Bridget, Patrick, and Columb Kille.”*

Here his sainted bones rested, and here stood his shrine and the offerings of piety that adorned it, till, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the fanatics of that age scattered the sacred pile, and took away the sacred staff which the apostle carried when he performed the sacred offices of his ministry. May Heaven forgive them!

## PATRICK'S DAY.

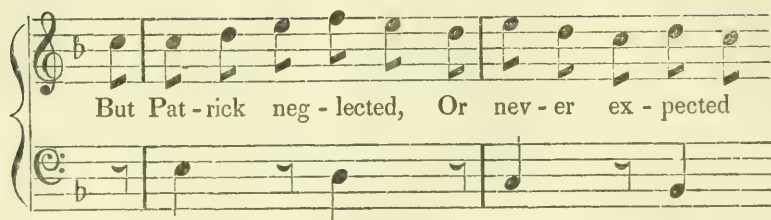
WORDS BY T. MOONEY.

1. When Pat - rick first came to the isl - and, whose

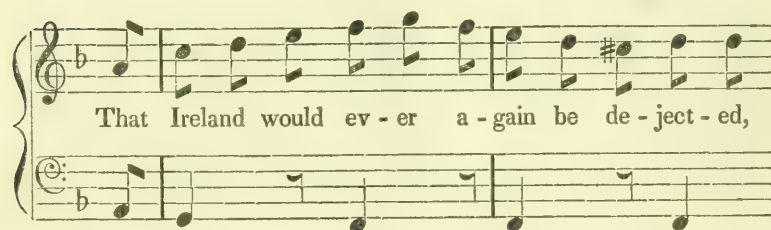
fame Had shed a bright ha - lo o'er o - cean and

stream, He blessed all the mountains, the val - leys and

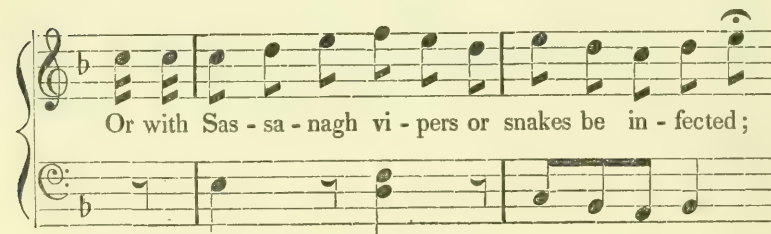
fountains, And drove out the vi - pers with scorn - ing;



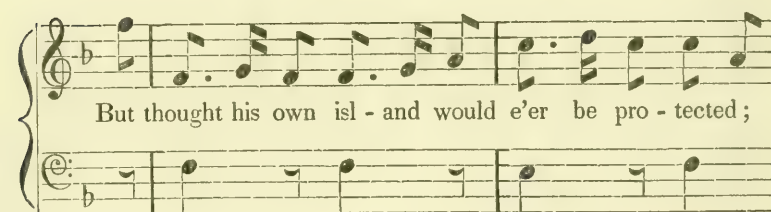
But Pat - rick neg - lected, Or nev - er ex - pected



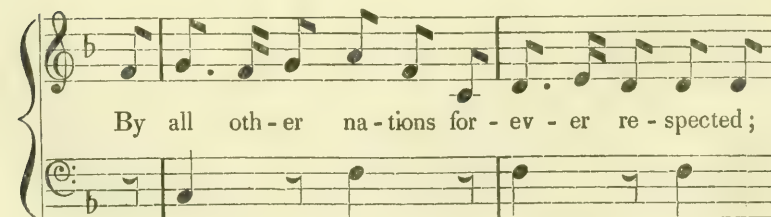
That Ireland would ev - er a - gain be de - ject - ed,



Or with Sas - sa - nagh vi - pers or snakes be in - fected;

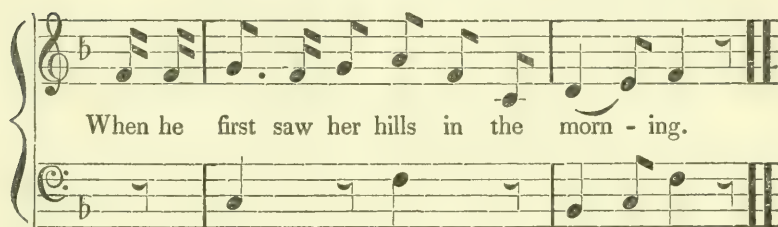
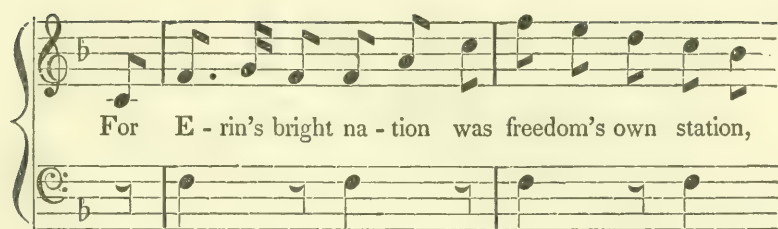


But thought his own isl - and would e'er be pro - tected;



By all oth - er na - tions for - ev - er re - spect - ed;





## 2.

But he must come again at the head of his men,  
 O'Connell and Matthew the van proudly leading,  
 And these vipers drive out, with shillelahs so stout,  
     From the island that Matthew's reforming;  
     And, should he not win,  
     We have millions of men,  
 That are ready to fight o'er the battle again,  
 With Saxon or Hessian, in valley and glen;  
 For Erin is foaming with deep agitation,  
 And vows she'll submit to no foreign dictation.  
 O! they NEVER AGAIN SHALL OPPRESS THAT BRAVE NATION,  
     On Patrick's day in the morning.

## 3.

Come, now, raise a shout, and let freemen speak out,  
 For the hour is come for Erin's redeeming;  
 The times they are favoring, the enemy's wavering,  
     And Ireland's freedom is dawning.  
     O'er valley and hill,  
     By streamlet and rill,  
 The voice of young Liberty, echoing shrill,

Proclaims to the world the national will;  
 And millions are swelling in high exultation,  
 For the Saxon is sinking in every nation,  
 While Erin takes courage, makes ONE DECLARATION  
 OF FREEDOM on Patrick's morning!

## 4.

Then who is there here that refuses a cheer  
 To the land of MACDONOUGH\* and BARRY† now mourning;  
 Or of JACKSON‡ so brave, that shed o'er the wave,  
     The rays of his splendor adorning;  
     Of MONTGOMERY,§ too,  
     Who, to freedom so true,  
 Let his blood spill like water, winning freedom for you!  
 His race now for liberty fervently sue;  
 And the nation that gave those heroes so brave  
 To Columbia, to battle on field and on wave,  
 Deserves her old station, as freedom's own nation,  
 On Patrick's day in the morning!

\* *Macdonough*, the hero of Lake Champlain, was the son of Irish parents, born on the passage to America.

† *Barry* was a Wexford man. He left his country as a ship-boy, at seventeen years of age, and became a captain of a merchantman trading to America. When the revolution broke out, he volunteered to fight at sea on the side of liberty; was appointed to the command of the first vessel ever built by the republic, — the *Lexington*, of seventeen guns, — distinguished himself in many a well-fought action, and lived to receive the applauding thanks of Washington and liberated America.

‡ *Jackson*, like *Macdonough*, was born of Irish parents, on their passage to the Canadas. His deeds form a principal part of the history of the United States. His defence of New Orleans will last as long in the memories of mankind as the defence of Thermopylæ. "The Irish blood, which alone flows in my veins, will never cease, but with my life, to beat in unison with those who have at heart the establishment of Irish liberty." — *Letter to the Author*, dated "*Hermitage*, May 23, 1842."

§ *Montgomery*, an Irishman, brigadier-general of the American army, fell in the midst of a successful career, at the gates of Quebec. He had driven the English before him for several hundred miles, and fell here by a chain-shot, said to have been fired by a recreant from the American side, who had joined the British.

## O ERIN, MY COUNTRY!

1. O E-rin, my country! although thy harp slumbers, And  
 lies in ob-liv-ion in Ta-ra's old hall, With  
 scarce one kind hand to a-wa-ken its slumbers, Or  
 sound a lone dirge to the son of Fin-gal. The  
 tro-phies of warfare may hang there neg-lected, For  
 dead are the war-riors to whom they were known; But the  
 harp of old E-rin shall still be respect-ed, While there  
 lives but one bard to en-liv-en its tone!

## 2.

O Erin, my country! I love thy green bowers;  
 No music's to me like thy murmuring rills;  
 Thy shamrock to me is the fairest of flowers,  
 And nought is more dear than thy daisy-clad hills.  
 Thy caves, whether used by the warriors or sages,  
 Are still sacred held in each Irishman's heart;  
 And thy ivy-crowned turrets, the pride of past ages,  
 Though mouldering in ruins, do grandeur impart.

## 3.

Britannia may vaunt of her lion and armor,  
 And glory when she her old wooden walls views;  
 Caledonia may boast of her pibroch and claymore,  
 And pride in her philibeg, kilt, and her hose;  
 But where is the nation can rival old Erin?  
 Or where is the country such heroes can boast?  
 In battle they're brave as the lion or tiger,  
 And bold as the eagle that flies round her coast.

## 4.

The breezes oft shake both the rose and the thistle,  
 While Erin's green shamrock lies hushed in the vale;  
 In safety it rests while the stormy winds whistle,  
 And grows undisturbed 'midst the moss of the vale.  
 Then hail! fairest island in Neptune's old ocean!  
 Thou land of St. Patrick, my parents, agra!h!  
 Cold, cold must the heart be, and void of emotion,  
 That loves not the music of "Erin go bragh!"

## TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

BY MOORE.



1. Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still;





Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.



Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as e - ven you require ;



But, O ! each word I write Love turns to fire !

2.

Yet, let me keep the book ;  
 Oft shall my heart renew,  
 When on its leaves I look,  
 Dear thoughts of you.  
 Like you, 'tis fair and bright ;  
 Like you, too bright and fair  
 To let wild passion write  
 One wrong wish there.

3.

Haply, when from those eyes  
 Far, far away I roam,  
 Should calmer thoughts arise  
 Towards you and home,  
 Fancy may trace some line  
 Worthy those eyes to meet ;  
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine  
 Pure, calm, and sweet.

4.

And, as the records are  
 Which wandering seamen keep,  
 Led by the hidden star  
 Through winter's deep,  
 So may the words I write  
 Tell through what storms I stray ;  
 You still the unseen light  
 Guiding my way !

## LECTURE XI.

FROM A. D. 500 TO 800.

Glimpse at the Greeks and Romans.—State of Europe in the fifth Century.—The Saxons.—Alliance between the Irish and Saxons.—Saxons obtain a Footing in England.—Seize on the Government.—Battles between the Saxons and native Britons.—Treacherous Massacre committed by the Saxons.—Ancient Memento of the Deed.—Battles of the Saxons with the native Britons.—The Angles.—Origin of the Term “England.”—The Heptarchy.—Resumption of the Narrative.—Reign of Olliol.—National Assembly of Tara.—Trade Corporations.—Reign of Lughaidh.—Progress of Christianity.—St. Bridget.—Ornamented Writing in her Time.—Reign of Mortough.—Spirit of the Christian Ages.—The Monks.—Their Rules of Life.—College of Lismore.—Seized on at the Reformation.—Origin of the Societies of holy Men.—Their Establishment on the Continent by Irish Missionaries.—Christian Spirit of the Nation.—Colleges.—Zeal and Number of the Christian Missionaries.—Reflections on the Influence of religious Instruction.—Opinions of Sir James Mackintosh, Bede, and Camden.—Eminent Irish Missionaries.—Cataldus.—Sedulius.—Columb Kille.—His expulsion from Ireland.—Founds the Monastery of Huy.—Returns with a Delegation from Scotia Minor.—Proceedings of the Delegation.—His Death and Sepulchre.—Columbanus.—His Mission in France and Germany.—Gall.—Jonas.—Fiacre.—Aidan.—Irish Missionaries teach the Saxons.—Reluctance of the Scotch and English to acknowledge it.—Finian.—Colman.—Fursey.—Maildelphus.—Cuthbert.—Kilian.—Sedulius.—Donatus.—Virgilius.—He discovers the Sphericity of the Earth.—Clement.—Albanus.—Appointed by Charlemagne over his Colleges.—Dungal.—Appointed Manager of the Schools of Italy.—John Scotus.—His Reception by Charles the Bald of France.—Appointed by King Alfred to preside in the University of Oxford.—King Alfred educated in Ireland.—The English derived their Letters, Education, and Laws, from Ireland.

WE are now arrived at the close of the fifth century of the Christian era. Ireland had enjoyed, for the previous eighteen hundred years, an uninterrupted independence and a brilliant fame. She witnessed, during those succeeding centuries, the fall of Carthage, the rise and fall of Greece, the rise, career, and prostration of Rome. Carthage and Greece had fallen the victims of Roman aggrandizement; and Rome herself came down at last, the victim of her own tyranny and vice. About the year of Christianity 476, we find the vast empire broken up, and the Gothic kings seated on the thrones of the Cæsars. From that point back to the foundation of the imperial city by Romulus there passed twelve hundred and twenty years. For five hundred years after the erection of the city, there was no written history of Rome or its people. The history of Ireland was commenced by Ambergin, the Druid, thirteen hundred years before the Christian era, and eight or

nine hundred before that of the imperial mistress of the world was begun.

Ireland was a nation ere Rome had risen, and Ireland was in the zenith of her nationality when she fell. For four centuries, the Irish kept the arms of Rome fully employed in Britain, nor suffered one of their soldiers to touch her holy earth; and, in the end, her heroes, O'Niall and Dathy, drove her eagles before them through the provinces of Britain and France.

Glorious, glorious Erin! her antiquity and her history may be paraded against the grandeur of Rome and the refinement of Greece. The ferocity and bestiality of the former, and the slavery and imbecility of the latter, find no copyists amongst the Irish. Of Rome I have said much, of Greece little. We pardon much to Greece for her scholars; yet their knowledge consisted only of glimpses at the history of by-gone nations: in architecture and sculpture they were proficient, but they learned from Egypt; of manufactures, mechanics, or commerce, they knew little; in poetry, eloquence, and logic, they were masters; in music they were infants. Their republican forms of government were stained by the most odious tyranny. When Greece was freest, the slaves formed the actual majority of the inhabitants. To these the free citizens were rigorous bond-masters. The condition of the people under these governments was more servile and humiliating than any to be found under the most despotic monarchies. The contraction of debts was the source of bondage even between the free. Nor were the richer classes independent; they generally ranged into factions, supporting rival politicians, and were influenced by corruption. "The whole," says Tytler, "was a system of servility and debasement of spirit which left nothing that could furnish material for encomium to a real advocate for the dignity of human nature."

In the fifth century, Ireland, as we have seen, abjured the Druid worship, and yielded her intellect to the doctrines of the cross. Rome fell about this period, and the unbridled fury of the northern nations, just expanding from the chains of her broken power, swept like a tornado over Europe. All that was valuable in art or science was covered in the chaos of eternal night. Art, literature, writings, every thing, was buried in the graves which desolation peopled. For nearly a hundred years, this carnage and commotion continued. The Latin tongue, the language of Rome, and of some of her dependencies, was corrupted by the jargon of all the other nations. Its spelling and pronunciation were lost in the track of commotion. Many hundreds

fled from the theatre of contending armies to Ireland, the only spot in Europe that was found sacred to literature, — the sacred island, whose gallant sons esteemed the wise and protected the weak.

The Gothic chiefs, as I have said, were seated in the palaces of the Cæsars, and the Saxon tribes, about the same time, had made a firm footing in Britain. By the triumphant efforts of our Dathy, Gaul was delivered from the Roman yoke, and a prince of the ancient Gaulish line restored to the throne of that nation. He was the first free king of the ancient race who reigned in that country for four hundred years, or during the supremacy of the Romans. His name was *Clodian*; but, on his assumption of the government, he was called *Chevelu*, as he wore his hair in long curls — a privilege denied to any of the Gaulish people by their masters, for they were compelled by the Romans to cut their hair short, as a mark of their subjection and slavery.

In Britain, the Saxons began to be important, and, as about this time they first made a permanent footing in that country, a few digressional remarks on their history may be acceptable.

Notwithstanding that the power of Rome was thoroughly subdued in Britain by O'Niall and Dathy, there still remained some mean spirits in that country, who, a little before her complete fall, hankered after her honors, and titles, and appointments, — who lived, in fact, by aiding her in subjecting their own countrymen to her sway. We could hardly believe so badly of humanity, but that we see instances of a like degradation in too many Irishmen of the present day, who meanly live by aiding or countenancing England in her oppressive subjugation of their country. The Irish monarch *Loagaire*, observing these treacherous addictions in the chiefs of Britain, and seeing the temporary successes of the Roman *Actius* in Gaul, became alarmed lest a new invasion of Britain should be determined on. With the view of rendering his own dominions the more secure, he encouraged an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Saxon tribes of Germany, the Picts, and himself, for their mutual protection against Rome, especially on British ground. The Irish monarch had had the address to induce the most national of the old Britons to invite the Saxons into their country, and to allot them lands to colonize and cultivate.

The Saxons thus got their first footing in England, and they, observing the effeminacy of the Britons, and the bias which many of them manifested towards the sway of their tottering masters, formed the design of seizing on the government. This seemed to be favored by the Irish princes, on account of the protection it would afford their own



territories; and this accordance between the Irish and Saxons was increased on the defeat of Attila, in Gaul, by the Roman troops. Their immediate wisdom was manifest in this alliance, though, in after ages, it proved the cause of their own fall. They judged that, by keeping the Roman arms as far off as possible, they were best protecting themselves; for, should she succeed in reconquering England, then the full force of her wrath would naturally be directed against Ireland, her unconquerable enemy in the west; and on this very point *Tacitus* had given his opinion, three centuries before, to *Agricola*, as I have already quoted.

O'Halloran says, this accounts for, and explains, the constant predilection which the Irish then had for the Saxons; the care they took to reform their rude manners; to instruct them in the principles of Christianity, and in letters; to ordain bishops and priests on purpose for the Saxon mission; to found schools and seminaries for them in different parts of the kingdom; all which the Venerable Bede, a Saxon born, fully proclaims by a variety of passages in his Ecclesiastical History of Britain.

When the Romans abandoned South Britain, the native Britons elected a king, whom they soon after dethroned. They proceeded to elect other kings, whom they successively dethrone or murder. At length, they fix on *Vortigern*, a prince of the *Dumnonii*, or inhabitants of Devon and Cornwall.

The first body of Saxons, at the invitation of Vortigern, landed, in the year 449, at the Isle of Thanet, in three galleys, from the north-west of Germany, under the leadership of two brothers, *Hengist* and *Horsa*; they engaged in the service of Vortigern, and agreed to fight against his enemies for pay; they were kindly received, and, in a short time, they sent for further reinforcements, which soon after arrived. In this second expedition there came *Danes* and *Angles*, and also the handsome *Rowena*, niece of Hengist, with whom the British prince became smitten, and to whom he was soon after wedded. This marriage brought about an alliance between the reigning prince and his hired auxiliaries, of a very close and apparently friendly character; but the new-comers assuming more authority than the old inhabitants deemed legitimate or safe, the latter expressed aloud their dissatisfaction, and finally called for their dismissal from the service of their prince, and their return to their own country. The Saxons refused to accede to this, and the unfortunate Britons, who had but just got rid of one set of tyrants, had now to fight for existence against another.

A battle ensued between the Saxons and the native Britons in Kent, and, though the former had not the victory, yet *Hengist*, having, with his own hand, killed the brother of the prince, took upon himself the title of king of Kent. Two years after this, another great battle was fought between the Saxons and native Britons, in which the former were victorious, when *Hengist* ravaged the country in a merciless manner, and the unfortunate inhabitants fled for safety to the distant woods and mountains. The Britons then applied to the king of Brittany, in France, for succor. He sent them *Ambrosius*, at the head of ten thousand men; but, through the jealousy of the local chiefs of the old Britons, this force was rendered nugatory.

In 466, the war between the Saxons and Britons was again renewed. It was in this war that the celebrated Prince Arthur, of Cornwall, made his appearance at fourteen years of age. This war did not change the features of the struggle.

Hengist, the chief of the Saxons, now meditated the blackest and most atrocious deed that stains the page of history. Perhaps, in the whole annals of the collected perfidy of mankind, there is nothing so diabolical to be found.

On the first arrival of the Saxons in Britain, *Vortigern*, the British prince, fell in love with, and married, *Rowena*, the handsome niece of *Hengist*. By him she had a daughter, 'who, when grown to maturity, was given in marriage to *Vortimer*, the general-in-chief of the old Britons. *Hengist* entered into a conspiracy with Rowena to destroy this general, who was *her own son-in-law*, which she accomplished by administering poison to him at an entertainment. The conspiracy between this unnatural woman and her fiendish uncle extended afterwards to the destruction of *her own husband, and three hundred of the chiefs of the Britons, under the following circumstances*: *Hengist* gave a great entertainment, to which, under pretence of agreeing to certain amicable conditions for the peaceable settlement of the country, then under negotiation, Prince Vortigern and three hundred of his chiefs were invited, who were the heads of the noblest families in Britain. At the urgent suggestion of this wicked woman, her husband and his chiefs and captains accepted the invitation. In the midst of the banquet, the prince and his three hundred chiefs were surrounded by a host of armed Saxons, and all of them were foully butchered, one only escaping. This occurred on the *first of May, 476*, which was noted for ages after as the day of Saxon treachery; and, to mark the deed to the execration of all posterity, Ambrosius erected a cromleagh, in Wiltshire.

Such were the means by which the Saxons first obtained power in Britain; such were the means by which they preserved that power through succeeding ages; such were the means by which they obtained power and preserved it in *unfortunate Ireland*; and such the means by which they would have power every where.

*Hengist*, after the butchery of the prince and all his chiefs, was so detested and feared by the inhabitants of the country he had thus got possession of, that they fled from it, leaving tracts of land totally uninhabited. Other Saxon hordes were invited over, who, however, had to fight their way inch by inch to the possessions they sought. In 468, *Hengist* died, at the age of sixty-nine, thirty-nine years of which he reigned the king of Kent.

Other Saxon leaders appeared; and in those times the celebrated Prince Arthur defeated them in several battles; and at *Baden Hill*, near Bath, Arthur gained an important victory, where he killed, it is said, four hundred Saxons with his own hand.

In 542, a decisive battle was fought near *Camelford*, between Arthur, at the head of the old Britons, and the Saxons. In this battle, the valiant Arthur was killed; and, though the commander of the Saxons fell on the same field, the death of Arthur so discouraged the Britons, that a panic seized them, their hopes fell, and, with their brave commander, their cause sank forever. Arthur was buried in *Glastonbury*, at the age of ninety, seventy-six of which he was in the field, trying to rid his country of her oppressors.

Multitudes of the Angles now appeared, and landed on the eastern coast of Britain; and finally the Saxons and Angles became so numerous, that, in the year 585, they agreed to divide the kingdom into seven principalities, to be called *England*, over each of which a supreme king was appointed; and this was called the *Heptarchy*, which continued from this period to the year 827, when another organic change took place by the invasion of the Scandinavians, or Danes. The ancient inhabitants were driven among the barren mountains of Wales, which was called *Cambria*: they were ever, and are still, a distinct race from the Angles and Saxons — distinct in blood, customs, and language.

Anno 458 We now return to the direct history of the Milesian race, which I resume at the year 458. The estates of Tara had been called together to elect a successor to *Laogaire*, who, after reigning thirty years, was killed by lightning. *Oilioll Molt*, the son of the hero *Dathy*, was, by a plurality of voices, declared monarch. He

was a Christian prince, and so were almost all the princes and nobility of the kingdom at the time.

It was decreed, at that sitting, that the Christian bishops should fill those seats in the national assembly formerly occupied by the *Druid Flamens*, and that three bishops should always compose a part of the committee for inspecting the different provincial histories, instead of the *three arch-Druids*. This committee was more regularly appointed after St. Patrick's preaching than previously. It was composed of three bishops, three bards, and three antiquarians. The monarch, or his delegate, was the president of this commonwealth. All the records of the kingdom were subjected to the severest criticism and inquiry.

Besides the general assembly of Tara, there were the provincial assemblies regularly convened at Cruachan in Connaught, and Emania in Ulster, for the close inspection of trade, commerce, and the mechanic arts. These provincial assemblies met, by proclamation of the monarch, to make their reports on those matters so connected with the happiness of the people. Sixty of the best-informed were commissioned to disperse themselves into the chief cities and manufacturing towns, to see if the exclusive privileges granted to them were in any manner abused, or if any article was made so inferior as to defraud the purchaser, or damage the national character.

Such were the wise methods by which our great ancestors preserved their country free and happy, whilst other nations of Europe were reduced to the greatest distress and confusion, owing to the absence of sound legislation. How different are her affairs conducted in modern times! Though Scotland has her board of trade, established no earlier than 1715; though England has her board of trade, established no earlier than the reign of Elizabeth; though France, Belgium, Holland, and all the European nations, have their boards of trade, — Ireland alone had no board of trade since the "Union," until the humble individual who writes this record established one, under the auspices of the Very Reverend Dr. Flanagan, in 1840, based on the voluntary subscriptions of the citizens of Dublin. That board is still continued by the Liberator and the patriotic repealers of Ireland. It worked wonders in awaking attention to the neglected manufactures of Ireland, some fabrics of which, in beauty and durability, are not to be excelled in Europe.

Anno 478. In this year, *Lughaidh*, the son of Laogaire, became monarch of Ireland. His reign was one of troubles. Though the influence of Christianity softened the combatants, yet history is grieved to



record the shedding of much blood by rival factions. The Christian religion had now made great progress in Ireland. During St. Patrick's mission, upwards of seven hundred religious houses were built and consecrated. Besides these, the celebrated St. Bridget founded her famous monastery in Kildare, anno 480, for which she formed particular rules. She was the daughter of Dubhtach, a Leinster captain; was born 453; took the veil, at the age of thirteen, from the hands of *St. M Caille*. She lived to seventy years of age; and, from the day of her vow to the day of her death, she was daily gaining in spiritual perfection. She was not only canonized after death, but declared perpetual patroness of Leinster. The fame of her sanctity spread over Europe, and at *Seville* in Spain, at *Lisbon*, at *Placentia* in Italy, at *Tours*, *Cologne*, and even in *London*, the Christians dedicated churches to her. Parents were anxious to give her name to their children; and every where her life was imitated by the pious virgins, who dedicated themselves to a retired communion with their Maker. She wrote several books on various subjects; amongst these, Rules for the Nuns of her own Foundation; a Poem to St. Patrick; also the Life of St. Patrick. She founded the convent, monastery, and the cathedral of Kildare, a round tower near which is yet standing.

On the right and left sides of the old cathedral of Kildare were placed monuments and statues of St. Bridget and St. Conlaith, highly finished, and ornamented with precious stones, gold, and silver. From the old descriptions of this cathedral, there is evidence of a very high excellence in the science of architecture. And Cambrensis, the unfriendly historian of Ireland, confesses to have examined, with astonishment, amongst other relics and curiosities of the church, a *Concordance* of the four Gospels, written for the use of St. Bridget, the margin of which was ornamented with mystic pictures, most wonderfully and animatingly finished; the writing, but particularly the capital letters, so highly ornamented, that, says he, "neither the pencil of Apelles, nor the chisel of a Lysippus, ever formed the like; in a word, they seem to have been formed by something more than a mortal hand."

Anno 503, *Mortough*, of the house of Niall, was chosen monarch of Ireland. He was an excellent Christian, and his queen, Sabina, led so exemplary a life as to be ranked amongst the saints of Ireland. Several kings succeeded each other in Ireland; but, as their reigns furnish nothing beyond the average course of events, I will pass them over.

In the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, the attention,

labors, and enthusiasm, of the nation, seem to have been exclusively directed to the erection of churches, monasteries, and colleges. In these monasteries large numbers of religious men assembled. They were governed by different local rules established by their founders. Prayer, labor, and the instruction of the ignorant, seem to have been their exclusive occupation. Their times for prayer were frequent both by night and by day. In all the monasteries, they rose twice or thrice in the night to pray and sing. In the daytime, they labored in their fields, having none but themselves to cultivate their lands and raise provisions. They returned frequently from their fields to their churches to offer prayer. Some of those pious men, better fitted with patience and knowledge than the others, were the teachers of youth. Instruction was universally communicated, free of charge, to the agricultural population surrounding those monasteries. In all probability, the youth, thus gratuitously taught, were grateful to their kind-hearted preceptors, and did them, in return, many generous offices in their building operations and harvest-work. A relationship of a most endearing nature grew up between the inhabitants of those peaceful tenements and the surrounding country, and a sanctified happiness seems to have pervaded the entire nation.

There were many of those societies whose rules were more rigid than the others ; some permitted no woman to enter their gates ; others lived altogether on herbs, and drank nought but water. There seemed to be an emulation between these several communities towards purity and holiness, which stamped on the people that character of sanctity which contemporary nations so much admired and applauded.

“Lismore” is a holy city, into the half of which, there being an asylum, no woman dare enter ; it was filled with cells and holy monasteries, and a number of holy men are always in it. The religious flow to it from every part of Ireland, England, and Britain, anxious to emigrate to Christ ; and the city itself is situate on the southern bank of the river, formerly called *Nem*, lately called *Aben-Mor*, i. e., a great river in the district of Nandesus.” — *Allemand's Monastic History of Ireland*.

This famous seat of learning was celebrated, even in pagan times, for its literary fame. It is situated in the south of Ireland, on the banks of the River Blackwater, which runs into the Atlantic at Youghal. Perhaps, through all creation, there is not a more lovely spot. It was a famous seat of literature long previous to the times of St. Patrick. It was here Cataldus studied and King Cormac was educated ; here St.

Donat taught, and Cormac of Cashell was entombed. It was the sepulchre of sages and kings for many ages; and, when the cross was raised upon its time-honored towers, the pious of the European nations came thither to worship and be instructed. The College of Lismore educated more students, during the ages of its Christian fame, than have Oxford and Cambridge together, since their foundation.

Lismore, as a Christian university, was liberally endowed with lands for its maintenance. The produce of these lands was spent amongst the people that raised it, brightening their intellects and nourishing their persons. Education was offered to every body free of charge.

During the reformation, in the sixteenth century, Lismore and its lands were seized on by Queen Elizabeth, and given to Boyle, the ancestor of the present Duke of Devonshire. He was a soldier of fortune, who came to Ireland with nothing but his sword and a patent to rob from the virgin queen. The pious and learned inhabitants of Lismore were put to the sword; their lands and effects were seized; the light of education was extinguished, and the open hand of hospitality was closed forever. The "noble" proprietor and his successors became absentees. These lands were put into the hands of an agent. The rich produce, the herds, and flocks, and grain, and provisions, raised by the poor people who inhabit them, were thenceforward carried over to England to feed a race that despise them. The Duke of Devonshire is continually absent; he spends all this substance in the gayest parts of Europe, and his tenants are considered well off, if the able-bodied men get *sixpence a day for their labor*. The case of Lismore is the case of all Ireland.

Whether the institutions of holy brotherhoods of monks had their origin in Ireland or elsewhere, we have no very distinct means of ascertaining. It is certain that, on St. Patrick's arrival in the country, he found more than one society existing. The monks of *St. Ailbe*, and those of *St. Declan* and *St. Kievan*, were established in Ireland long before his time. Before the establishment of the two *great* societies by *St. Benedict* and *St. Augustine*, there were established in Ireland *thirteen distinct orders*, viz., those of St. Ailbe, St. Declan, St. Kievan, St. Patrick, St. Columb, St. Carbach, St. Molua, St. Moctee, St. Colnan, St. Finian, St. Columbanus, St. Brendan, and the order instituted by St. Bridget for females. All these orders differed one from the other, not only in their dress, tonsure, food, and retirement, but likewise in the names of those who had been their founders. The abbeys and monasteries connected with each order were dis-

tinct in name, possessions, and rules; and these rules were totally independent of those of any other brotherhood on the continent. Indeed, there are but a few faint records of the monkish orders in any part of the continent, till the times of St. Augustine and St. Benedict, the former of whom flourished in the fourth and the latter in the seventh century. These two societies endeavored to blend all the existing orders with their own. But it appears that one only of the thirteen Irish orders joined them at first, namely, that of Columbanus. In the course of time, however, the remainder became blended with one or other of these extensive orders.

Before this junction, the Irish missionaries had already established their orders in France and Germany. St. Columbanus and St. Gall had travelled from Ireland, in the close of the sixth century, through France, Italy, Switzerland, and many parts of Germany, and had built several monasteries and churches in all those countries, some of which exist to this day.

The order of monks, or holy brotherhoods, was thus introduced into some parts of Europe by Irish missionaries; and the rules and church music of Ireland were introduced at the same time. Whether any such orders existed in Europe previous to their first establishment in Ireland, we have no means of ascertaining. It is said, traditionally, there were some orders in the isles of the Mediterranean and in Alexandria; but there is no very distinct record of their existence.

The Germans of the present day honorably acknowledge their Christian and literary indebtedness to Ireland. In the present year, an address of sympathy has been drawn up by some of the heads of the German colleges, directed to Daniel O'Connell, in which ancient Ireland is thus spoken of:—

“It would, indeed, be divesting ourselves [the people of Germany] of all human sentiments, if we were not to entertain the deepest and sincerest sympathy for the ill-treated people of your isle, sighing under the yoke, and still reeking from the streams of shed blood. But want of sympathy on our part would, moreover, involve the blackest ingratitude. *We never can forget to look upon your beloved country as our mother in religion, that already, at the remotest periods of the Christian era, commiserated our people, and readily sent forth her spiritual sons to rescue our pagan ancestors from idolatry, at the sacrifice of her own property and blood, and to entail upon them the blessings of the Christian faith.* They thus have made us their, and their nation's, spiritual children, and laid up a store of merits for the people of Ireland,



which only base indifference and want of all good feeling could be unmindful of, and which just now presents itself the more vividly to our memory, *the more we behold the native land of those faithful apostles delivered over to undeserved misfortune by injustice.*" — *German Address to Daniel O'Connell*, dated April, 1844.

This combined expression of sympathy and gratitude, from a people so enlightened as the Germans, is peculiarly cheering to the oppressed Irishman, and is animating beyond measure, at this moment, to the Irish exile.

So numerous were the literary and religious foundations established by those people, that the island, says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, "was called, by way of preëminence, from the number of saints it had produced, *Insula Sanctorum*, the 'Island of Saints.'" The number, indeed, was so great, that Colgan observed, not without reason, in the preface to his life of the Irish saints, that "what is at present said of them is scarcely credible."

"Besides, Ireland can, in comparison with the rest of Europe, boast of having been at that time a seminary of sanctity, whither the Christians of other nations came in crowds, to learn the practice of Christian virtue, and from whence a considerable number of saints went forth daily, and dispersed themselves throughout the different parts of Europe, where they founded famous abbeys, the monuments of which are still to be seen, so that Ireland might be called, in that golden age, '*in aureis illis seminatæ Fidei primordiis*,' the Thebaïd of the west. It even appears, says Allemand, that, at that time, it was sufficient to be an Irishman, or to have been in Ireland, to be considered holy, and become the immediate founder of some abbey. Whilst the rest of Europe was a prey to the most dreadful catastrophes and astonishing revolutions, Divine Providence bestowed upon this peaceful island graces and blessings which strangers went thither to be partakers of."

A mere catalogue of the religious and literary institutions which they erected would fill a score of pages, that might not, after all, be so interesting to the general American reader as other matter presented in Irish history. It may be sufficient to say, that, in every district of five square miles in Ireland, institutions of this kind were established. In these were deposited all the books and literary remains of former ages. In the abbey of Fathan, near Inisowen, there was found a large book of chronology, filled with many historical passages concerning other nations, from which the antiquarian frequently quoted. Colgan said, that, in his time, there were still some fragments of it remaining, which had escaped the fury of the reformers of later ages.

In Armagh, Usher found those precious tomes of antiquity, which he wrought, with so much genius, to his own advantage and renown. Cashell, Tuam, St. Finbars, and other such pious depositories, yielded their rich literary and chronological treasures to the modern historian. The rich library of Lismore, seized on by Boyle, afforded his son, the Earl of Orrery, that immense store of knowledge of science and astronomy which shone out through him as original conceptions.

*St. Fachanus* founded an academy at Ross, in the county of Cork, which soon grew into a city, and which is ranked by *Ware* as one of the principal academies of this age. The university of Clonard, next to that of *Benchoir*, was greatly celebrated. In it, under *St. Finian*, were no less a number than three thousand scholars at one time; in that of Armagh, there were seven thousand.

The great St. Bernard, an Italian writer of the twelfth century, says that, "in the sixth century, under *St. Comhgill*, the monastery of Benchoire was a most noble one, containing *many thousand* monks, and itself the chief of many monasteries. So fruitful was it of holy men, and multiplying so greatly to the Lord, that *Luanus* alone, a subject of this house, founded no less than one hundred monasteries.

"This I mention," continues he, "that the reader may form an idea of the number of religious that existed in these days in Ireland."

The zeal and piety of these holy monks, he tells us, were not confined to Ireland, but, like an inundation, their saints spread piety and virtue over all Europe.

A list of the religious, literary, and scientific books, written in this age, has been furnished by the historians, but they form quite a catalogue. It is true that the majority of these works consist of the lives of saints, and are occupied with other pious subjects, and may not be highly appreciated by the *illuminati* of the present age. There are some, however, of the pious descendants of the great race of which those men were part, who appreciate their worth, and still would imitate their pious examples. One of the great objects these despised men ever had in view was, to improve the human heart, and call forth from its recesses charity, philanthropism, hospitality, and a thorough contempt of riches, — to subdue or root out that curse of the human mind, *covetousness*, a vice from which the majority of the troubles of families and of nations has proceeded. That besetting sin begins in infancy: the child, covetous of toys and coppers, grows to manhood, and becomes covetous of wealth. It is the business of religion to purge this and other deteriorating passions from the human mind.

But where religion forms not the good citizen, neither can the law. The purity and force of the law proceeds from that purity, integrity, and innate love of justice, which religion only can engender and preserve in the human heart. Without religion, the general is susceptible of *treachery*, the judge of *partiality*, the public magistrate of *bribery*, and the public officer of *peculation*.

The order of Heaven is equality, and a common participation, here and hereafter, in its blessings. Any serious deviation from this order produces misery in the community in which it arises. We all come into the world and go out of it on a perfect equality. The baby of the monarch or the president, and the baby of the humblest in society, are equally helpless, equally pleased or grieved by the self-same causes, and experience the self-same sensations of pleasure or pain. The differences that arise between us in after life proceed from a variety of subsequent circumstances, including the gifts of a sound, capacious mind, derived most frequently from a serene, religious, and healthy parentage, — or a mind of an opposite nature, derived from an opposite source. A mind derived from the former source, if instructed by the genius of *religion* and *charity*, expands into a most perfect human being.

Heaven points its finger of scorn at the accumulations of the covetous, and the tinsel dignity of the worldly great, by blessing poor and lowly parents with children who become *the very lords of intellect*.

When the mind expands without the governing power of religion, the worst kind of human passions grow and increase, and in proportion to the capacity with which the individual is endowed, so in that degree does he become more and more mischievous to mankind.

Sir James Mackintosh remarks, on the tendency of the old Irish writers to celebrate the most learned, virtuous, and pious of men, instead of the most warlike, "The vast collections of the lives of saints often throw light on public events, and open glimpses into the habits of men in those times. \* \* \* The whole force of this noble attempt to exalt human nature was at this period spent on the lives of saints — a sort of moral heroes, or demigods, without some acquaintance with whom it is hard to comprehend an age when the commemoration of the virtues then most venerated, as imbodied in those holy men, was the principal theme of the genius of Christendom."

The degree of eminence, in literature and science, to which the Irish nation attained, is hardly to be credited, and would not be admitted on the authority of their own historians, whose partiality for their country, or whose vanity, might be supposed to influence their descriptions.

But the united testimony of a crowd of foreign authors, ancient and modern, from Bede to *Monsieur Michelet*, supplies proofs that must remove all doubt about the facts.

“ Besides the number of monasteries that had been founded in Ireland, and which were peopled with saints and learned monks not inferior to the fathers of the deserts for the austerity of their lives and total abandonment of the world, Ireland *supplied all Europe*, during these ages, with swarms of zealous missionaries, who announced the name of Jesus Christ amongst some nations, and among others caused it to revive.” — *Bede*.

The English Camden remarks, “ The disciples of Patrick made so great a progress in Christianity, that, in the following age, Ireland was called the *Island of Saints*; and none could be more holy and learned than the Irish monks, both in their own country and Britain, who sent swarms of most holy men *into all Europe*. To them, Luxovium in Burgundy, Bohiense in Italy, Hornipolis in Franconia, St. Gallus in Helvetia, Malmesburia in Lindefarn, and many other monasteries in Britain, owe their origin. The following saints were from Ireland: Celius Sedulius, (presbyter,) Columba, Columbanus, Colmanus, Aidanus, Gallus, Kilianus, Maidulphus, Brendanus, and many others, who were renowned for their sanctity and learning.”

The eminent Cataldus deserves the attention of the historian and the reader. Born in Ireland, he made his studies in the celebrated College of Lismore. Here, according to Usher, he was the delight of the foreign students, who flocked to that celebrated seat of literature for knowledge: “ A youth, endowed with a liberal discipline, soon attained to that excellence in instructions, that the Gauls, English, Teutones, Scotch, and other neighboring people, who came to Lismore, flocked to hear him.” Having performed the functions of bishop of Rathheny, in Ireland, some years, he undertook a voyage to Jerusalem, to visit the holy sepulchre, and, returning through Italy, he *reëstablished* the Christian religion amongst the Tarentines, who had already abandoned it, and returned to the impious worship of idols. The inhabitants of Tarentum adopted him as their patron saint, and on his death erected a silver monument over his tomb. It is said by Usher and Ware, that he foretold the destruction of Naples. He preached in the fifth century. Usher concludes his notice of him in these remarkable words: “ Rejoice, O happy Ireland, for being the country of so fair an offspring; but thou, Tarentum, rejoice still more, which encloses (within a tomb) so great a treasure!”



Sedulius, a native of Hibernia, according to Usher, was a most eminent scholar, who travelled through Europe, studied and lectured at Rome, wrote several works in prose and verse, some of them theological, some historical, some biographical: he also wrote some hymns, which were adopted by the council of the church at Rome. The works of Sedulius were highly esteemed by the ancients; to which a council, composed of seventy bishops, assembled at Rome during the pontificate of Gelasius, bears a favorable testimony. "*We think highly,*" said the fathers of the council, "*of the paschal work, written in heroic verse, by the venerable Sedulius.*" Moore has the following, in reference to this learned man: "A far loftier flight of sacred song was at the same time [fifth century] ventured by an Irish writer abroad, the poet Sheil; in Irish, *Seidhuil*, Latinized *Sedulius*. Among other writings of acknowledged merit, he was the author of a spirited poem in iambics, upon the life of Christ. *From this poem the Catholic church has selected some of her most beautiful hymns.*" Sedulius wrote in 448, more than a century before the time of Pope St. Gregory. Hildephonsus, archbishop of Toledo, says of our author, that he was an evangelical poet, an eloquent orator, and a Catholic writer — "*bonus ille Sedulius, poeta evangelicus, orator facundus, scriptor Catholicus.*" Lastly, the church inserted "*A solis ortus cardine,*" and "*Hostis Herodes impie,*" (taken from the writings of Sedulius,) in the breviary of hymns, the first at the nativity of our Savior, and the last at the Epiphany, with the "*Salve, sancta parens, enixa puerpera Regem,*" which is used as an introit at the masses of the blessed Virgin.

St. Fridolinus, son of an Irish king, having embraced a monastic life, left his country, and travelled through several parts of Germany and France, about the end of the fifth century, and in the time of Clovis, first Christian king of the Franks; on which account he was called "Fridolinus the traveller," by Judocus, Coccius, Possevin, and others. After preaching the gospel in different parts of Gaul, he withdrew for some time to the monastery of St. Hilary, at Poitiers, of which he was created superior. He afterwards founded several religious houses in Thuringia, Alsace, Strasburg, and on the frontiers of Switzerland; Colgan reckons eight, six of which were dedicated to St. Hilary, for whom this saint had a particular devotion. Lastly, he founded a monastery for females in an island in the Rhine, called Seeking or Secane, where he was interred in 514. According to Baleus, he wrote some works of piety which have been lost. The Scotch writers claim this

great man for their country ; but M'Geoghegan, from whom I take the above, brings up a crowd of foreign authorities who confound the idea. One or two only of his foreign authors shall I here quote. "The convent of Secking was commenced by St. Fridolinus, who was son of a king of the Scots ; he was eminent for his studies in philosophy." — *Bruschius on German Monasteries*. — "Old historians are agreed in this, that Fridolinus was of royal descent, that he was born in Lower Scotia, which is called Ireland." — *Peter Canisius, Life of St. Fridolinus*.

St. Columb Kille was born in the beginning of the sixth century : he lived to the age of seventy-seven, thirty-three years of which were spent in North Britain, conducting the light of the gospel to the Picts and Scots. He was educated in Ireland, under *St. Fridian*, who became afterwards bishop of *Lucca*, in Italy. He acquired a complete knowledge of the learned languages and divinity, in the College of Clonard, where there were, at that time, three thousand students. After this, he became abbot of a monastery in Derry.

It was the law of the *Tara fies*, or parliament, that any man who should raise up the hand to strike, much less to kill, during its legislative deliberations, should be deemed guilty of death, out of the power of the monarch to pardon. In the year 549, there took place at Tara a fatal quarrel between *Cuornane M'Aodh* and another member of the great assembly, in which the latter was killed. As the crime was death, the offender flew to his friends *Daniel* and *Fergus*, princes of great power ; but they durst not harbor him, and advised him to go to their cousin, *St. Columba*, and, by imploring his protection, he might afford him an asylum in his monastery ; for, in those days, the criminal who became penitent, and remained within the walls of a monastery, was held harmless from the process or punishment of the law. *Cuornane*, accordingly, applied to *Columba*, and was admitted to his monastery in Derry. But a national outrage of this sort was not to go unpunished ; and Dermot, the king, had the offender dragged out of the monastery, and put to death, notwithstanding the prayers and protests of the brothers to the contrary.

Columba deemed the violation of his asylum the cause of God. High in blood, he could not brook this insult : he therefore applies to his relations, the northern *Clana Neill* ; and Fergus and Domhnal, at the head of a mighty army, are in the field, to vindicate the insulted abbot. A terrible battle is fought at *Cuildreimhne*, between the pro-

vincials and the chief monarch's army, in which the abbot's party gain the day. The vanquished party recruit their strength, and in turn make war upon the abbot.

He is requested by his bishop to abstain from all interference in such terrible affairs. Disregarding the admonition, a synod of the clergy is held, before which *Columba* is cited to appear. He submits to their decision in his regard, and their decision is, that he shall quit Ireland, and never see her again. To this he submits, with a truly repentant spirit. His public reprehension, and his penitentiary exile, do great honor to the clerical order and discipline of those days.

On his arrival in Albion, with a goodly number of brothers, he was kindly received by Conall, prince of the *Dal Rhida*, who bestowed on him the Isle of *Huy*, or *Hy*. Here he established his chief monastery; and from thence, with his followers, he entered the country of the Picts, and by his zeal, his preaching, his precept and example, converted the whole country.

In the year 574, when *Aodh* was monarch of Ireland, a special parliament was called in Tara, for the purpose of taking some decided steps to collect in the yearly tribute, due by Albania to the Irish crown; also, to enact some regulations as to colleges. At this great assembly the Albanians were represented, and amongst others, who came upon this memorable occasion, was Columba, attended by twenty bishops, forty priests, and fifty deacons. As part of the sentence imposed upon Columba, on quitting Ireland, was, that he should never more see the country, he complied literally with this penance, for he had his eyes bound up from the time of quitting Scotland to his return home.

He was received with great ceremony and respect in Ireland, and the grand assembly, in which mingled his voice and wisdom, abolished many abuses that existed in schools, and in other departments of state.

St. Columba composed several works in prose and verse; amongst others, a Rule for Monks, which still exists, the Life of St. Patrick, and a Hymn to St. Kieran. These I have already noticed in the section on music. There were many works of piety and prophecy written by this eminent man. He was entombed, at his death, amongst the great chiefs of Scotland, in the abbey of Hy, in 597; but part of his remains were removed, in the beginning of the ninth century, to the monastery of Down, where they were deposited with those of St. Patrick and St. Bridget, as already noticed.

Rich as have been the annals of Ireland in names of saintly renown, for none has she cherished, in all ages, a greater reverence than for her

great Columb Kille. That isle of the waves (Hy) with which his name is connected, and which, through his ministry, became the "Luminary of the Caledonia Regions, has far less reason," says Moore, "to boast of her tombs of kings, than of those heaps of votive pebbles, cast by pilgrims along the path which took them to the honored shrine of her saint. From this immemorial custom, the island was denominated *Iona*. There is a splendid copy of the Four Gospels, in the handwriting of Columb Kille, now deposited in Trinity College, Dublin. Usher, O'Flaherty, and other antiquarians, have authenticated it. It is indeed amongst the most precious relics of the early Christians. Speaking of *Iona*, Dr. Johnson writes: "We are now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonia regions. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer upon the ruins of *Iona*." — *Journey to the Western Islands*.

The eminent Columbanus performed a distinguished part in his time. He was a native of Leinster, in Ireland. In his youth he had been a diligent student of grammar and languages. Early in life, he was a perfect master of his own tongue, as well as those of Greece, Rome, Spain, and other nations. He wrote several commentaries on the Scriptures, Psalms, and other religious subjects, which were the chief topics of the scholars of the age. He studied under very eminent men in the Irish colleges, and finally placed himself under the instruction of the chief of the abbey of *Benchoir*, from whence he subsequently departed, with twelve disciples, to go to Britain, and from thence to Burgundy. In the latter country he was received by the king, Sigebert, with every possible mark of respect; for his fame had travelled before him. This prince offered him lands for a settlement in any part of his dominions. Columbanus fixed on Luxeu, in the desert, at the foot of the mountains of Vosge, where he founded a celebrated monastery, in which he established his order, and the *perpetual psalmody, by different choirs, who relieved each other day and night*. He was the first who established the monastic order among the French. The order of St. Columbanus was then considered the model of a retired life, and Luxeu as the centre of perfection. The number of persons, of every rank and condition, who wished to submit to the law of St. Columbanus, was so great, that, in order to lighten the burden on the house of Luxeu, he was obliged to found another at Fontaine, in the same country.

Columbanus had been, for nearly twenty years, at the head of the monastery of Luxeu, when he was expelled through the influence of



**Brunehaut.** This ambitious queen shared the government of Burgundy with her grandson Thierry the Second, who was king. Fearing that the marriage of this prince would diminish her authority, she endeavored to dissuade him from it, by procuring him illicit pleasures, which excited the zeal of St. Columbanus, who reproached him severely for the shameful life he led. The prince, who had a high opinion of the sanctity of St. Columbanus, heard him patiently ; but the intrigues of Brunehaut, who had prejudiced all the nobles of the kingdom against him, forced him to yield to the storm, by leaving his monastery at Luxeu. Notwithstanding this, our saint was favorably received by Clothaire the Second, king of Suissons, to whom he foretold that in three years the French monarchy would be united in his person, which prophecy was afterwards accomplished.

St. Columbanus, having preached the word of God in several provinces in France, and confirmed his doctrine by miracles too numerous to be introduced here, went to Italy, where, with the approbation of Aigilulph, king of the Lombards, he founded the abbey of Bobbio, in Milan, over which he presided but one year, having died there on the 21st of November, 615, and was succeeded by a native of Burgundy, called Atala.

The Augustine monks affirm that St. Columbanus was of their order ; but Reynier says that he was a Benedictine.

St. Columbanus wrote many works in Latin, which are quoted by Ware and others ; namely, a book of commentaries on the Psalter ; a work against the Arians, which Jonas calls “ a work of flowery erudition ; ” and thirteen homilies.

“ The writings of this eminent man,” says Moore, “ that have come down to us, display an extensive and varied acquaintance, not merely with ecclesiastical, but with classical literature. He was acquainted both with Greek and Hebrew, as well as Latin and that of his own country, [the English language did not then exist ;] and when it is recollected that he did not leave Ireland till he was nearly fifty years of age, and that his life afterwards was one of constant activity and adventure, the conclusion is obvious, that all this knowledge of elegant literature must have been acquired in the schools of his own country. The various countries and places with which the name of this great saint is connected, have multiplied his lasting titles to fame. While Ireland boasts of his birth, France remembers him by her ancient abbeys of *Luxeuil* and *Fontaine* ; and his fame in Italy still lives, not only in the cherished relics at *Bobbio* ; in the coffin, the chalice, the holy staff of the founder ;

and the strange sight of a Missal in the Irish language, in a foreign land, but in the every-day remembrance of his name, which lives in the beautiful town of *San Columbano*, in the territory of Lodi."

St. Gall, who accompanied Columbanus, was born, of noble parents, in Ireland; was placed, at an early age, according to his life, written by Wallafridus Strabo, under the guidance of St. Columbanus, with whom he made considerable progress in the study of the Holy Scriptures, the liberal arts, grammar, and poetry, and in the practice of regular discipline. He passed through a variety of adventures and sufferings, in his efforts to spread the religion of the cross. He finally died near his holy cell, near which the monastery called after him was erected, and round which the populous town of St. Gall, in Switzerland, now stands. There are some manuscripts deposited in this celebrated abbey in the handwriting of St. Gall, and his preceptor, St. Columbanus. They are probably amongst the oldest in Europe.

The immediate companions and disciples of these two learned and holy men founded several abbeys in Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and France. I compress from M'Geoghegan, Moore, and O'Halloran, some particulars of a few only of the Irish missionaries of that age.

Dichuill (in Latin, *Dichullus* and *Deicola*) was half brother of St. Gall, and, like him, a disciple of St. Columbanus. He obtained permission to remain in Burgundy, where he founded, at a few leagues from Luxeu, the celebrated monastery of Lure, (in Latin, *Lutra*, or "*Lutrense monasterium*.") Theodore, a monk of St. Campden, who had accompanied St. Gall from Ireland, of which he was a native, shared with him the labors of the apostleship. After the death of St. Gall, he founded two cells in Germany, one at Campden, or Campidana, the government of which he confided to his colleague Theodore, and the other at Fuessen, (in Latin, "*ad Fauces*,") at the foot of the Alps. Those cells, having been richly endowed by King Pepin, became afterwards celebrated abbeys.

Among the disciples of St. Columbanus may be reckoned Jonas, abbot of Luxeu before the middle of the seventh century.

Jonas wrote, in Latin, the life of St. Columbanus, to which he had been an eye-witness; he also wrote the lives of Atala and Eustachius, both disciples and successors of St. Columbanus; the former at Bobbio, the latter at Luxeu.

Fiacre, born of noble parents in Ireland, being desirous of devoting himself to God in solitude, left his country, and went to France, accompanied by some disciples. He addressed himself to Faron, bishop of

Meaux, who received him with kindness, and gave him the forest of Brodole, which belonged to him, with permission to settle there.

*Bede* has the following passage in reference to St. Fiacre : —

“Ireland is dignified by the lustre of a new lamp ; that island glitters to the Meldi, by the presence of so great a light. The former sent Fiacrius ; Meaux received the ray which was sent. The joy of both is in common : the latter possesses a father, the former a son.” — *Bede's History of the Church.*

St. Aidan was a monk of the abbey of Hy, the members of which were Scots from Ireland, the Picts having given that island to St. Columba Kille, and to the Scotie monks who had preached the faith of Jesus Christ amongst them, as appears from Bede. From that abbey, therefore, were the twelve disciples who had accompanied this apostle to Britain, as is remarked in his life, besides some others who had afterwards followed him from Ireland. The connection, says Moore, of the venerable Irishman St. Aidan with the Anglo-Saxon King Oswald, singularly illustrates the mutual relations of their respective countries at this period. During the reign of his uncle Edwin, the young Oswald had lived an exile in Ireland ; and, having been instructed, while there, in the doctrines of Christianity, resolved, on his accession to the throne, to disseminate the same blessing among his subjects. With this view he applied to the elders of the Scots *among whom he had himself been taught*, desiring that they would furnish him with a bishop, through whose instruction and ministry the English nation, which he had been called upon to govern, might receive the Christian faith. In compliance with the royal desire, a monk of Hy, named *Aidan*, was sent, to whom, on his arrival, the king gave the small island of Lindisfarn as the seat of his see. This island has since been called the *Holy Isle*.

In the spiritual labors of the saint's mission the pious King Oswald took constantly a share, and “it was often,” says Bede, “a delightful spectacle to witness, that, when the bishop, who knew but imperfectly the English tongue, preached the truths of the gospel, the king himself, who had become master of the Scottish language during his long banishment in Ireland, acted as interpreter of the word of God to his commanders and ministers. From that time,” continues the same authority, “numbers of Scottish or Irish poured daily into Britain, preaching the faith, and administering baptism through all the provinces over which King Oswald reigned. In every direction churches were erected, to which the people flocked with joy to hear the word. Possessions were granted by royal bounty for the endowment of monasteries and schools,

and the English, old and young, were instructed by their Irish teachers." Though St. Augustine is reported the patron saint of England, arriving in that country, 597, with forty missionaries, to complete the conversion of England, yet, says O'Halloran, the honor of converting England should be by no means ascribed alone to him. Some of the Scottish writers, of latter times, will have it, that all these instructors came from *Scotland*, because the term "Scots" had been, a thousand years ago, applied to natives of Ireland and Albania indifferently. But how will they get rid of the great fact that their own nation owed its direct conversion and evangelical light to the apostolic labors of the Irish saint Colum Kille and his pious brethren?

We must own that it is hard upon wealthy, inflated people, like the English and Scotch of the present day, to acknowledge their great indebtedness, for literature, laws, religion, music, and letters, to so poor and so oppressed a people as the Irish — those Irish that are seen daily in the streets of Glasgow and of London, carrying hods and coal-bags on their shoulders. *It is hard*, it must be confessed, for the gold-lace gentry, that swarm round the Horse Guards, to acknowledge that *their* forefathers were educated by the forefathers of *these* abject serfs, who now, by the decree of fate, toil as their bond-slaves. Few of their writers can bring themselves to admit it; and even Dr. *Lingard*, the Catholic historian of England, exhibits his mean unwillingness to do poor Ireland justice. Speaking of this very circumstance, — St. Aidan's labors, and those who coöperated with him, — he describes them, with remarkable brevity, as "Scottish monks," without further comment, which Moore thus eloquently reproves: "It was hardly worthy of Dr. Lingard's character to follow so far the example of Dempster, and other such writers, as to call our eminent Irish missionaries at this period by the ambiguous name of Scottish monks, without, at the same time, informing his readers that these distinguished men were *Scots of Ireland*. The care with which the ecclesiastical historians of France and Italy have, in general, marked this distinction, is creditable alike to their fairness and their accuracy." Lloyd states that the auxiliaries of Aidan "came out of Ireland," and Cardinal Fleury calls them "*missionnaires Irlandois*."

St. Finian, a native of Ireland, and a monk of the abbey of Hy, succeeded St. Aidan in the episcopal see of Lindisfarne, and in the mission of the kingdom of Northumberland. He caused to be built in the Isle of Lindisfarne, says Bede, a church suitable for an episcopal see, not of stone, but of oak, after the manner of the Scots; he labored perseveringly



for the conversion of souls; he *baptized Penda, king of the interior provinces, and Sigebert, king of the East Angles, with the lords of their retinue, and sent priests to instruct and baptize their subjects.*

St. Colman, a native also of Ireland, succeeded St. Finian in the bishopric of Lindisfarn. Those three prelates were celebrated for the sanctity and purity of their morals, their zeal for the propagation of the faith, and the exercise of every virtue; it can be affirmed that the Saxons of the northern provinces were indebted to them for the knowledge of the true God.

St. Fursey, having labored in the conversion of souls in Ireland for the space of twelve years, went, about the year 637, with some disciples, to England, where he was kindly received by Sigebert, king of the East Saxons: this saint, having rescued some of the Picts and Saxons, who had escaped the zeal of the preceding missionaries, from the superstitions of idolatry, and brought them to the worship of the true God, founded the abbey of Cnobersburgh, now Burgh Castle, in the county of Suffolk, on some land which the king had given him; he afterwards induced this pious prince to abdicate the throne, and become a monk.

Subsequently, St. Fursey availed himself of the offer of Clovis the Second of France, and settled at Latiniacum, (Lagny,) on the River Marne, six leagues from Paris, where he caused three chapels to be built, the first of which he dedicated to our Savior, the second to St. Peter, and the third was called, when he died, after his own name, through the devotion of the faithful. Being afterwards joined by several monks, his disciples, who had followed him from Ireland, — amongst others, Æmilianus, Euloquius, Mombulus, &c., — and seconded by the liberality of the king and lords of the country, he founded a monastery which he himself governed.

So amazingly great were the number of the Irish saints in the Isles of Arau, for instance, that the writers were obliged to class their names thus: there were four *Colgans*, ten *Gobhans*, twelve *Dichulls*, twelve *Maidoes*, twelve *Adrands*, thirteen *Camans*, thirteen *Dimins*, fourteen *Brendens*, fourteen *Finians*, fourteen *Ronans*, fifteen *Conalls*, fifteen *Dermods*, fifteen *Lugads*, sixteen *Lassare*, seventeen *Serrani*, eighteen *Erneni*, eighteen *Folbei*, eighteen *Cominei*, nineteen *Foilani*, nineteen *Sulani*, twenty *Kierani*, twenty *Ultinai*, twenty-two *Cilliani*, twenty-three *Aidi*, twenty-four *Columbæ*, twenty-five *Senani*, twenty-eight *Aidani*, thirty *Cronans*, thirty-seven *Mohuani*, forty-three *Lazreani*, thirty-four *Mochunni*, fifty-eight *Mochuani*, fifty-five *Fintani*, sixty *Cormacs*, and two hundred *Colemans*. Most of the above are Irish names Latinized.

Maildulphus, an Irish monk, and very learned man, went to England in 676. Of him the English *Camden* has the following notice: —

“Nor was it known by any other name, for a long time, than Ingleborn, till *Maildulphus, a certain Hibernian Scot, a man of the soundest erudition, and a peculiar sanctity of life*, being taken by the deliciousness of the grove, after his opening a school, and devoting himself, with his congregation, to a monastic life, built a monastery in it: from hence it began to be called by Maildulphus, instead of Ingleborne, by Bede, the ‘city of Maildulphus,’ and afterwards contracted into Malmesbury. *Among the disciples of Maildulphus, ALDELMUS, who had been appointed his successor*, was particularly noted; *for he was the first of the English people who wrote in Latin, and was the first who taught the English to compose Latin verse.*” — *Camden*, p. 176.

St. Cuthbert, son of an Irish prince, was born at Kenanuse, otherwise Kells, in Meath, and became a monk, and was summoned to Lindisfarn, by Eata, bishop of that see; from thence he went to an island called Farne, some leagues in the sea, where he lived as a hermit, till he was appointed bishop of Lindisfarn: with reluctance he accepted that dignity, but was constrained to yield to the solicitations of King Egfrid, and some bishops whom he had assembled in synod for that purpose.

St. Gertrude, having become, on the death of her mother Itte, abbess of Nivelles, in Brabant, sent to Rome for relics of the holy martyrs, and for books of piety; she also sent to Ireland for learned men, to expound the Holy Scriptures, and instruct the nuns in them, and to preach the word of God in the country around.

“Rome, at that time, took care to have the relics of the saints and holy books brought to her; she sent to Ireland for learned men to expound to herself and to her people the canticles of the holy law, which the Irish had almost by heart. The monastery of Vossuensis was built on the banks of the Sambre for receiving the saints Fullanus and Ultanus, brothers of St. Furseus.” — *Breviary of Paris*.

St. Kilian left Ireland, with two companions called Colonat and Totnan, the one a priest and the other a deacon. Being desirous to visit the church of Rome, he took his route through Flanders and Germany. On his arrival in Rome, having been presented to Pope Conon, the holy father found him to be possessed of so much wisdom, and so perfect in his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, that he ordained and appointed him to preach the gospel to the infidels of Franconia, where

having converted Duke Gosbert, and a great number of his subjects, he fixed his see at Wirtzburg, of which he was the first bishop, and was afterwards honored as a martyr.

“St. Kilianus, an Irish monk, preached in these times the evangelical doctrine to the eastern Franks, and is called their apostle.” — *Chronicles of Cardinal Bellarmini*.

“In a district of Austria, where stood a castle of New France, nay, a city, as, in the Teutonic dialect, Wirtzburg, situate near the River Meuse, signifies, the martyrdom of St. Kilianus, the first bishop of that city, and that of his two disciples, Colonatus, a presbyter, and Totnanus, a deacon, took place. They came from Ireland, the island of the Scots, and, after receiving the authority of the apostolical see, they preached the name of Christ to that city and district.” — *Martyrology of Notker*.

Gosbert, whilst he was a pagan, married Gielana, his brother's wife; but, being converted to Christianity, St. Kilian, like another John the Baptist, reproached him, with truly apostolical freedom, for this incestuous marriage, and advised him to separate from her; Gielana, exasperated at the holy prelate's reproof, caused him and his companions to be assassinated on the 8th of July, 689, the day on which they are honored by the church as martyrs.

Sedulius, surnamed *the younger*, to distinguish him from the great Sedulius, of whom we have spoken, in the fifth century, went from Ireland to Rome, where he assisted at a council held against illicit marriages, the 5th of April, 721, under the pontificate of Gregory the Second. He left to posterity compilations on the Gospel of St. Matthew, *which are still to be seen in manuscript in some of the libraries in Paris*. There are other manuscripts in existence attributed to him.

St. Donatus left Ireland with his companion Andrew, and, after travelling through France and Italy, settled in Etruria, now Tuscany, where he led the life of a hermit for some time, after which he was nominated bishop of Fiesole. He remained for a considerable time at the head of that church, and became celebrated for the brilliancy of his virtues. It is affirmed that the Dominicans at Rome have his life in manuscript; he wrote his travels, the office of his church, and commentaries on the Holy Scriptures; he gave also a description of Ireland in hexameter and pentameter verse, some fragments of which are quoted by Colgan. The following is a translation of his description of Ireland: —

"Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,  
 By nature blessed, and SCOTIA is her name,  
 Enrolled in books ; exhaustless in her store  
 Of veiny silver and of golden ore ;  
 Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth,  
 With gems her waters,\* and her air with health ;  
 Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow ;  
 Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow ;  
 Her waving furrows float with bended corn,  
 And arms and arts her envied sons adorn ;  
 No poison there infects, no scaly snake  
 Creeps through the grass, or settles in the lake —  
 A nation worthy of its pious race,  
 In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace "

In the eighth century, the high scholastic reputation of the Irish, had become established throughout Europe. That mode of applying the learning and subtilty of the schools to the illustration of theology, which assumed, at a later period, a more systematic form, under the name of the scholastic philosophy, is allowed to have originated among the eminent divines whom the monasteries of Ireland in this century poured forth. Amongst the lights, that shed their brilliant rays, at this time, not only on their own country, but on Europe, was the eminent *Virgilius*, whose real name was Feargal. Arriving in France, anno 746, on the Christian mission, he attracted, by his preaching and writings, the notice of the monarch Pepin, the father of Charlemagne. He became an inmate of his princely residence on the Oise ; from thence, after a stay of two years, he proceeded to Bavaria, bearing letters of introduction from the monarch to the duke of that province. A theological discussion grew up between Virgilius and Boniface, the great missionary of Germany, on the mode of administering baptism ; and, though the pope (*Zachary*) decided in his favor, yet, the pride of Boniface having been wounded, he was not restrained from preferring charges of heresy against the Irish divine, alleging, among other things, that Virgilius taught *there was another world, and other men, under the earth*.

Virgilius had, by the lights of the astronomical and geographical studies of the Irish colleges, BECOME CONVINCED OF THE SPHERICITY

\* A writer in *The Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xviii., says, "I myself saw one pearl, found in the Lake of Killarney, bought for fifty shillings, that was valued at forty pounds. A miller took out a pearl, which he sold for ten pounds to one who sold it to the late Lady Glenanly for thirty pounds, with whom I saw it in a necklace. She refused eighty pounds for it from the late Duchess of Ormond."



OF THE EARTH, AND THE EXISTENCE OF ANTIPODES. The idea thus broached by the Irish ecclesiastic, creating a supposition that there was a world and a race whom Christ did not die to save, brought upon his head the suspicions of the holy see. An inquiry was ordered, from which there grew considerable excitement; but Virgilius found means to avert the condemnation of the holy fathers, by either qualifying or withdrawing his theory; for *as yet the most learned of the Latins had not mastered, to the same degree which the Irish had, the wonderful mechanism of the heavens.*

Fools have attempted, on this slight foundation, to raise a charge against the tyranny of Pope Zachary; but, as Moore observes, were it even certain that this pope was slow to believe in the existence of antipodes, he would at least have erred in good company, as already the poet Lucretius had pronounced this belief to be inconsistent with reason; and St. Augustine had denounced it as contrary to the Scriptures. *Let Ireland have the credit of having given birth and education to a man who comprehended and disclosed much of the mechanism of the heavens, and also the sphericity of the earth, eight hundred years before the sublime truths were understood and admitted by the learned of Europe.*

When Virgilius left Ireland, he was accompanied by a Greek bishop, named Dubda. Usher states that there was established a Greek college and church in Trim, which was called, in his time, the *Greek school*. The fame of her schools and churches had attracted several Greek ecclesiastics to Ireland, and it is a very remarkable fact that her own scholars were eminent and fluent masters of the Greek language in the fifth and sixth centuries.

The accession of Charlemagne to the throne of France was the commencement of a new era in European civilization. That extraordinary man not only took the field against the ambitious Mahometans, but struggled also most successfully against the prevailing ignorance of Europe. He encouraged, in the most comprehensive sense, the scholars of every nation, who flocked to his court as to the best market for the products of their intellect. Amongst the crowd of learned men which such temptation drew around him, the scholars of Ireland were distinguished. Conspicuous among the latter were the learned Irishmen *Clement* and *Albinus*. When the talents of these eminent men became known to the emperor, he assigned them distinguished positions. Clement was placed chief professor over the university of Paris, which he had just commenced, and Albinus was sent to found and preside

over a similar university in Pavia, which was to reënlighen Italy. The Italian historian *Denina*, remarking on the fallen state of Italy at this moment, when she was compelled to look to the north and the extreme west for instructors, adds, as a proof of her reduced condition, that Irish monks were placed by Charlemagne at the head of her schools. The following passage is comprehensive: "*Ma ben maggior maraviglia ci dovrà parere, che l'Italia non solamente allora abbia dovuto riconoscere da barbari boreali il rinnovamento della milizia, ma abbia da loro dovuto apprendere in quello stesso tempo le scienze più necessarie; e che bisognasse dagli ultimi confini d'occidente et del nord far venire in Italia i maestri ad insegnarci, non che altro, la lingua Latina. Carlomagno nel 781 avea preposto alle scuole d'Italia e di Francia DUE MONACHI IRLANDESI.*" — *Delle Rivoluzioni d'Italia*, lib. viii. cap. 12.

[“But how much more marvellous must it appear that Italy, at that time, not only owed the reëstablishment of the militia to the northern barbarians, but had to learn of them the most necessary sciences, and was obliged to cause masters, from the uttermost confines of the west and north, to come to Italy to teach them EVEN THE LATIN LANGUAGE. Charlemagne, in 781, had PLACED IN THE SCHOOLS OF ITALY AND OF FRANCE TWO IRISH MONKS!”]

The Italian historian, in speaking of the northern barbarians, alluded to the military skill of the Goths; his reference to the teachers of the sciences and the Latin tongue clearly applies to Ireland, for the northern nations were unacquainted with the *Latin language*, and their knowledge of science was trifling.

In Selden's *Titles* there is preserved a copy of a diploma for a doctorship, at Rome, in physic and philosophy, in which, amongst other insignia of this office, a *biretrum* was placed on the candidate's head, and a ring on his finger. Now, the word *biretrum* is not Latin, but Irish; and the cardinal's cap is, to this day, known by no other name than *biretrum*; so that the ring and cap, placed on the finger and head of the higher ecclesiastics in the Catholic ordination, are insignia borrowed from Ireland; for they are the very insignia worn by our ancient doctors in different sciences; and, as the first universities of Europe were regulated and established by Irishmen, it is most easy to account for the transfer of the customs, honors, and degrees which existed in the colleges of their native land.

"In the latter part of this century," says Moore, "we find another native of Ireland, named *Dungal*, honored, in like manner, by the patronage of the imperial chief of France. This learned Scot addressed a letter to Charlemagne on the two solar eclipses, which proves that he was well acquainted with all the ancients had written on the subject, while, both in his admission that two solar eclipses might take place within the year, and his doubt that such a rare incident had occurred in 810, he is equally correct. While on this topic, I may mention that the Irish historians have most accurately recorded the solar eclipse which happened in the month of May, 664 — an evidence at once of their historical accuracy, and of the authenticity of their writings."

It was at this period that a great plague happened in England, which Bede alludes to most feelingly, wherein he acknowledges that his countrymen, both "noble and of lower rank, had retired to Ireland to pursue a course of studies, and to lead a stricter life;" and the historian adds the creditable fact, that the Irish most cheerfully received all these strangers, and supplied them GRATUITOUSLY with FOOD, with BOOKS, and INSTRUCTION; on which Ledwich remarks, "So zealous and disinterested a love of learning is unparalleled in the annals of the world."

The very circumstance that Charlemagne, after he retired to a monastery, consulted Dungal, as one of the few European scholars worthy of being consulted on profound questions, proves the high estimation in which he had been held. The authors of the *Histoire Littéraire de la France* say, "*Ce qui paroît appuie tant sur son nom, que L'HIBERNIE fournit alors plusieurs autre grands hommes à la France*," — ["which appears grounded as much upon his name as upon HIBERNIA'S GIVING, AT THAT TIME, MANY OTHER GREAT MEN TO FRANCE."]

We find *Dungal*, in some time after, placed over the great university of Pavia, and invested with the supreme management of the public schools established through Italy. How high was the position of the Irish scholar may be estimated from the first sentence of the capitular of Lothaire the First, in reference to education: "*Primum in papia conveniant ad Dungalum de mediolano, de laude de Bergamo, de Novaria*," &c. No mention is made of any other professor — Dungal alone is made special in this law. Dungal bequeathed to the monastery of Bobbio, in honor of his great countryman, Columbanus, a valuable collection of books, "the greater part of which," says Moore, "are now at Milan, having been removed to the Ambrosian library by Cardinal Frederic Borromeo." Indeed, several of the French writers of the eighth and

ninth centuries bear testimony to the learning of the scholars of Ireland, as well as to that disinterested zeal which prompted them to travel from their native land through so many strange countries. "What shall I say of Ireland," exclaimed Eric of Auxerre, "who, despising the dangers of the deep, is migrating, with almost her whole train of philosophers, to our coasts?"

The French historian Mezeray mentions with astonishment the number of Irish who entered Gaul, to instruct the people. He highly extols their piety and learning, and proclaims the new face the country assumed by the very labor of their hands. Hear his own words: "It must be acknowledged that these crowds of holy men were highly useful to France, considered merely in a temporal light, — for, the long incursions of the barbarians having quite desolated the country, it was still, in many places, covered with woods and thickets, and the low grounds with marshes. And these pious, religious men, who devoted themselves to the service of God, not to a life of indolence, labored with their own hands to grub up, to reclaim, to till, to plant, and to build, — not so much for themselves, who lived with great frugality, but to feed and cherish the poor, — insomuch that uncultivated and frightful deserts soon became agreeable and fruitful dwellings; the heavens seemed to favor the soil, reclaimed and cultivated by hands so pure and disinterested." "*I shall say nothing,*" he adds, "*of their having preserved almost all that remains of the history of those times.*"

The frightful wastes of Italy and Germany were alike reclaimed by those missionaries, and instruction spread around, like a rich and plentiful banquet.

During the troubles occasioned by the Danish invasions of Ireland, about A. D. 800, many pious and learned ecclesiastics fled to France. Wherever they settled, they established houses of learning and hospitality, such as they were accustomed to in their own country. In the council of *Meaux*, in France, held in 845, amongst other acts, there passed, is the following: "That complaint shall be made to the king, of the ruin of hospitable houses, *but particularly of those of the Irish nation, founded by charitable natives of that country.*" And the ordinance goes on to describe the offensive acts of the intruders, against whom it was directed. It continues, "Not only have these intruders refused to receive or entertain such as present themselves for relief, but they have even ejected these religious persons, whose duty it was to relieve the sick, the distressed, and the stranger." This is extracted from Fleury's Ecclesiastical History of France.



They built their cells in woods and desert places, living on an antediluvian diet, and making it a part of their vows to reclaim and cultivate deserts, not for their own, but the emolument of the poor. From this it is that the old abbeys had around them so much land called "commons," or land free to all. This ground, originally waste, was claimed by no one, and was given for the use of the poor after the necessities of the abbeys were provided.

Many such facts are scattered through the civil and ecclesiastical histories of France. A vivid recollection of the services rendered to French literature by Irishmen, prompted the eminent historian, Monsieur Michelet, the chief of the historical section in the Archives du Royaume, in his able History of France, published 1840, speaking of the social condition of the Celtic tribes in ancient France, to exclaim, "A strange destiny that of the Celtic world! Of its two divisions, one, though the least unfortunate of the two, perishes, wastes away, or loses its language, its costume, and its distinctive character—I mean the Highlanders of Scotland, with the populations of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. These, forming the serious and the moral element of the race, seem to be dying away, and threaten to become extinct. The other part, full of life, multiplies and increases in spite of every thing—I speak of Ireland.

"Ireland! the eldest of the Celtic race, so far away from France, her sister, who is unable to defend her, except across the waves! the Isle of Saints! the Emerald of the Seas! all-fertile Ireland, whose men shoot up like blades of grass, and frighten England with the ominous sound that daily rings in her ears, 'There is a million more of them!' the land of poets, of men of daring thoughts—of John Scotus Erigena, of Berkeley, of Toland, of Moore, and of O'Connell! People of the brilliant word and the swift sword! people that in this, *the decrepitude of the world, still retain the gift of song!* Let England smile, if she will, when, in some obscure and wretched corner of her crowded cities, the Irish widow is heard raising the coronach over her husband's corpse. Weep on, unhappy Ireland! France, weep thou too! weep that thou seest in thy capital, *over the door of the House of Learning*, still open to the children of Ireland, *the harp* that in vain demands thine aid! Let us weep that we cannot give back to her the blood that she has spilt for us! But must we not speak our grief? Is it to be in vain that, within less than two centuries, four hundred thousand Irishmen have combated in our armies? And are we to witness the sufferings of Ireland without uttering a word?"

But the most extraordinary, perhaps, of all the scholars of Ireland, and the most distinguished certainly of the middle ages, was JOHN SCOTUS, who bore the distinctive title of *Erigena*. All the historians are loud in their praises of him. He was a very learned man indeed, — probably the most profoundly learned that appeared in Europe from the dawn of Christianity to his own time. Although he belonged to no ecclesiastical order, he studied much in solitude, and seems to have made every science and every art, by turns, the object of his investigation. It would seem, too, from his life, that the object of it was to gather the flowers of knowledge through the valleys of his native land, only to scatter them on those of other nations. We find him in France, about the year 845, enjoying not only the patronage, but the friendship of the monarch of that country, Charles the Bald, and employed by him to translate from the Greek the mystic treatises on theology ascribed to Dionysius of Alexandria — a book that effected a wonderful sensation in the literary world, not only by the original principles of the author, but from the profound conception and commentaries of the translator, who was the first lay Christian of Europe that dared to dive into the ocean of theology, bringing with him, through his course, the principles of philosophy — illustrating the truths of the one by the demonstrations of the other.

As this work was filled with metaphysical and obscure questions on the divine nature and attributes, Pope Nicholas the First wrote a letter to Charles, in which he observed, that John, one of the nation of the Scots, had translated into Latin the works of Denis the Areopagite, concerning the names of God, and the celestial hierarchy, which book should have been sent to him for his approval, particularly as John, though in other respects a man of profound learning, was suspected of an error of faith; he consequently begged of him to send the book and its author to Rome, or to expel him from the Paris university. The king, being desirous to keep in with the pope, without giving umbrage to John Erigena, advised him to return to his own country, in order to avoid the storm. In obedience to the king's desire, John returned to Ireland. According to Ware, he subsequently came to England at the solicitation of King Alfred, who employed him some time afterwards in reëstablishing the schools at Oxford. He adds, "Isaac Wake informs us, that the *Statutes of Alfred and Erigena*, a Gothic work, were preserved there in his time, as monuments of antiquity." Mr. Moore, without *producing any authority*, says John Erigena died in France; but when we have, against this assertion, Leland, the Eng-

lish antiquarian, Isaac Wake, Ware, and the Abbé M'Geoghegan, I must respectfully differ from him. Leland, who, during the reign of Henry the Eighth, spent several years examining the literary contents of the monasteries, takes care to distinguish the Irish John from a Saxon scholar of the same name, who distinguished himself, about the same time, in the court of Alfred. See Leland's Commentaries, cap. 115.

The reader, who has patiently perused the previous part of this book, who has weighed the unimpeachable authorities arrayed in favor of Ireland's claims to be the *school of Europe*, during the early and middle ages of Christianity, will not be surprised to read that King Alfred himself, like the rest of his Saxon countrymen, received his education in Ireland. There are Englishmen, and Scotchmen too, who will take up the Gospels and swear upon them that this is false. It is useless to quote the Venerable Bede, the Saxon writer of the seventh century, and various eminent men of that nation, down to Dr. Johnson, Warner, and Sir James Mackintosh, who honorably acknowledge it. Such sentiments as the following find little credence with those who contribute to keep Ireland in slavery. "This country [the Danes] pressed upon Ireland likewise with the like carnage. There were in it, at that time, many nobles and gentry from among the English, who, in the time of Bishops Finan and Colman, having withdrawn themselves thither, for either the sake of divine study or to lead more chaste lives,—some gave themselves up to a monastic life, and others attended in the monasteries to hear the professors. *All of them the Scots most freely admitted, and supplied them GRATIS with daily sustenance, with books, and masters.*" — *Bede's Church Hist.* b. 3, c. 27. Macpherson says, "In the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, religion and learning flourished in Ireland to such a degree, that it was commonly styled the mother country of saints, and reputed the kingdom of arts and sciences. *The Saxons and Angles sent thither many of their princes and princesses*, to have the benefit of a pious and learned education. It ought likewise to be acknowledged that some of the most eminent teachers of North Britain received their instruction at the Irish seminaries of literature and religion." In fact there was a college dedicated, in Mayo, to the exclusive education of the Saxons: it was called *Maigh-Coan-Sasson*, or Mayo of the English. Bede says that, in the time of Adamnar, there were one hundred Saxon saints in that college. The Benedictine monks of St. Gall, in Switzerland, mention, in the ninth century, that they derived the principal part of their *books* from Ireland. "*Our Anglo-Saxons*," says Camden, "*went, in those times, to Ireland as if to a fair, to*

*purchase knowledge ; and we often find, in our authors, that, if a person were absent, it was generally said of him, by way of a proverb, that he was sent to Ireland to receive his education ; it even appears that our ancestors, the ancient Anglo-Saxons, had learned the use of characters in Ireland ; and from the Irish, our ancient English ancestors appear to have RECEIVED THEIR METHOD OF FORMING LETTERS, AND OBVIOUSLY MADE USE OF THE SAME CHARACTERS WHICH THE IRISH NOW MAKE USE OF.*" — Camden, British edition, p. 730. Camden wrote in the sixteenth century, and meant, of course, the old Irish character of the Irish language, *which, in fact, is, for the most part, substantially the self-same letter that all, who write the English in the present day, use in their manuscript characters.*

Notwithstanding all that we can prove, when we claim the honor of originating those jural and political institutions, which Alfred established in Britain, our claim is denied. Let those, then, who deny our claims, show where Alfred obtained his education. Is it likely he would be sent to the secondary or inferior schools of Europe, while those of Ireland, which stood at the head of all, were open ? M'Geoghegan says, " Alfred went also to Ireland to perfect himself in the study of philosophy and the sciences — *In Hibernia magno otio litteris imbutes omni philosophia composuerat animum.*" p. 198. Where, if not in Ireland, did he learn to play on the harp ? Where, if not in Ireland, did he find the *trial of the twelve men* ? Where, at that time, if not in Ireland, did he find an assembly legislating for the government of the people ? Where, if not in Ireland, did he observe the use of a national record, of legal maxims and public events, like the *Psalter of Tara*, of which the celebrated English Doomsday Book is evidently an imitation ? When they show us any other people than the Irish, who can, in those ages, claim these distinguished attributes of nationality, we may then listen patiently to their denial of Alfred's Irish education. But when I come to treat of his exploits against the Danes, I will adduce proof of this fact which no honest man can doubt.



## THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

BY MOORE.

1. Tho' the last glimpse of E - rin with

sor - row I see, Yet wher - ev - - -

- - er thou art shall seem E - rin to

me; In ex - ile thy bo - som shall

still be my home, And thine eyes . . . .

make my cli - mate wher - ev - er we roam.

## 2.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold, rocky shore,  
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,  
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind  
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

## 3.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,  
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;  
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear  
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.\*

\* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth, an act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears; or from wearing glibbes or *Coulins* (long locks) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers, by which the English were meant, or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—*Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*. Mr. Walker informs us, also, that about the same period were some harsh measures taken against the Irish minstrels.

## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

*mf* *mf* *mf*

Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen, the gray dawn is

break-ing; The horn of the hunt-er is

heard on the hill; The lark from her

light wing the bright dew is sha--king;

Kath - leen Mavour - neen! what, slum - bering

*mf*  
still? O! hast thou for - got - ten how

*mf*  
soon we must sev - er? O! hast thou for -

- got - ten this day we must part? It

may be for years, and it may be for -



*p*

- - ev-er! O! why art thou si-lent, thou

voice of my heart? It may be for

years, and it may be for - ev-er! Then

*mf*

why art thou si-lent, Kathleen Ma-vourneen?

*mf* *mf* *mf*

Kath-leen Ma-vour-neen, a-wake from thy

slum - bers ; The blue mountains glow in the

sun's gold - en light ; Ah ! where is the

*mf*  
spell that once hung on my numbers ! A -

- - rise in thy beau - ty, thou star of my

night ! A - rise in thy beau - ty, thou

*mf*

star of my night. Ma - your - neen, Ma -

*f*

- your - neen, my sad tears are fall - ing, To

*mf*

think that from E - rin and thee I must

*mf*

part ; It may be for years, and it

*mf*

may be for - ev - er ! Then why art thou

si - lent, thou voice of my heart? It

may be for years, and it may be for -

- - ev - er! Then why art thou si - lent,

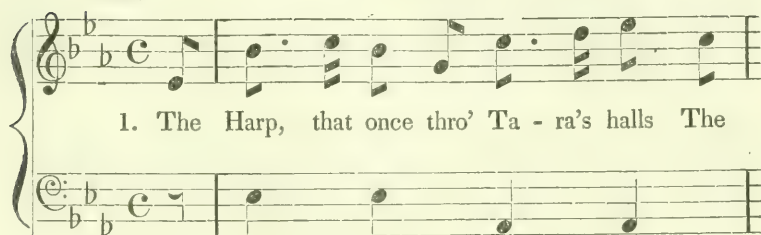
Kath - leen Ma - your - neen?



## THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

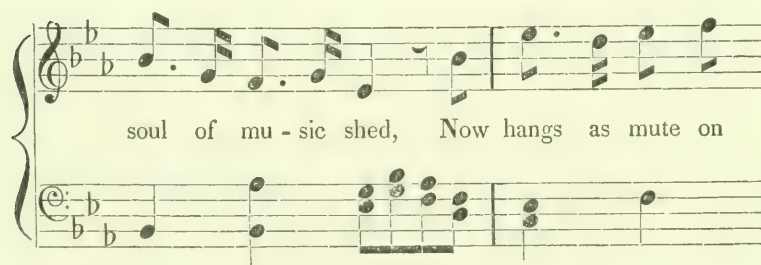
BY MOORE.

SLOW.



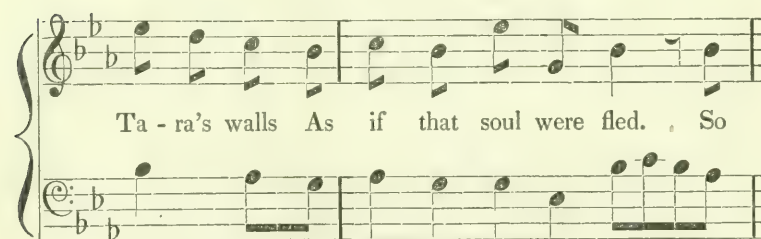
1. The Harp, that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note D, a dotted quarter note E-flat, and a half note F. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with a half note B-flat and a half note D.



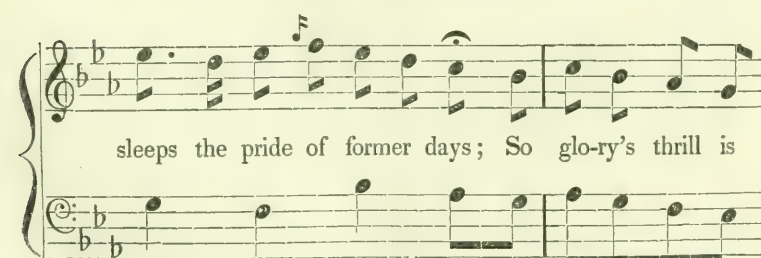
soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff has a half note G, a quarter note A, a dotted quarter note B-flat, and a half note C. The bass staff has a half note B-flat and a half note D.



Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So

The third system continues the melody. The treble staff has a half note D, a quarter note E, a dotted quarter note F, and a half note G. The bass staff has a half note B-flat and a half note D.



sleeps the pride of former days; So glo-ry's thrill is

The fourth system continues the melody. The treble staff has a half note A, a quarter note B, a dotted quarter note C, and a half note D. The bass staff has a half note B-flat and a half note D.

o'er ; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

feel that throb no more.

## 2.

No more, to chiefs and ladies bright,  
 The Harp of Tara swells ;  
 The chord, alone, that breaks at night,  
 Its tale of ruin tells.  
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,—  
 The only throb she gives  
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
 To show that still she lives.

*The following admirable song, from the Dublin Nation, may be sung to the same tune,—which is the very ancient air of “MOLLY ASTHORE.”*

Look down on Erin's verdant vales,—so rich, so gay, so green,—  
 And tell me, can a bosom throb, not loving Ocean's queen?  
 Look round on Erin's mossy moors, her meads and mountains high,  
 And tell me, does a dastard live, who'd not for Erin die?

No, no; in Erin lives not now a traitor to her cause,—  
 The thundering voice a NATION speaks, each traitor overawes!  
 A beaming light is burning bright, on mountain, rock, and sea;  
 And, by the mighty march of mind, our land will soon be free!

Then strike the Harp, old Erin's Harp, with fearless force and bold;  
 It breathes not for a timorous hand, nor for a heart that's cold;  
 It loves the open, generous soul,—the bold, the brave, the free;  
 But for the craven, crouching slave, it has no melody.

You're men!—as such should know your rights, and knowing should defend;  
 Who would be free, themselves must dare the tyrant's chain to rend;  
 O, fruitless is the grief that springs above a nation's fears;  
 One firm resolve of mighty men is worth a tide of tears.

## LECTURE XII.

FROM A. D. 800 TO 1016.

Close of the eighth Century.—Names of fifty-nine Kings of Ireland.—Invasions.—Glimpse of European Affairs.—The Franks.—The Building of Paris.—Charlemagne.—His Laws.—Mahomet.—The Venetians.—Trade and Commerce.—The Danes.—Their Invasions of France, Germany, England, Holland, and Ireland.—Turgesius, their Chief.—His Devastations.—Death of Niall.—Accession of Malachy.—His many Battles with the Danes.—Danes triumph.—Danish and English Oppression alike.—Atrocities of the Danes.—Designs of the Chief Turgesius.—Frustrated, and the Danes destroyed.—Re-establishment of the Kingdom.—Death of Malachy.—Accession of Hugh the Seventh.—Further Attempts of the Danes.—Plots to foment Dissensions.—Attacks of the Danes.—Renewal of the Wars.—Retreat of the Danes on Wales.—Effects of Peace in Ireland.—Reign of Niall the Fourth.—Renewed Dissensions.—Danes renew their Invasions.—Various Battles.—Victories of Cealachan.—Stratagem to destroy him.—Southern Expedition of Sea and Land Forces.—Sea Fight of Dundalk.—Glorious Conduct of the Irish.—Defeat of the Danes.—Reign of Congulash.—New Danish Invasions.—*Brien Boromhe*.—Routs the Danes in various Battles.—Storms Limerick.—Settlement of Munster.—Hospitality and Magnificence of Brien.—A Virgin walks alone through Munster.—Malachy the Second.—The Collar of Gold.—Lough Neagh.—War between Malachy and Brien.—Brien comes to the Throne.—Solemn Coronation.—Assembly of the Estates of Tara.—Law relating to Surnames.—*O's* and *Mac's*.—English Titles.—Revival of Literature.—Irish Teachers sought after by King Alfred.—Glance at English Affairs.—King Alfred.—Introduces the Irish Laws.—Calls an Assembly of the Estates like that of Tara.—Death of King Alfred.—Danes reestablish their Power in England.—Dissensions in Ireland.—Danes take Advantage.—Again invade Ireland.—Preparations of Brien.—Clontarf.—Morning of the Battle.—Brien's Address to his Army.—His Son Murrough takes the Command.—The Battle.—Murrough waves the "Sunburst," and leads the decisive Charge.—Victory!—Murrough killed.—Death of Brien.—The Danes completely subdued.—Inglorious Attacks of the Prince of Ossory on the Munster Troops.—Bravery of the wounded Men.

A. D. 800. ANXIOUS to follow up the deeply-interesting sketch of our literary and Christian missionaries, who appeared from the time of

St. Patrick to the close of the eighth century, and to fix in the reader's mind a distinct image of their extraordinary labors, I avoided intruding upon his attention the civil or kingly affairs of the country during the three hundred years over which I have ranged from the reign of King Laogaire, in the middle of the fifth to the close of the eighth century.

The historians of those times have left us little material connected with kings. The genius of the educated, and the labors of the people, seem to have been exclusively directed to the spread of religion and literature over Europe. The kings who reigned, and the battles they fought, are passed over with unusual brevity. As these battles were generally fought between Irishmen on their native land, it is a matter of less consequence that the Christian historians of the middle ages should have given them so little of their space. I, for one, do not regret this; for it is with the utmost reluctance that I record for publication any of those senseless sanguinary battles fought by Irishmen against Irishmen on their common birthplace. I am occasionally compelled to record them, in obedience to the order and demands of history.

Not all the virtues of the Irish are sufficient to hide the stains which those wars with each other have left upon their fame, nor all their bravery sufficient to avert the frequent calamities of invasions and persecutions which those well-known divisions have for a thousand years invited. Their proneness to contend with each other is the most senseless, as well as the most mischievous and fatal, trait in their national character. They have latterly become somewhat sensible of this, and it is hoped that, under the wise and enlightened counsels of their present chief men, it will totally disappear. Let those among them who are most patriotic, suffer injury from their countrymen without retaliation; and let those who are most in the right be the most patient and forbearing, for the sake of UNION.

From the fifth year of the Christian era to the time of Laogaire, there reigned twenty-eight kings. From the accession of Laogaire, the first Christian monarch of Ireland, about 430, to that of *Aodh the Sixth*, in the close of the eighth century, there reigned thirty-one kings; that is, fifty-nine kings in eight hundred years, which give an average of thirteen and a half years to each reign. Some of these monarchs, for the sake of union, reigned two at one time. Some of them, also, retired to monasteries in the prime of manhood. If, according to Newton, an average kingly reign of *fifteen* years be an undoubted evidence of a high degree of civilization in a people, then



the average offered by TWO THOUSAND years of the Milesian dynasty in Ireland, which comes up to thirteen or fourteen years, as the duration of each king's reign, is an unerring index of national civilization.

The following are the names of the fifty-nine kings:— *Conaire, Lughaidh, Connor* and *Criomphthon, Cairbre, Fiachadhfion, Elim, Tuathal, Mal, Feidhlim, Cathoir More, Con, Conaire, Art, M'Con, Feargus, Cormac, Carbrie, Feacha* and *Colla*, joint kings, *Muiriedhach, Eochaidh, Criomphthon, Niall, Dathy, Laogaire, Olioll, Lugha, Murtough, Tuathal, Dermot, Feargus* and *Daniel*, joint kings, *Achy, Carbra Croman, Hugh, Hugh Slaine* and *Colman*, joint kings, *Naradnach, Clearach, Daniel, Claon* and *Ceallach*, joint kings, *Dermot* and *Bleathmac*, joint kings, *Fionachte, Loingseach, Congell, Fearghall, Togartach, Aodh Ollah, Daniel III., Niall II., Dunchaid, Niall III., Aodh.*

I will not go farther into the civil affairs of the last three centuries than to glance at one or two invasions, which the Northumbrian king, and, after him, the Picts, attempted on Ireland.

"In the year of the incarnation of our Lord 684," says Bede, "Ecgrif, king of the Northumbrians, having sent General Berte with an army to Ireland, plundered that unoffending people, (who had been always friendly and well-disposed towards the English,) without sparing either churches or monasteries; however, the Irish used all their efforts, and repelled force by force. Thus this attack of the Saxons was attended by no other result than the pillaging of some villages on the coasts of the island."

M'Geoghegan says, "In the reign of Loingsheach, (anno 700,) the Britons and Saxons made an attempt upon Ireland; they laid waste the plain of Muirtheimne, at present the county of Louth; but they were repulsed by Loingsheach, and forced to abandon their enterprise. They were afterwards totally defeated by the Ulster troops, at Moigh-Cuillin, or Ire-Connaught, in the county of Galway. They again landed, for the sake of plunder, arrived during the reign of *Feargall*, (712,) in Ulster, where, after a bloody engagement fought at Cloch-Mionuire, they were entirely routed by the Dalriads and other tribes of Ulster."

In the long and peaceful reign of Daniel, (Domhnall,) A. D. 743, the Picts made sudden incursions into Leinster. They were, however, totally defeated by the Leinster troops, in the district of Ossory, where their king and leader, Cabasach, was slain.

It may be well to turn aside here from our direct study of Irish history, for the purpose of glancing at the general state of Europe, at this era.

Among the most conspicuous of the European nations about this time was the empire of the Franks. The *Franks* were a German race, that rushed into Gaul on the breaking up of the Roman empire. They were *freemen*, attached to the Roman republic, and took the name of *Franks*, or *French*, from that term. They began the city of Paris in the close of the fifth century. *Pepin* and his grandson *Le Bref* were their distinguished rulers. They were the guardians of the throne, or grand regents, and were called *mayors*; but their power in the field becoming considerable, *Le Bref* assumed the monarchy, and bequeathed it to his son, the celebrated Charlemagne. This great man added considerably to the dominion of the French; he attracted around him the ablest officers and the most learned men in Europe. Many eminent men from Ireland found, in his court, hearty encouragement, as already shown. He divided the kingdom into counties and provinces, after the Irish customs. Indeed, he adopted many of the laws of Ireland; amongst the rest, the law of *eric*, or fine, for crime. Charlemagne began a Book of Maxims and Laws, after the model of the Psalter of Tara, which was lost after his death, but found again in the fifteenth century. He drove the Lombards out of Italy, and gave the holy see a considerable inheritance; he met the Saracens in several battles, and confined their dominion to the east of Europe. His character was simple, but brilliant; his reign and government just and glorious. He died 814. Having divided the empire which he acquired, consisting of France, Germany, Italy, and some lesser territories, amongst his sons, they quarrelled after his death, and embroiled France in years of civil war. Germany, which was given entire to one of his sons, assumed a separate government from the rest of Europe. The revenues of a great part of Italy were placed by Charlemagne at the disposal of the holy see, in which state they have continued nearly ever since.

A large portion of the east of Europe, and of Asia and Africa, was subjected to the sway of a new conqueror, who mingled a new religious system with the prowess of his sword; this was Mahomet, a native of Mecca in Arabia, of mean extraction, but of great learning and acquirements. He flourished about the beginning of the seventh century. He pretended to the gifts of prophecy and revelations from Heaven. His countrymen, for infinite ages, had worshipped the sun and stars; but he taught the existence of a Supreme God, denying that Jesus Christ was divine, but admitting his doctrine to be good, and his mission,

like his own, that of a prophet. Mahomet had studied the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, and formed on their basis a testament of his own, which he called the *Koran*. It was beautifully written, in detached pieces, and during certain retreats to mountains and woods, to which he retired at intervals, after the manner of Moses, to commune with God. When any part of his doctrines was disputed, he generally retired, under pretence of laying the objections before the Most High, and, after a due interval of absence and communion, he returned with a further piece of the *Koran*, which either silenced or satisfied his adversaries. He pretended that these detached pieces were brought to him, in his retreats, by the angel Gabriel. Its florid composition, and its splendid Arabic language, imposed on the vulgar. The *Koran* was thus compiled as a rule of faith and morals, and whenever its inspired character was questioned, the prophet boldly defied his opponents to write one chapter like it.

Mahomet, though persecuted for his preaching, gained an extraordinary ascendancy over his followers. The persecutions which he and they encountered prompted them to combine for defence, and ultimately they became offensive. Mahomet finally assumed the title of king, with that of prophet, arrayed a numerous army, attacked and robbed all those who refused to believe his creed. The plunder which followed his conquests attracted vast armies to his standard. His religious tenets, embraced in *Islamism*, admitted the utmost libertinism to his followers; each man was allowed four wives, besides concubines, but was forbidden all intoxicating liquors under pain of death. He laid under his dominion an incalculable extent of territory in the East. He died at the age of sixty-three; and then, his armies ranging under his principles, their command was assumed by his father-in-law, *Abu Bekr*. The Christians opposed these armies in many very great battles, at one of which, *Yermouth*, in Syria, one hundred and fifty thousand Christian soldiers were slain. The Mahometans then conquered Egypt, Persia, Armenia, Mesopotamia, and the north of Africa. In the course of seventy years, this Mahometan, or *Saracen*, empire was extended from India to Siberia, and from Samarcand to the Atlantic. Their African soldiers, called Moors, vanquished the Visigoth kings who reigned in Spain and Portugal. They invaded Italy, and besieged Rome. Here they were met by the French forces under *Louis le Debonnaire*, and driven back towards their stronghold in Spain. After this they kept at a distance from the western Christian states. Spain was for a long period subject to their power, and the Christians of the Holy Land,

around Jerusalem, seem to have been the peculiar object of their vengeance. Their cruelties towards the Christians were shocking, and extended to such a degree, that the Christian kings of Europe, about the middle of the eleventh century, at the instigation of *Peter the Hermit*, raised a million of soldiers, at the head of whom they marched to the Holy Land, to avenge on the Saracens the outrages they had committed on their fellow-believers. These wars were called the "wars of the crusades," and they engaged, it may be said, the physical strength of the greater part of the world for more than a century. Millions of human beings fell victims on both sides; the flow of blood was at length temporarily stopped by the victorious Saracen, *Saladin*, who, after overthrowing an army of three hundred thousand Christian soldiers at the walls of Jerusalem, in 1187, proclaimed liberty of conscience to the Christians.

These wars were, however, again renewed, in the succeeding century, by several European kings, under pretence of protecting Christianity, but really to extend dominion. They were the cause of unprecedented carnage. The cross was hoisted again on the flag of the Christian warriors; the crescent on that of the Saracens. From the beginning to the close of those wars, upwards of *forty millions* of human beings were slain — a dreadful carnage. Yet Christianity might have had to contend for freedom to this day with the followers of Mahomet, had not this vigorous resistance been offered to their arms by the Christians; though, doubtless, the ambition of the Christian kings and knights led them to exceed the limits of their first design, which extended only to the protection of fellow-Christians.

Next in importance was the rise of the republic of Venice. The great monarchs of Christendom concerned themselves, for many centuries, only in the affairs of war. Trade and manufactures were left to be minded by the petty states and towns of Europe, which were not of consideration enough to be consulted in the great affairs of the world. Some of these came to grow rich and powerful, and some of the others became poor by war and luxury. The first amongst the states which grew into opulence and power, was the little republic of Venice. It held the mastery of the commerce of the world for better than a thousand years. This singular city was begun, in the fifth century, by a few fugitives from Rome, who settled upon one of the marshy islands at the head of the Adriatic Sea. Some say they fled from the cruelty of Attila the Hun; but I rather think they were persecuted Christians, for, soon after their settlement, they erected, on the Island of the Rialto,



a church to St. James, which was to be seen, in the sixteenth century, in the midst of the most opulent part of the city.

These refugees increased; they lived by fishing and hunting. There were seventy-two islands in the Adriatic cluster, which were ultimately covered with buildings, and connected with each other by four hundred and thirty bridges. The huts of the first settlers changed, in the course of time, to large palaces and warehouses; the fishing-boats, to ships of commerce; and the fishermen, into carriers between the east and the west. As they grew in opulence, they formed themselves into a republic. They elected, periodically, a chief man and a council for their government. Their chief was called a *doge*, and theirs was the model of modern republics.

The Venetian republic grew to be the greatest commercial power in the world. For several centuries they sustained that character. The crusaders employed their ships and merchants in their busy intercourse with the East, by which Venice acquired unbounded wealth and extensive connections. For better than two centuries, they were the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks and Tartars. They were the frontier power, and their colonies were the objects of Turkish ambition. Genuine freedom seemed to have abode with them for several centuries. They were the centre and distributors of literature, art, and science, in Europe, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. Their republican constitution sustained them independent for better than a thousand years, and only fell into decay by the vice and luxury of an overgrown aristocracy. Venice fell, under the repeated assaults of the Turks, in 1669. The war had continued for nearly half a century, during which forty thousand Christian soldiers, and one hundred and eighteen thousand Turks, were slain.

The nation next in importance, and more directly so to the Irish reader, is that Scandinavian irruption of men generally denominated "*Danes*." They issued from the north of Europe in inexhaustible numbers. Born to a cold and cheerless climate, and a sterile earth, they were ready to risk life, and incur any degree of hardship, for the luxuries of a southern soil. Aided by the great quantity of the best ship timber to be found upon their barren hills, they fitted out fleets, which were placed under resolute leaders, whom they denominated *sea kings*. The object of their first efforts was simply plunder. They usually put to sea in the summer, issuing from the basin of the Baltic in large fleets, plundering the European coasts on the Atlantic, and returning to their unapproachable fastnesses in the north. Encouraged by successes,

they proceeded into the very heart of Europe. In the time of Charles the Bald, (843,) they plundered many parts of France ; even in the reign of Charlemagne, they attempted the same thing, but were kept in check by the dread of his arms. But now, they sailed boldly up the Seine, plundered Rouen, while another fleet entered the Loire, and laid waste all the rich country washed by that river ; carrying away, together with rich spoils, men, women, and children, whom they sold into captivity. In 844, they appeared abroad in greater numbers ; attacked England, Ireland, France, Spain, and Germany ; they astonished and alarmed all Europe ; they entered the Elbe, plundered Hamburg, and penetrated far into Germany.

They were called Northmen, or *Normans*, by the French ; and these daring adventurers penetrated, at one time, under Eric, their king, as far as Paris. Its inhabitants fled, and the city was burnt. Their fleet, with little resistance, burnt Bourdeaux. To avert the destruction, Charles the Bald compounded with them for a large sum, and Charles the Gross yielded them a part of his Flemish dominion. This only tended to increase their confidence. Their leaders continued their attack until *Rollo*, one of their chiefs, compelled the king of France (anno 912) to surrender a large portion of the territory of Neustria, and to give him his daughter in marriage. This territory was formed into a new kingdom, called *Normandy*, of which Rouen was the capital.

In England, they were equally successful ; they entered the Thames, sailed up to London, sacked it, drove the Saxon kings from their stools, and laid the whole country under tribute. Their ravages in England were like those in France and Germany. They were of a plunderous character, observed none of the usual conditions of warfare ; gave no quarter, respected no age, sex, or condition ; they looked upon literature and books with the most savage enmity, making it their special duty to destroy every literary collection which they could seize. They appeared to affrighted Europe as a terrible scourge, which nothing could avert.

They visited Ireland about the close of the eighth century. They sailed up through her rivers, landed suddenly from their small craft, pillaged the people, murdered the clergy, destroyed the churches, burned the libraries, and returned quickly with their spoils to sea. This harassing warfare was kept up on the Irish for many years. It was in vain that the pillagers were met and defeated in pitched battles—in vain that thousands of their numbers were slain in countless engagements. They seemed to be nothing the less in numbers or ferocity. After a pillaging

and wasting war, or series of invasions, of half a century, during which many of the best commanders of Ireland, and unnumbered legions of her bravest men, were slain, — under which accumulated misfortunes, *Connor*, the monarch of Ireland, died of grief, in 821.

The Danish chief, *Turgesius*, now appeared in the north of Ireland, with a fleet of three hundred ships, filled with an overwhelming army. They landed in several harbors, and forced their way through the country; during which, they took Armagh, then the chief city of Ireland. Great was the joy of the Danes at its surrender, whilst the spirits of the Irish were depressed in an inverse ratio.

*Turgesius* having obtained the command of all those aliens, wherever dispersed, who had made a footing in Ireland before his arrival, availed himself, with great tact, of this additional power; for he aimed at the thorough conquest of the kingdom. His different detached parties were every where in action. Whilst he possessed himself of Drogheda, another of his party took Dublin. And now was the whole country one scene of ruin and desolation. Churches and monasteries, religious and laics, nobles and peasants, without discrimination, suffered the utmost cruelty of sword and fire. The wealthy cities and smiling villages, where, before, such scenes of splendor, hospitality, and piety, were exhibited, became now destitute of inhabitants, and the country, instead of being covered with flocks and corn, was covered with barbarians, who were a disgrace to humanity; and, superadded to all this, there existed a lamentable dissension between the provincial kings of Munster and Connaught. The Irish, divided among themselves, refusing to support each other when attacked, gave spirit to the Danes, who had therefore nothing to fear but from the military and people of the territory on which they descended.

*Turgesius* erected forts and warlike stations in all those places which he seized, and none of the old inhabitants could return to the fond habitations of their infancy without making a formal submission to him. He took care to invest the posts on the sea-coasts with armed battalions. In vain did the Irish oppose them manfully, and cut them off in regiments of eight hundred and a thousand at a time in the interior; as the Danes were continually increased by new adventurers on the sea-coasts, it appeared as if they grew out of the sea, so interminable did their numbers appear. The interior part of Ireland was yet free from their absolute power, and poured forth new men to defend those places nearest to them. *Turgesius*, in imitation of the Irish, built light barks to run into the interior of the country. He filled the Shannon, and other

rivers, and lakes, with myriads of armed men. Loch *Neagh* and Loch *Erne* were covered with small craft full of armed pirates, landing on every side, pillaging churches and villages, and putting to the sword defenceless women and children.

Anno 835. *Niall the Third*, who succeeded Connor as monarch of Ireland, was indefatigable, at this period, in reconciling jarring interests, and animating his brave countrymen to resistance. He was enabled to collect forces enough to give battle to the Danes in two signal engagements, in which he cut them to pieces. Encouraged by his successes in reconciling jarring interests, and uniting forces to resist the invader, the monarch now made a journey into Leinster, to rally the people of that province to their duty; but he lost his life, in crossing a river, through his own excessive humanity in endeavoring to save the life of one of his officers.

Anno 848. The Irish throne was now filled by the monarch Malachy. Imitating the policy of *Niall*, he called a council of the nation at Armagh, which had been retaken from the Danes. Here the estates of Connaught, Ulster, and Meath, assembled, with several of the bishops and clergy. It was then agreed to make a general and simultaneous attack on the Danes, in every direction. This resolve was carried into effect with great vigor. The monarch himself, at the head of a brave body of troops, cut to pieces a large army of Danes, consisting of some thousands, in Meath. The brave *Dalgais* cut to pieces several hundred of them at Ard Bracen; and the people of Tyr Connell gave a signal overthrow to a large body of them near *Eausrudth*. The same success attended the people of Loch Gobhair. The monarch *Malachy*, still following up his successes, gave them battle at Glass Glean, where seventeen hundred, together with Saxolb, their general, were left dead on the field.

But these transitory successes seemed not to diminish the number of the invaders. Having made a footing in England, they found ready auxiliaries in their countrymen who had settled there, and, without waiting for troops from their native homes around the Baltic, were enabled to replace the ranks of the dead almost immediately. Their hordes appeared on the Irish coast in still greater numbers, and county after county, and district after district, fell into their hands, after rivers of the bravest blood had been shed in their defence. The wills of the conquerors became law to the vanquished. At length, every district in the land, in which an Irish chieftain resided, was obliged to entertain a Danish chief, to whom he was to submit, and from whom he was to receive



orders for the government of his people ; for the Irish would receive no commands but directly from their own chiefs.

Although this preserved the appearance of freedom amongst the people, it at the same time riveted more completely their chains. Every town, besides its old magistrate, was superintended by a Danish captain, with his company ; every village had a sergeant, and in every farmhouse was billeted a Danish soldier. Nothing that the citizen or farmer possessed could he call his own. The cattle, the corn, the provisions, were at the disposal of the rapacious soldiery. The inhabitants dared not sit down to their meals until these banditti were first satisfied. Universities and schools were filled with soldiers ; churches and monasteries were destroyed, or, where suffered to stand, filled up with pagan priests. Some of the clergy and learned men escaped the sword, and quitted the country for France, or fled to the wildernesses, and there died of starvation and cold. Religion and letters were interdicted ; the nobility and gentry were forbidden the use of arms, and the ladies were prevented receiving the education proper for their state. Reading, and every kind of literary instruction, were forbidden to the common people.

This was not enough ; the master of every house in the land was obliged to pay annually to *Turgesius's* receivers *an ounce of gold* ; and this was exacted with such rigor and cruelty, that such as could not comply were to forfeit the loss of their nose, or become slaves. Hence this tax was called *nose money* ; and such were the terms only upon which these pillagers would cease in their work of extermination. As the best blood of the country had already saturated the soil in its defence, the exhausted inhabitants submitted for a while to this state of degradation.

We look back upon those days of Ireland's suffering with natural emotions of pity. Had we lived then, and escaped from the torture of the Dane to a free country, how resolutely we would turn round, and organize some power to free our countrymen from the yoke ! And yet Ireland is subject to a like tyranny at this moment, with a single exception—that of religious liberty. There is not a master of a house in Ireland that has not to pay more than an ounce of gold to the English task-master : whether in the shape of labor, or pork, or money, or meal, the humblest cotter in the land pays his ounce of gold to the Saxon.

In addition to this, there is not a village of Ireland that has not its sergeant of police, and its dozen or half-dozen policemen, with loaded rifles, ready, upon the slightest pretence, to shoot down the people. There is hardly a mail that comes from Ireland which does not

inform us of some murders committed by those policemen, or some detestable act of espionage. We know that all that the Irish farmer can raise is little enough to satisfy the landlord, the agent, middle man, tax man, and parson — all these being the machinery by which the Saxons pillage the Irish people. We also know that if the Irish farmer is seen to wear a good coat, or a good hat, on a Sunday, or his wife a new gown, a report is made to their task-masters by the police sergeant, and strait the rent is raised five or ten shillings an acre. The people of Ireland are forbidden to keep arms in their houses, unless each sword and gun shall be registered and branded, and a tax of forty shillings a year paid to the British. This tax, in fact, amounts to a total prohibition of the use of arms to the bulk of the people. They are forbidden to fish in their own waters; for the British, after having taken possession of all the lands, have, by the river laws, taken possession of all the fish in the waters also, and a poor Irish farmer that dares fish up a salmon or trout out of those *appropriated* waters becomes liable to a long imprisonment and a fine, which must be paid ere he can get free. Then there are the game laws, which have transferred the winged creation to the English as their exclusive property. The Irish farmers, who hold as tenants under lease, or at will, are not permitted to cut down a tree or a sapling, which may be growing on their lands, without the special permission of their task-masters.

In very few features of Danish tyranny does the tyranny of England differ, save in religious liberty; and even in *that* she exceeded the Danes in cruelty and in persecution, until compelled to relent by Tone, Keogh, Grattan, Macneven, O'Connell, and the united resolves of the Irish people. England, in the midst of the nineteenth century, is a more barbarous persecutor of the Irish nation, and of mankind in general, wherever she can send her pirate navies with a chance of impunity, than ever were the barbarians that issued from the north of Europe in the dark ages we are now considering; and the public opinion of civilized man must be brought to bear against this barbarian power, as it was brought against the Danish power, in the ninth and tenth centuries, when they were driven out of Ireland and England, and other parts of Europe, by one simultaneous effort of indignant man. The storm is gathering around England; and, no matter what appearances she may exhibit, we know she is rotten *within*, rotten *throughout*, and can be shaken to atoms by the thunder-voice of united millions.

The brutal invasions on female liberty and virtue which these barbarians (the Danes) at length began to practise, drove the people to madness.

All decency was sunk, and the virtuous daughters of Ireland were forcibly torn, by those monsters, from the parental shrine, or the nuptial sanctuary.

The chief Dane, *Turgesius*, had a palace built for himself in the same fort where *Malachy*, the Irish king, was permitted, as a sort of prisoner, to reside. Though the *Dane* arrogated supreme sway, yet he frequently condescended to visit *Malachy*, his brother king, who, through a constrained policy, was obliged to entertain the usurper. During these repeated visits, the unwelcome guest became aware of the beauty of one of King *Malachy*'s daughters, and, in a compulsory way, demanded the lady for his dishonorable association. This was the deepest wound that was yet struck into the afflicted heart of the Irish monarch. It was not enough that his dominions were overrun by an unearthly swarm of monsters ; it was not enough that his dignity was eclipsed and his crown removed from his venerable brow ; it was not enough that he was held a vassal prisoner in his own palace, in the presence of his family and followers ; but, to complete his humiliation, there comes this superadded misfortune, — he must resign his virtuous daughter to the unlawful power of the usurper.

The king endeavored to amuse the Danish chief by assuring him that there were several young ladies in his family or neighborhood who far surpassed his daughter in beauty ; but the arrogant Dane, whose passions had hitherto been strangers to any refusal, declared his inflexible determination, in case the king refused, to take away the young princess by force. Though stung to the heart by the infamous resolution of the tyrant, *Malachy*, with consummate policy, disguised his indignation and resentment ; and, instead of an affront, he affected to take it as an honor, and assured the Dane that he would positively send his daughter on the next evening, accompanied with fifteen of the most beautiful virgins that he could find amongst all his people, and if the princess still appeared to his eye the most attractive, then he consented that the Dane should possess her ; but if fascinated by any of the other ladies, he then trusted to his *honor* to restore his daughter.

The lascivious Dane was not only satisfied, but extremely delighted with the proposal ; he called together fifteen of the most daring and influential chiefs of his party, and communicated to them the intrigue, to each of whom he promised to sacrifice a beautiful virgin in his palace — an intimation received with uproarious delight.

*Malachy* planned an escape from this degradation, which, if unsuccessful, must have caused his death, and the complete destruction of

his family. His plan was this: He got together fifteen of the handsomest young men he could find in the neighborhood, amongst his friends and followers, on whose spirit and resolution he could depend, and, after communicating to them the secret of his purpose, and pledging them to execute it to his wish, he had them all attired in the most costly habiliments of a lady's wardrobe. Every one of them was, however, armed with a *dagger*, beneath his robe. The king then instructed them in the part they were to act, and promised that he and a good body-guard would be within call at the Dane's fort. Thus accoutred and disciplined, the princess and her companions went to the Dane's castle, where they no sooner arrived than they were conducted to an apartment, where the chief and his associates were preparing to receive them. The princess and her companions were inspired with very different feelings from those entertained by the Danish heroes. Amongst the trembling sensations of the moment, which must have pervaded their hearts, the love of country was predominant. They knew, if they missed the blow which they now meditated, that they and their country were sacrificed.

*The moment arrived!* *Turgesius* had looked over the faces and figures of all the visitors, and, having selected the princess from amongst all, proceeded to embrace her, when, she giving the signal, her companions plunged their daggers into the hearts of their respective partners; every one of the Danes, except the chief, was put to death: him they bound; and instantly, at a signal given, King Malachy, with his guards, broke into the fort, sword in hand, giving no quarter. The Danish officers and soldiers fell promiscuously in the carnage, and not one remained alive, or was suffered to escape with the tale. The revenge of the Irish being thus satisfied, Malachy had the tyrant bound in irons, and brought before himself and courtiers, upbraiding him with all the horrid crimes he had committed; he had him dragged along in his procession to grace the victory, and finally flung him, covered with irons, into Lough Neagh.

No sooner was this success over the Danish chiefs made known outside, but it spread quick as light over the island; and the news could not travel quicker than did the resolution of the Irish people to throw off the yoke which had so long enslaved them. As soon as the Danes found their chief taken prisoner, and many of their commanders killed, they in turn became panic-stricken and dispirited; and, as if the charm of their power lay in their leader, no sooner was he taken than their courage forsook them: so the same cause produced in the hearts of the



Irish such new courage and animation, like men awakened from a trance or a dream, they were amazed to find themselves the conquerors. Such of the Danish invaders as lived near the coast betook themselves to their ships, and quitted the island; others fled to the forts and fortified places; but every where they were pursued by their infuriate foes, whom revenge and freedom excited to extraordinary deeds of war.

Malachy now took the reins of government into his hands, and called the estates together. Had it not, perhaps, been for the affront offered to the honor of his daughter, he had longer acquiesced in the bondage of the Dane. He assembled the estates near the ancient seat of legislation, in Tara, and there submitted various measures for the future defence of the country and its prosperity.

In a short time, the country became cleared of hostile ships, and an armed Dane was not to be seen in the land. Liberty was proclaimed, the remnant of the clergy and literati came forth from the wildernesses, and many of those who fled to France returned; universities and colleges were again opened, and such works, books, and writings, as could be found, after the battles, or had escaped the Danish conflagrations, were carefully collected. The glory of Malachy, and the greatness of his exploits, were the themes of the senachies and bards, and the kingdom reëchoed the sounds of joy.

Many of the Danes had settled in the maritime towns and cities, who sued the Irish monarch for pardon, proposing to swear fidelity to his crown. Their petitions were taken into consideration by the estates, and a favorable construction placed upon their intentions. They were suffered to remain in those maritime towns, where they carried on traffic. A general amnesty passed, and the few Danes that remained became incorporated, *apparently*, in interest and sentiment, with the nation. The next care of Malachy was to send ambassadors to foreign princes, announcing the happy change. To Charles the Bald, of France, he sent rich presents, of gold ornaments, Irish horses, and wolf dogs, and was about to visit that prince in person, but was cut off by death.

Anno 864. Malachy was succeeded by Hugh the Seventh. Though the Danes, as a military people, were expelled the kingdom, yet the fertility of the soil, and beauty of the country, but more especially its immense wealth, stimulated them to pant for its repossession. To effect this by force they saw was impracticable. The following project was resorted to: Three brothers, *Amelanus*, *Sitaracus*, and

*Ivorus*, Danish commanders of ability, fitted out a considerable fleet, apparently freighted with merchandise, but in which large quantities of arms were concealed; and the better to deceive the vigilance of the Irish, they were divided into three squadrons. One squadron, commanded by *Ivorus*, sailed up the Shannon, to dispose of their goods at Limerick. He waited on *Lachtna*, king of North Munster, presented him with some curiosities, requested his permission to settle in his city, with his people, in the way of traffic, promising extraordinary taxes and duties to his government for this liberty. The Danish chiefs now laid themselves out to pay their court to the different princes, in whose territories they had got footing. They entered into their interests, soothed their passions, and spirited up chief against chief; and as we know how prone our countrymen are to be deceived, and cajoled by sweet language, we are not now surprised at the success of the wily Dane. They obtained permission, for the defence of their merchandise, to build castles, which they erected of extraordinary strength. By these means, and the accession of fresh forces, under the disguise of dealers and travellers, they became, in a short time, formidable again.

Such was the preparation made by the Danes for a reconquest of the country. At this time, their successes in England and Wales were considerable. It was their policy, when they lost one station, to abandon it with perfect composure, and retreat to such places as they still held, to collect their forces for a fresh onslaught. An opportunity soon offering to put their plans into operation, the Danish chief *Ame-lanus* attacked, with a considerable force, the governor of Meath. The war between the Danes and the natives was thus again renewed, with various successes on either side: it was carried into Ulster, where, again, the clergy, defenceless women, and children, were butchered; but the northern king gathered his forces, and met the Danes at Lough Foil, in the county Donegal, and routed them with great slaughter. The Ulster monarch followed up his conquests, and appeared before the gates of Dublin, which he surrounded, and then put the Danish garrison to the sword. The Danish chiefs and soldiers, from other quarters of Ireland, came to the aid of their countrymen; but in one decisive engagement, upwards of five thousand of them were slain. Soon after this, the remaining Danes collected their scattered forces, and got them over to Wales, to the assistance of their countrymen, *Hinquar* and *Hubba*, who were then hard pressed by the Welsh.

The histories of France and England sufficiently attest the fidelity with which the Danes, in their enterprising attempts on different nations,

supported each other: the scattered forces, driven from Ireland, enabled the invaders of Wales to effect its conquest; and then it was that Roger, the king of the Britons, fled to Ireland for refuge, and was there most honorably entertained by the Irish monarch.

During the remainder of this king's reign, there were no more attempts made by the Danes to disturb the tranquillity of the Irish nation. Again arts, sciences, and literature, began to bud forth, with the sudden freshness of a warm summer, after a long, ungenial winter.

But, in 888, the Danes again invaded Leinster, plundering the churches and monasteries, and retiring to their ships with great expedition. In five years farther on, we find them plundering the churches of Armagh. The historians of those times fill their pages with recitals of the occasional depredations, committed at various parts of the sea-coasts, by these pillagers.

Anno 916, Niall the Fourth came to the throne. The Danes, who by this time had become informed of the various dispositions of the chiefs towards each other,—their private causes of quarrel, &c.,—joined one party or the other in these deadly animosities, and kindled up the passions of the people and chiefs to civil wars. And when their dissensions had been increased to a fearful pitch, the Danes intimated to their countrymen, at home, the favorable opportunity for the reconquest of the country. Accordingly, Ulster was, in 917, invaded by a large Danish force; but they were bravely met by the Ulster prince, and defeated, with great slaughter. In the ensuing year, a tremendous force appeared, in the harbor of Dublin, commanded by the Danish chief *Godfrey*; and this fresh force, uniting with the one previously in the country, attacked Dublin, carried it by storm, and put thousands to the sword.

A great annual fair was usually held in Roscrea, which is nearly the centre of Ireland: merchants resorted to it not only from all parts of Ireland, but from foreign countries, to purchase cloth, serges, and flannels, which were then manufactured largely in the south and west of Ireland. The traffic of Ireland was, at this time, considerable. The Danes of Limerick and Galway had formed a plan to surprise the merchants and traders who attended this fair; and they arrived, in several small detachments, on the borders of the Shannon, to a point within a few hours' march of the meeting. By the watchtower fires, the forces of Roscrea were alarmed, and the Irish troops, merchants, assistants, and all, turned out and killed four thousand of the Danes.

The Irish chieftains of the south placed themselves under the leadership of *Cealachan*, and attacked the Danish forts wherever they

existed in that quarter, and routed the Danes totally out of the south of Ireland. *Cealachan* then prepared a great sea fleet, to sail round to Waterford, Dublin, and the northern ports, where the Danes still retained power. In this expedition they were eminently successful, especially in Armagh and the north of Ireland generally. *Sitric*, the Danish chief, who governed Dublin, seeing his power about to be annihilated, sent ambassadors to the young heroic *Cealachan*, proposing a peace, and offering his sister, with an immense marriage portion, to the young commander. In addition, he offered him ships, and a guaranty against the further incursions of his countrymen. These proposals had the effect of inducing young *Cealachan* to listen to the wily Dane, and, as the young lady was beautiful, it was thought the prince, on seeing her, would be so enamored as to consent to the terms required by the Dane; but more than this, the treacherous Dane was determined, the moment he got *Cealachan* in his power, to destroy him.

The wife of *Sitric* was an Irish princess, and felt a natural horror at the contemplated butchery: she therefore intimated to the young hero the trap that was laid for him; but he having arrived as far as *Kilmainham*, ere he was aware of the plot, he and his followers were surrounded, and all the young knights in his train butchered.

This act of baseness roused the men of the south, and tremendous retaliation ensued. *Cealachan* was sent prisoner to the north of Ireland, from whence he found means to communicate with his countrymen in Munster, and urged them to send an expedition by sea, which was considered in a parliament of Munster; and, in consequence, one hundred and twenty ships of war were fitted out, having on board slings, bows and arrows, spears, swords, &c., all well manned. These were furnished by the following chiefs: *O'Driscoll*, *O'Cobhtach*, and *O'Flan*, armed and manned ten ships each. *Corchna Dubhnee*, of *Kerry*, the hereditary admiral of Munster, fitted out thirty vessels: *O'Connor Kerry* twenty ships: from *Corcomrudth* and *Burren*, in the county Clare, twenty ships, and from *Corcha Bhaison* twenty ships; in all, one hundred and twenty ships. There was sent by land an expedition of twelve thousand men, in complete armor, well appointed, the choice and flower of the Munster militia. The whole of this brave army was placed under *O'Keeffe*; and his commanders of battalions were *O'Hara*, *O'Connor*, *O'Gara*, *O'Coghlin*, *O'Fennellon*. He arrived before Armagh, then in the possession of the Danes, which he attacked, with great bravery, sword in hand, and captured.

*Sitric*, the chief Dane, and his principal followers, withdrew to Dundalk,



where his ships lay. Thither O'Keeffe and his valiant army pursued him ; and, on their arrival, he was found embarked in his ships out in the bay. O'Keeffe sent a flag of truce to demand the prisoners, particularly *Cealachan* and *Dunchiun* ; but *Sitric* sent, for answer, that the prisoners should not be restored till a fine was paid for every Dane that was killed in fifteen battles, in which the prince *Cealachan* commanded. At the same time, *Sitric* ordered the captive prince to be bound to his main-mast, in view of the Munster army on the shore. This insult was the more galling, as the Danish ships were out of their reach. What must their delight have been then, on beholding the Munster fleet in sight, and with their oars and sails filling up the bay !

When the Irish army beheld distinctly their own admiral's flag, they sent up a shout that rent the very skies. *O'Failbhe* drew up his ships in an extended line, so as to leave room enough to work and fight. The battle begins ; the Danes fight for existence. *O'Driscoll*, *O'Cobhtach*, and *O'Flan*, lead the attack by showers of spears and arrows, large stones hurled from machines, &c. They approach nearer, grapple, and board the Danes. *O'Failbhe* grappled the Danish admiral, the rest of his squadron did the like to others, and all leaped into the enemy's ships.

Never was greater valor displayed than by both parties on this occasion. The Danish fleet was much better manned than the Irish, and this made the conflict long and dubious. *O'Failbhe*, at the head of a hardy band, rushes to the mast, cuts down the prince *Cealachan* ; they are successful, and the liberated prince performs prodigies. His liberation is shouted along the ships, and reëchoed from the anxious army on the shore. *O'Failbhe* was rushed on by *Sitric*, the Dane, and a band of desperate followers ; he fell pierced by twenty spears.

His death, for a moment, intimidated his crew ; for his head was immediately severed from his body by the Dane, and exhibited, in order to strike terror into the Irish sailors and warriors ; but *Fingal*, second in command, vowed revenge on *Sitric*. He animates his brave companions ; they catch the sacred flame, and bravely second their gallant commander. *Fingal* and *Sitric* at length closed on the deck, surrounded by Danes. *Fingal*, seeing his end certain, resolved to die gloriously. By a sudden effort, he grasped *Sitric* in his arms, and plunged with him into the fathomless deep. The like did *Connal* and *Leagha*, (ancestors of O'Connell and O'Loughlin,) who engaged with the ships commanded by *Tor* and *Magnus*, brothers to *Sitric* ; and, reduced to the same extremity with *Fingal*, like him they grasped those chiefs

in their arms, and, like him, plunged with them into eternity. O'Connor Kerry and his division met the same opposition. He attacked, hand to hand, the Danish commander, whose head he cut off; and, whilst he was exposing it to his men, he met the same fate from another Dane.

In short, such bravery and determination must conquer; and conquer it did, but not till nearly every Irish chief was killed, and every Dane also; and, of that numerous host of insolent invaders, who, in the morning, manifested such insulting airs, not a single Dane remained alive at night. The page of history does not furnish a braver action than this. The enemy's ships being taken or destroyed, *Cealachan* and *Dunchiun*, the long-imprisoned princes, landed, and the sight of them on shore, after the glories of the day, may be more easily imagined than described.

The spirit of *Cealachan* and his glorious companions from the south seemed to be caught by the northern men. O'Neill fitted out a fleet on Lough Neagh, with which he attacked the Danes, and killed twelve hundred men. In like manner, the Conaccians attacked them on Lough Orb, destroying vast numbers.

Anno 946. *Congalach*, of the Heremonian line, became monarch of Ireland. He also had to contend with the Danes for his monarchy, which he did with great bravery, killing four thousand near Dublin. Several more Danish legions appear at Dublin, land, and proceed to the interior of the country, where they are met, and are generally cut to pieces. *Godfrey*, the next Danish chief that made his appearance on the Irish soil, brought with him a larger alien force than ever before appeared in Ireland; but the Irish army met and attacked them at *Mun Brocan*, in Meath, where seven thousand of them were killed on the field of battle. This victory was dearly purchased, for the Irish lost the flower of their army that day, amongst whom were *Roderic O'Cannanan*, prince of Tyr Connell, and others of high name.

In the mean time, the Danes came over in their ships, in various fleets, and secretly landed, in small detachments, all round the island. In this extremity, the Munster hero, *Cealachan*, died, which caused much grief to the Irish. His posterity assumed the name of *O'Cealachan*, and preserved a considerable part of their hereditary property to the days of Cromwell. Without dwelling too minutely on the various battles which took place between the Danes and the Irish, we will come at once to the brilliant life and exploits of *Brien*, surnamed *Boroimhe*. *Brien* was a Munster prince, the son of *Cincidi*, the king of North Munster. He was born in the year 926, and commenced his reign in

Munster, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. The length of his reign was forty-nine years ; the first thirty-seven he was king of Munster, and the last *twelve* he was monarch of Ireland.

The Danes, who occupied the south, still held nearly all the islands in the Shannon, from Limerick to the sea. Brien prepared a fleet of ships and flat-bottomed boats, and, at the head of twelve hundred brave Dalgais, he landed at Innis Catha, or Scattery Island, near the little seaport of Kilrush.

This is the celebrated island to which *St. Senanus* retired in the fifth century, where he founded no less than eleven churches for the use of his monks, the ruins of some of which are yet standing. This holy retreat was celebrated for five hundred years ; and amongst its rigid rules was one which prohibited any female landing on the island—a law which was strictly enforced from its foundation in the fifth century to the coming of the Danes, when they took possession of the churches and grounds, butchering the holy inhabitants. Brien's first attack was on the barbarians who had thus possessed themselves of a spot so sacred.

He killed eight hundred of their best men, took possession of the island, and repaired the churches. After their reconsecration, he offered a solemn thanksgiving to God for thus enabling him to overcome his enemies. From this spot he embarked forces which sailed up the Shannon, and were every where successful in driving out the Danes from the islands and forts they occupied along that river. In every place which he retook, he repaired the churches and colleges they had destroyed, restoring the clergy to their rank and possessions. These acts of bravery and respect offered to religion and letters won for Brien the greatest popularity.

Thousands flocked to his standard, and he was thus enabled to fit out a grand expedition against Limerick, which, by the wonderful increase of the Danes there, had nearly become a Danish city. On his approach, the Danes shut the gates, and offered battle ; but Brien's invincible army carried the city by storm, scaling the walls, and meeting the foe with spear and sword. The Danish magistrates he deposed, and set up the old magistrates of the people.

Having now thoroughly subdued the Danish power throughout Munster, his next care was to give vigor to the laws. The ruined schools and monasteries he rebuilt and repaired ; he also rebuilt all the royal houses and colleges through Munster, at his own expense. It was the custom then for every prince of the royal blood to support three royal houses in his dominion. Here hospitality was done in a truly princely

style. There were thirteen of those royal houses in Munster. The public roads were, during the last hundred and fifty years of strife, torn up or neglected. These *Brien* repaired. He summoned a *feis*, or parliament, in Cashell, where many excellent public acts were passed. The lands which had been unlawfully usurped by the Danes were restored to the proper owners, and such lands as could not be clearly claimed were given over to the state. The records of the kingdom were all here carefully examined, and new copies ordered to be multiplied by the seneachies. New houses of public hospitality were erected upon the lands forfeited to the king; and the Psalter of Cashell informs us that no less a number than eighteen hundred of such houses was established in Munster. The annual revenue of Brien was very considerable. It was agreed, in the presence of St. Patrick, five hundred years previously, in Tara, that the revenue of the king of Munster should consist of six thousand two hundred and forty oxen, six thousand cows, four thousand sheep, five thousand hogs, five thousand common cloaks, one hundred green cloaks, forty scarlet cloaks, four hundred and twenty tons of iron; and the annual revenue of the city of Limerick was three hundred and sixty-five tuns of claret, besides spices, cloths and silks. "This work now before me," says O'Halloran, "mentions the proportion which the different territories of Munster paid of this revenue." The maritime force of Munster consisted, at this time, of three hundred vessels of war; they were generally of forty to sixty tons each. The land force amounted to twenty-five thousand foot and five thousand horse.

Brien restored the country, particularly his own province of Munster, to such content, and so well ordered the local government, that not a single outrage was heard of. Brien got the surname of *Boroimhe* from the vast number of cows paid to him in tribute, *bo* being the Irish of cow, and *roimhe*, tax. It was at this period of his reign that a young and beautiful virgin undertook a journey alone from one side of the province of Munster to the other, carrying in her hand a wand, at the top of which was affixed a valuable diamond ring; and this singular feat she performed without receiving the least injury or molestation. On this incident has our countryman Moore written the beautiful song, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," which will be found in the musical pages.

Anno 980. We find the celebrated *Malachy the Second* installed monarch of Ireland. The Danes had, shortly after his accession, appeared with a considerable force on the plains of Meath, to give him battle; but here *Malachy* met them at the head of his brave troops,



and killed five thousand of them on the field. It was at this battle that Malachy encountered two celebrated Danish chieftains, Tomar and Carlus, one after the other, whom he killed on the spot, taking a COLLAR of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory.

Partly on this incident Moore has written one of his beautiful melodies, and partly on the fact related by Cambrensis in relation to Lough Neagh; namely, "It was an old tradition," said Cambrensis, "that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain in a valley, by whose sudden overflowing the country and whole region became submerged, and the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water." On these interesting reminiscences the expressive stanzas,

"Let Erin remember the days of old,"

have been founded. They will be found in the music pages.

Malachy pursued the Danes to the gates of Dublin, where they shut themselves up; but he scaled the walls, carried the city by storm, and planted on its walls the green standard of his country, instead of that of the invader. Here he found several noble prisoners, whom he liberated.

Ireland was now pretty well freed from the Danish power; but, unfortunately, the jealousies which grew up in the breast of Malachy towards the hero Brien were near subjecting the nation to the power of the Danes again. These jealousies ended in a bloody conflict between the armies of both, in which the Munster hero was victorious.

Brien was then, 1001, saluted and proclaimed monarch of all Ireland, Malachy offering him the crown and sword in submission. *Brien* now received hostages from Malachy as sureties for his peaceable behavior. He also demanded hostages from all the surrounding princes. He marched his army to Athlone, and there solemnly received the fealty of all Connaught. From thence he proceeded to Armagh, where he received the fealty of the northern princes, and in the cathedral of Armagh, received the holy communion from the hands of the bishop, *Marianus*, after which Brien made an offering of rich presents to the dignitaries of the church, and the support of the cathedral of St. Patrick, and declared his intention of being there interred at his death. He then returned to *Tara*, where, in the presence of the princes and chief nobility of the land, he was solemnly anointed and crowned by the archbishop of Cashell, and it was then announced to the people, that "Brien, the son of *Cincidi*, the son of Lorcan, and so on to Milesius,

was monarch of Ireland," which was confirmed by giving the *royal shout* — a practice still followed at the coronation of the kings of England, France, and other European countries.

After Brien's coronation, a national assembly was called in Tara, where many good and useful laws were enacted, which remained in force in the southern and western provinces of Ireland for many succeeding centuries, even after the English invasion. The national history, which, during the sway of Danish power, was suffered to drop, was again taken up and continued. A law was passed, by which, to avoid confusion, certain families were for the future to be distinguished by surnames; but these were not to be arbitrarily imposed. Each chief was to be called after some certain ancestor, whose particular virtues would always remind him of his origin. Accordingly, the successors of the great *Brien* assumed the prefix, or surname, of *O'Brien*, or the descendants of Brien. The issue of his brother Mahon were called *Mac Mahon*. The issue of Niall the Grand were called *O'Neill*. The adjuncts of *Mac* or *O*, importing the *son*, or *descendant*, were prefixed only to the issue of the *chiefs* of that name or clan. Thus *plain Brien*, though belonging to the clan, or name, yet did not belong to the family of the *chief*; *plain Carthy*, for instance, though indicating the Carthy clan, attached not the chieftain's distinction to the wearer which the prefix *Mac* conferred.

"Per Mac atque O tu veros cognoscis Hibernos,  
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest."

By Mac and O,  
You'll always know  
True Irishmen, they say;  
For if they lack  
Both O and Mac,  
No Irishmen are they.

Some of the descendants of the Irish chieftains yet retain their estates and original titles in Ireland; for instance, O'Donoghue of the Glens, in Killarney; O'Connor Don, of Roscommon; O'Gorman Mahon, of Clare.

These titles were always so much prized in Ireland, and held in such reverence by the people, that when, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the O'Brien of Clare had accepted the title of Earl of *Thomond* from Henry, the chiefs of his own blood set fire to his noble mansion at *Clan-road*, near Ennis, and would have consumed him in the flames, but for the timely interference of *M Clanchy*, chief justice of Munster. John

O'Neill, in the reign of Elizabeth, returned the patent of Earl of Tyrone, which his father accepted from Henry the Eighth. He complained to the queen of the dishonor his father had affixed on the blood by accepting a mushroom title from his enemies. In short, the Irish chiefs regarded the English titles as degradations.

The assemblies which met in the ancient halls of legislation, under Brien's reign, produced such a code of equitable laws, and the king had them administered with such exactness, that the whole country assumed a new face; the cities, from a ruined state, became more ample and splendid; the churches, monasteries, and public hospitals, were repaired, or rebuilt, with additional majesty; piety, peace, and plenty, spread far and wide; learning every where resumed its position and influence, and the eminent doctors of learning educated in Ireland were again sought for by every nation of Europe to superintend their schools of literature, religion, and music, — particularly those of England, which had been suppressed by the Danes.

Here may be the place to introduce a glance at the progress of civilization in England at this period. Alfred, who was educated in Ireland, and was made thoroughly familiar with all the literature, laws, and customs, known and practised there, no sooner completed the deliverance of his country from the Danes, than he introduced among his subjects all the good laws of Ireland, amongst which were the trial by jury, the law of gavel, the assembly of estates, the division of the country into counties or shires, the law of Eric, and the Brehon code.

Turner, in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, quotes from the History of Johna Timmouth, in manuscripts in the Bodleian library, and the chronicler Higden, (all three English writers,) and gives his belief of their account of Alfred's place of education from almost childhood, thus: "If it be true, as these chroniclers intimate, that infirm health occasioned his father, in obedience to the superstition of the day, to send him to Modwenna, a religious lady in Ireland, celebrated in sanctity, such an expedition must, by its new scenes, have kept his curiosity alive, and have amplified his information." — *Turner's Anglo-Saxons*, b. ii. chap. viii.

The learned Usher has the following confirmatory paragraph: "Ut de Polydoro Virgilio, et Nicolao Harpsfeldio nihil dicam, qui nono post Christum seculo *Modvennam et oritham* floruisse volunt, illos secuti auctores, qui magnum Illium aluredum." — *De Brit. Eccles. Primord.*

The cure here said to have been performed on Alfred by Modwenna is mentioned, also, says Moore, by *Hanmer*. Thus we have six ENG-

LISH AUTHORITIES, together with the profound Irish scholar PRIMATE USHER, assenting to the fact that King Alfred the Great received his education, from the years of sickly childhood to ripe manhood, in Ireland.

*Alfred* had been defeated in many battles with the Danes, but his courage was invincible, and his spirit untiring. When the Danes thought he and his friends were completely routed, he got into their camp in the dress of a bard, and, lulling their apprehensions with the music of his harp, informed himself of their position, returned, collected his scattered friends, attacked them at the moment he knew they feasted and indulged in excess, and by this and other signal acts of valor and generalship, freed his country from their yoke. He fought fifty-six battles with that barbarian power, and at length cleared them from his kingdom.

Alfred turned the attention of the English to building small war vessels, after the manner of the Irish. He established a regular militia on the very principle of Fion M'Cumhall's, all of whom were well armed, and registered. He introduced building with stone and brick into England, and taught his countrymen the use of *cement*, previously unknown to them. He also introduced the order of knighthood, and created the first knight that was ever made in England; namely, his grandson Athelstan. He commenced the regular record of English history, customs, and laws, after the manner of the Psalters of Tara, Cashell, and Tuam; and that record which he commenced was, in other ages, continued by Edward the Confessor, and was called by him the *Doomsday Book*, from which William the Conqueror continued his national record. The body of laws which he then established in England were the same as those in use in Ireland for so many ages, and were totally different from the civil laws of Rome, compiled in the Pandects of Justinian, or those introduced into England by William, in the eleventh century. He obliged his nobility and chief men to bring up their children to the highest state of excellence in every sort of learning. To none would he give place or command that was not skilled in letters. This was the very law and practice of Ireland for ages. He introduced the practice of marking the hour of the day by the burning of a wax candle, sticking a nail or a needle into the candle, forming divisions which would denote the time passed, each mark denoting an hour. This practice was known in the monasteries of Ireland, where watching and prayers were regulated by these watch-lights. Alfred invented lanterns to enclose these lights and protect them from the wind.



He established first, in England, an annual assembly of the *estates*, i. e., bishops, priests, gentry, and artificers — exactly following, in this respect, the constitution of the Tara assembly. This was held in London. He followed the Irish practice, dividing England into shires, (counties,) and appointing over each a lieutenant for its government — a practice continued to this day. Alfred had an astonishing memory, and could recite in verse the whole history of Ireland and England to his own times. By his bravery he freed England from the Danes, and by his wisdom conferred on his countrymen that body of laws known as the British constitution. He built many churches, after the arched style of Ireland, endowed them largely, and was buried in Winchester. After Alfred's death, the Danes again ravaged England, and so subjugated were the English, that one Dane was considered equal to ten Englishmen. I utter this on the authority of Wade, the present living historian of England. The English passed again under the Danish yoke, and became subject to their kings. The monarch, *Svein*, was succeeded on that throne by *Knut*, *Harold* and *Horda Knut*, written by some, Canute, Harold, and Hardicanute.

But we must hasten to the grand concluding acts of the life of our brave Brien Boromhe. The Danes, encouraged by their great successes in England, after the death of Alfred, as there existed nothing in that quarter to give them apprehensions, now turned their longing eyes once more on Ireland.

It has ever been the peculiar misfortune of Ireland, that her proud chieftains were prone to quarrel with each other, and, by their dissensions, give well-founded hopes to the enemies of their country. In this instance, again, Ireland was not without her petty quarrel. It arose in a very silly way. The sister of *Maolmorda*, prince of Leinster, was married to the monarch *Brien*. The Leinster prince came to Brien to pay him the obedience due from a provincial prince to the monarch of Ireland. For this act of duty he was reproved by his sister, the queen of Brien. High in her fancied dignity of blood, she would not suffer her brother to bend before her husband. This brought on a coolness and dislike, and ended in strife, which Brien avoided by every reasonable effort.

Meantime the Danes make great use of this lucky dissension, and promise *Maolmorda* secret supplies of men and arms, to resist the authority of the monarch Brien. To the shame of Ireland, I record that he listened to the treacherous proposals. The Danes thereupon make great preparations, and land a powerful army at Dublin. They came from Sweden and Norway, and also from their settlements in

England. Never before was there so powerful an army landed on her shores. Joined to the numerous tribes of Danes already scattered through the country, together with the forces of the treacherous prince of Leinster it formed a seemingly invincible army. They landed, and garrisoned Dublin with sixteen or eighteen thousand men, besides the troops which remained in their ships, that lay in Clontarf Bay, about three miles from the city.

Brien, fully aware of all their movements, was not idle. He appeared before Dublin in the beginning of April, in the year 1014. His army amounted to fourteen thousand men, and he expected reinforcements under his son Donough, who had been occupied in chastising the treachery and insolence of the Leinster prince. He offered the Danes battle on Palm Sunday, which they declined; but on Good Friday they signified, by their dispositions, that they were about to attack.

Brien felt much grieved that a day so sacred to the Christian heart should have been chosen by the heathen invaders for the work of death. But fight he must; no alternative remained.

At the earliest dawn, prior to the fatal signal, the good and gallant monarch, accompanied by his son Murrough and his grandson Turlough, rode through the ranks, animating the troops. The aged hero carried in his hand a crucifix, reminding them of the day the invader chose to give them battle; the greater part of the army formed a circle round their venerated monarch. He then addressed them in the following short but powerful appeal, which has been translated from the *Annals of Innisfallen*: "Be not dismayed, my soldiers, because my son Donough is avenging our wrongs in Leinster; he will return victorious, and in the glory of his conquests you shall share. On your valor rest the hopes of your country to-day; and what surer grounds can they rest upon? Oppression now attempts to bend you down to servility: will you not burst its chains, and rise to the independence of Irish freemen? Your cause is one approved by Heaven: you seek not the oppression of others; you fight for your country and your sacred altars. It is a cause that claims a heavenly protection. In this day's battle, the interposition of that God who can give victory will be signally manifested in your favor. Let every heart, then, be the throne of confidence and courage. You know that the Danes are strangers to religion and humanity; they are inflamed with the desire of violating the fairest daughters of this land of beauty, and enriching themselves with the spoils of sacrilege and plunder. The barbarians have impiously fixed, for their struggle to enslave us, upon the very day on which the Redeemer

of the world was crucified: *victory they shall not have*. From such brave soldiers as you they can never wrest it; for you fight in defence of honor, liberty, and religion — in defence of the sacred temples of the Deity, and of your sisters, wives, and daughters. Such a holy cause must be the cause of God, who will deliver your enemies, this day, into your hands. Onward, then, for your country and your sacred altars!"

The courageous old man then held out his vigil crucifix in one hand, and waved his gold-hilted sword with the other, signifying that he was willing to die in support of Christianity and Ireland. The whole army heard this address, and were greatly animated. Brien was deeply affected, and was proceeding to take his station in the midst of them, as their general, when all the chiefs interposed, and implored him, on account of his age, (then eighty-eight,) to retire to his tent, and leave the command to his son, the valiant Murrough. With this request he unwillingly complied.

The Irish army then called on their chiefs to lead them to the fight; the intrepid Dalcassians, the body-guard of Brien, raised the *sunburst* standard of Fingal, — the *Gall-greana*, or "blazing sun," marked with the arms of the O'Brien, the hand and sword, bearing the inscription, "Victory or Death!"

The clash of battle commenced; every chief, and every soldier, of the Irish army, vied with each other in evincing a valor and heroism worthy of the fame of Ireland. The Danes, on the other hand, fought with a desperate resolution — an energy that required all the genius and valor of the Irish generals to oppose. Every man fought, under his respective ensigns, until felled by the spear or axe of his adversary, when his place was quickly supplied by another. Every foot of ground was contested. "I never," writes a spectator, in the *Chronicon Scotorum*, "beheld with my eyes, nor read in history, a sharper and bloodier fight than this."

Princes Murrough and Turlough, the son and grandson of Brien, fought like invincible beings: every where they darted on the foe, like the flashes of lightning. The Danish princes, *Carolus*, *Sitric*, and *Conmael*, fell by their swords; and so did forests of others. A band of one thousand of the Danish warriors were clad in tight armor, who proved the most formidable of the foe. The fight had raged from sunrise till long past meridian, when the valiant *Murrough*, resolving to conclude the gigantic fight, snatched the standard of Fingal, waved it high above their heads, exclaiming, "*Before the lapse of an hour, this*

*must float, either over the tents of the Danish camp, or over my dead body."*

The other chiefs catch the fire of his kindling heroism, and furiously precipitate themselves on the foe. No human force could resist the overwhelming charge. The Danes, thrown into confusion, fled on every side, pursued to their very ships by the victorious Irish.

*Murrough's* right arm became so swollen, by the violent exertion of wielding his sword all the day, that he could not raise it up, and knelt beside a brook, to bathe it. At that moment a straggling party of Danes, who were retreating from the field, accidentally came near, and one of them, *Anrud*, a chief, set upon him; but *Murrough*, though not able to raise his right arm, with a trip prostrated him on the earth, and with his left arm actually dragged his coat of mail over his head, placed the point of his sword on his body, and, leaning on it, drove it through into the earth; while *Murrough* was so stooped over his foe, the expiring Dane snatched a cineter from *Murrough's* girdle, and plunged it into his heart. The Dane expired immediately, and the brave *Murrough* lingered till the ensuing day; he received all the rites and consolations of religion, ere his valiant spirit fled from earth.

Thus fell the Ajax of Clontarf. "According to the Munster Book of Battles," says a learned antiquarian, "Prince *Murrough* was buried in the west end of a chapel, in the cemetery at Kilmainham. Over his remains was placed a lofty stone cross, of granite, on which his name was engraven. About forty-five years ago, the cross fell from its pedestal. Under its base were found Danish coins and a fine sword, supposed to be that which the prince used at the battle of Clontarf. This sword hangs now in the apartments of the commander of the forces, at Kilmainham hospital."

Let us now look after the great "star of the field," *Brien Corcoran*, one of his marshals, was the first to fly to the monarch's tent, with the intelligence of the brave *Murrough's* death. He found him kneeling before a crucifix; and, on hearing the sad news, he thought the victory was won by the Danes, and instantly said, "Do you and the other chiefs fly to Armagh, and communicate my will, to the successor of St. Patrick. But as for me, I came here to conquer or to die, and the enemy shall not boast that I fell by inglorious wounds." At this instant, *Broder*, the Dane, with a small party, rushing, in their despair, towards the wood, near which *Brien's* tent was erected, resolved, in the madness of despair, to be avenged. The aged but heroic monarch, see-



ing them rush into his tent, seized his sword, and with one blow, cut off the legs of the first Dane that entered. *Broder*, entering next, struck *Brien* on the back of the head with his axe; but, in spite of the stunning wound, *Brien*, with all the rage of a dying warrior, by a fortunate stroke, cut off the head of *Broder*, and killed the third Dane that attacked him; *and then calmly resigned himself to death.*

Thus, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, in the midst of conquest, fell one of the bravest, wisest, most patriotic and religious, of Ireland's princes, whose reign exhibits the most splendid display of glory in the annals of his country. His career, long and splendid, irradiated his country's name with a halo of glory. Its rays may yet enkindle in us the fire of successful resistance to the cruel oppressors who now hold that country in bondage.

*Brien* commanded in twenty-nine pitched battles against the Danes, and the last fought by him extinguished their power in Ireland. He was entombed in *St. Patrick's* cathedral, in *Armagh*, according to his will. Some of the historians record that the remains of *Murrough* were taken to *Armagh*. The victory of *Clontarf* was dearly bought: seven thousand to ten thousand Irish fell that day, and upwards of fourteen thousand Danes, with every one of their principal officers.

In a few days after the battle of *Clontarf*, the surviving chiefs agreed to return home, each to his respective province. The *Connacians* set out for their home, and so did the *Ulster* men to theirs.

The *Munster* heroes, one half of whom were wounded, began their march towards their homesteads, under *Donough*, the son or grandson of *Brien*; but I am grieved to say, that passing through the territory of *Fitzpatrick*, of *Ossory*, that inglorious chieftain came to give them battle, owing to an old grudge which he entertained towards them. The wounded men, the remnant of *Brien's* brave army, to the number of eight hundred, addressed *Donough*, their leader, urging him to allow them to join their companions against the inglorious foe. "Let you, brave prince," said they, "cause a sufficient number of stakes to be cut down in yonder wood, and driven into the battle-ground, to which let us be tied, in such a manner as to have our hands and arms at liberty to wield our weapons; between every two of us, let a sound man be placed, and let us stand to conquer or to die with our brave comrades." The prince, moved to admiration at the glorious proposition, reluctantly complied, and the wounded men stopped their wounds with moss. Thus stationed, these heroes waited the attack of their foes. Perhaps, in the whole page of history, amongst the most valorous acts

of ancient or modern heroes, there is nothing to equal this brilliant exhibition. When the adverse forces made the first onslaught, and saw the condition and the bravery of the wounded heroes, they suddenly halted, and absolutely refused to repeat the charge. Such were the silent but eloquent appeals of those brave, wounded heroes, — thus upheld, in the battle, by stakes, — that the Prince of Ossory could not, or would not, reanimate his troops to a second attack.

Those heroes then passed with glory to their homes, the proud conquerors of their country's invaders and her internal foes. On this battle and that of Clontarf, Moore has founded the inspiring song — “Remember the glories of Brien the brave !” It will be found in the music of the next page, and its sentiment, I hope, will animate us in our struggle for our national parliament ; for

“Enough of his glory remains on each sword,  
To light us to victory yet.”

## REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN.

BY MOORE.

BOLD.

1. Re - mem - ber the glo - ries of Bri - en the

brave,\* Tho' the days of the he - ro are

o'er; Tho' lost to Mo - no - nia,† and

cold in the grave, He re - turns to Kin -

\* Brien Boroimhe, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster.

- ko - ra\* no more! That star of the

field, which so oft - en has poured Its

*f* beam on the bat - tle, is set; *f* But e - *p*

ESPRESS. LENTANDO. *f*  
- nough of its glo - ry re - mains on each sword,

*p* TEMPO.  
To light us to vic - to - ry yet.

\* The palace of Brien.



## 2.

Mononia! when Nature embellished the tint  
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,  
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print  
 The footstep of Slavery there?  
 No, Freedom! whose smiles we shall never resign,  
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,  
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,  
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

## 3.

Forget not our wounded companions,\* who stood,  
 In the day of distress, by our side!  
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,  
 They stirred not, but conquered, and died!  
 The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,  
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:  
 O! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,  
 To find that they fell there in vain!

\* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favorite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "Let stakes," they said, "be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man." "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops; never was such another sight exhibited."

# RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

BY MOORE.

IN MODERATE TIME.

1. Rich and rare were the gems she

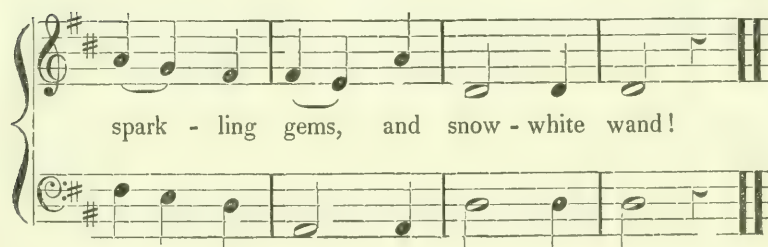
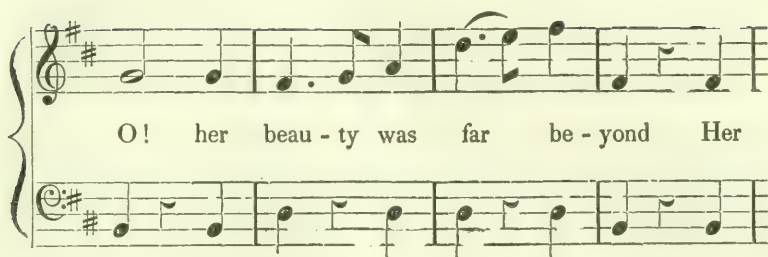
wore,\* And a bright gold ring on her

wand she bore ; But, O! her

beau - ty was far be - yond Her

spark - ling gems, or snow - white wand ; But

\* This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."



## 2.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,  
 So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?  
 Are Erin's sons so good, or so cold,  
 As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

## 3.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;  
 No son of Erin will offer me harm:  
 For, though they love woman, and golden store,  
 Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!"

## 4.

On she went; and her maiden smile  
 In safety lighted her round the green isle;  
 And blessed forever is she, who relied  
 Upon Erin's honor, and Erin's bride!

## SING, WHACK! FOR THE EMERALD ISLE!

1. Of all na - tions un - der the sun, Dear  
 E - rin doth tru - ly ex - cel; For vir - tue, for  
 val - or and fun, 'Tis famous, the world sure can  
 tell. The boys are all fris - ky; the girls,  
 Sweet daughters of vir - tue they prove; The  
 for - mer ne'er dread a - ny per - ils; The  
 lat - ter are brim - ful of love. Then sing,  
 whack! for the Em - e - rald isle, Where shil -



- - le - lahs and sham - rocks a - bound; May  
 peace and pros - per - i - ty smile O'er the  
 land, and its na - tives all round.

## 2.

As for heroes, we have them in plenty,  
 From gallant old Brien Boroimhe;  
 In battles, faith, upwards of twenty,  
 He leathered the Danes black and blue.  
 Invasion her sons could not sever;  
 Like lions they fought on the strand;  
 And may their descendants forever  
 Protect their own beautiful land.  
 Then sing, whack, &c.

## 3.

Our forefathers tell us, Saint Pat  
 Drove venom away from our shore;  
 The shamrock he blessed, and for that,  
 We'll steep it in whisky *no more*.  
 He told us, while time would remain,  
 Still merry should be the gay sod;  
 And bloom in the midst of the main,  
 With the footsteps of friendship be trod.  
 Then sing, whack, &c.

## LECTURE XIII.

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### RELIGION, LITERATURE, AND ARCHITECTURE.

Review of the Danish Wars. — Reflections. — Lessons of History. — **RELIGION** of the first Irish Christians. — Derived from Rome. — Nature of the Popedom. — Religion of Ireland and Rome alike. — Proofs. — Usher's Grandson. — The Councils of Fathers. — How the Scriptures were compiled. — When and by whom written. — Christian Religion established before the Scriptures were written. — Catholic Church Evidence for the Scriptures. — Councils of the early Fathers. — Safest Interpreters. — The Bible. — Who shall explain it? — Where is the true Version? — Effects of individual Judgment. — Clerical Interference in civil Affairs. — The Monks. — Abbots. — Christian Warriors. — The Pope's Connection with civil Affairs. — His present Authority defined. — Debate on the Point in the Irish Repeal Association. — Ecclesiastical Dissensions in Ireland. — Tithes first introduced. Discipline and Order restored. — **LITERATURE** of this Period. — Moore's Description. — Tigernach. — King Cormac. — His Wars. — Death and Will. — Reflections. — **ARCHITECTURE** at this Period. — **IRISH ARCHITECTURE**. — Mode of treating the Question. — Patriarchal Temples. — Ancient Caves. — Pyramids. — Round Towers. — Conical Huts. — Tents. — First Cities. — First Architects. — The Phœnicians and their Cities. — Testimony of Holy Writ. — Jewish Temples. — Chinese Architecture. — Etrurian Architecture. — The Arch. — Cement. — Grecian and Irish Architecture distinct in Principle. — Grecian Orders. — Roman Architecture. — Irish Architecture. — Style of the first Christian Churches. — The Goths. — The Architecture of Ireland. — The great Hall of Tara. — First Christian Churches of Ireland. — Antiquities neglected. — Origin of the pointed Arch. — Splendid Ruins. — Opinion of English Architects. — Great Antiquity of Ireland. — Beauty of its Architecture. — Cormac's Chapel. — Willis's Opinion. — Perspective View of the Interior of Cormac's Chapel. — Irish Style. — Art of staining Glass known to the Irish. — Their Sculptures. — Chieftains' Castles. — Standing Cathedrals. — Sectional View of Holy Cross Abbey. — Remarks. — What Nation originally possessed the Germ of this grand Architecture? — Buildings of the Ancient Britons. — Of the Anglo-Saxons. — Of the Picts. — Of the Welsh. — Of the Gauls and French. — Of the Italians. — Condition of Europe in the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth Centuries. — The Irish Monks the Architects of Europe. — First Monasteries erected in England. — Monasteries built on the Continent of Europe by Irish Monks. — Dr. Milner's Opinion. — Further English Evidences. — St. Peter's at Oxford modelled after Cormac's Chapel. — Salisbury Cathedral, after Holy Cross Abbey. — Did the pointed Style come from the East? — Character of Irish Architecture. — Origin of the Term "Gothic." — Variations in Style. — Revival of Architecture in Ireland. — Irish Architects of the present Day in England and America.

In the preceding section I have given the great outline of the Danish wars in Ireland. Those wars were, with the exception of a few short intermissions, continued for two hundred and forty years. Seven or eight generations of Irishmen were born, and were cut off by the sword, and by death, from the commencement of those wars to their termination. During all this time, the Danes never established a *sovereignty* in Ireland. Their nearest approach to it was made during the leadership of Turgesius; and then the proud Dane reigned jointly only with Malachy, by a compromise, I admit, degrading to the latter.

Their years of sovereignty over a part of Ireland were few. They were never masters of the whole. While England yielded in despair to their dominion, and received from them a race of kings; while the French compromised for their independence, and yielded up to the invader, as the price of peace, a large portion of their territory, on which was founded the kingdom of Normandy, — Ireland gave, in every generation, a new race of heroes, who contended inch by inch for their freedom, and, falling, bequeathed the battle to their posterity. If, from the first Danish battle to the last, we subtract the years of peace from those of war, we shall find there were *two hundred years of fighting*. The old historians spread those battles on their canvass in life size. Were I to imitate them, the “Danish Invasions” would fill two volumes as large as this. The battles were of the most sanguinary character; the perseverance, desperation, and ferocity, of the Danes, were equalled only by the unconquerable spirit and bravery of the Irish. Whole legions, from three thousand to five thousand men each, were again and again cut off; yet new invaders appeared, in still greater numbers, as if borne to our shores by an ungovernable instinct. They came, were killed, and their places were supplied by others. I should estimate about twenty-five thousand Irishmen fell every year during the two hundred years of war. This estimate, which is moderate, would lead us to a result which cannot but astonish, — that *five millions of Irishmen* bled on the field, for the independence of their native land, during those two centuries. I am certain, from the returns given by the old histories, that double that number fell on the Danish side. I know not the wars, on the page of history, to liken these to, for duration and desperate valor, on both sides, save the Punic wars, between the Romans and Carthaginians, and those between the followers of Mahomet and the cross.

There can hardly be named a single church, castle, or other sacred building, that existed in Ireland before the Danish wars, which was not taken, pillaged, battered down, retaken, rebuilt, rededstroyed, ten times

over during these terrible contests. The remorseless savages, impelled as much by the desire of plunder as by hatred of the cross, invaded the sanctuaries of piety and literature, scattered the shrines of the dead, desecrated the altars of sacrifice, burnt the valued libraries of the colleges, demolished the venerated evidences of architectural genius; and yet the Milesian race refused to yield their country up.

Six generations had fought and fell, and the seventh was found by the Danes as unconquerable as the first.

*Where, in the volume of history, is the parallel of that to be found? Not on the historic page of England! not on the historic page of France!*

LET THAT PROUD FACT BE ENGRAVED ON THE HEART OF EVERY IRISHMAN.

Let it be proclaimed at home; let it be trumpeted abroad; let it be related by mothers to their babes; let it be told by old men; let it be sung in ballads; let it be blown from the clarion; let it be sounded from every instrument that speaketh with strings — that, *though England submitted, and received a race of kings from the northern invaders — that, though France yielded them half her territory, IRELAND NEVER YIELDED THEM AN INCH — FOUGHT AGAINST THEM TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS, AND SUBDUED THEM AT LAST.*

Who will tell us that the present race of Irishmen are less brave, or less oppressed, than those who lived in the days of the Malachys and the Brians?

O Irishmen, bear in mind the wise axiom of one of your own writers, in the NATION:—

“History’s lessons, if you read ’em,  
Will impart this truth to thee —  
Knowledge is the price of freedom;  
Know yourselves, and you are free.”

The history of those wars will teach Irishmen *this* lesson, — whenever they yielded to the gratification of their personal resentments towards each other, — whenever they yielded to dissensions and quarrels amongst themselves, — *then* the Danes were encouraged to make new invasions, and, so long as this local strife continued, were victorious. But, whenever the Irish chiefs and provinces cordially united, their resistance of the invader was crowned with triumphant success.

This “lesson” is literally as applicable to their wars with the English as with the Danes, as will appear, unfortunately, too plain in the succeeding pages. Their battles with the English, though now carried



on by the tongue and pen, are yet as hot, and as pregnant of suffering, as ever. \* It would be a signal blessing to the Irish race, were they gifted with perception sufficiently capacious to measure the **POWER** of **UNITY**. Such unity can grow only from kindness to each other, mutual forbearance, a toleration of each other's opinions, and even faults and follies; an individual suppression of vanity, resentments, illegitimate ambition; a religious oblivion of all old family, personal, party, or county animosities; a thorough contempt for distinction, grounded on the possession of wealth merely, or family heritage; neither of which can make a man noble or pure, though either is sure to make him vain—a most dangerous foible among a people struggling to be free. *Vanity*, scattered through the ranks of the people, is worse than the shells of their enemies. *Ingratitude*, on the other hand, from the people to their servants, is full as mischievous. Therefore it is necessary that they be instructed and intelligent, either to recover their liberties, or to preserve them. *Vanity* and *cant*, the counterfeit of patriotism, will pass on an *ignorant* multitude for the genuine ore. Any movement for freedom, built on such machinery, will break down, and tend, at the conclusion, to strengthen tyranny. An intelligent community will detect the counterfeit from the genuine metal, and, whether the latter be found in the cottage or the castle, will prize it equally. Among *such* a people tyranny cannot live. This all history teaches.

The reader, after so long a study of war, will naturally feel desirous to learn the general state of religion, literature, architecture, arts, &c., at this period, in Ireland. I shall, in this section, devote a few pages to each topic; and first, on

#### RELIGION.

The first Christian missionaries that appeared in Ireland were, according to the strongest probabilities, disciples of St. John, who preached to the Eastern nations. Among these, history has recorded St. Mansuetus. The second and more numerous teachers proceeded directly from Rome, and bore the commission to preach from the then occupant of Peter's chair. In the earlier struggles of Christianity, during the first, second, and third centuries, the chief bishop of the Christians had no settled habitation. He was driven about from Rome to Jerusalem, from thence to Antioch, and from Antioch to Byzantium. Often was he sacrificed to the ferocity of the Romans; but his place was quickly filled by another, elected from among the ecclesiastics of the church. The pope might be crucified, but the chief of the Christian church still lived

in his appointed successor. The term *pope* itself is derived from *pater patrie*, "father of fathers," of which *papa* is an abbreviation, and from which "pope" has grown; and the elemental constitution of this *father* is not unlike that of the president of the United States.

The one is elected from among his fellows to fill the chair of the Christian republic, the other to fill the chair of the republic of the United States. The one is invested with supreme and sovereign power for the control and protection of the community; so is the other. The president is elected for a term of four years, the pope for the remainder of his life. The popes, being generally selected from the oldest men, have not reigned beyond an average term of seven years each. There have been two hundred and sixty popes in one thousand eight hundred years, which give about seven years to each. Ten presidents of the United States have governed in sixty-one years, which give an average of six years, nearly, to each. The pope is assisted by a council of bishops and cardinals, generally seventy-two in number, and, in difficult cases, by a council of the entire church—that is, representatives from the priesthood of every nation, called a GENERAL COUNCIL; the president, by the senate and congress. For a time, during the struggle of the revolution, the constitution and laws of that power which we *now* call the United States, were centred in the person of George Washington. The entire government and direction of the Christians, during seasons of persecution, were similarly deposited in the sole keeping of an individual bishop. As soon as the strife was over between the apostles of civil liberty and the agents and armies of tyranny, on this continent, *councils* of the various states of the Union were held, and certain regulations were established for the government and guidance of the newly-disenthralled community. The early Christians, as soon as the war of persecution was abated, and their own triumph established, called general councils for the regulation of their affairs, which consisted of the most discreet, learned, and zealous of their ecclesiastics. In the case of the Americans, *liberty*, with its attributes,—equity, law, protection,—was established in the minds of millions of men, before the *constitution* was written, or the laws agreed upon. Religion—the *Christian religion*—was established in the hearts of millions before the Gospels were written, or gathered into a *compiled* code. The earliest councils of the Christian church were those of Carthage and Nice, held in the close of the third and beginning of the fourth centuries. These councils, in condemning newly-started doctrines, agreed upon a united interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, old and new, expounded several difficult

points, and gave us a code of religious instructions and laws for our government.

The pope and his council of cardinals, for the time being, are intrusted with the administration of the Christian code of faith and morals, but cannot alter them in any essential. This, I take it, is the nature and extent of the president's authority. He may, according to the constitution, exercise his supreme power, even despotically, in carrying on the government, or in preventing an alteration of the laws; but to alter the laws himself would be treason to the community, and he dares not attempt it. Even so it is with the pope.

General councils of the church have had their majorities and minorities, on difficult and perplexing questions; but the articles of Christian faith remained undisturbed, though clerical discipline has experienced occasional alterations. The same may be said of the general practice of the American government; and, to carry on the parallel, I may add, that *patriarchs* are appointed by the pope to take charge of the ecclesiastical interests of *nations*, equalling in relative authority the governors of our American states.

I have made these preliminary remarks with a view of removing from between the reader and me a cloud of prejudice, (should it exist,) which may have been generated by long-continued abuse of the Catholic religion, within his hearing, or by the perusal of authors, of *counterfeit* talent, who rely for their success less upon their power to create than to destroy, and more upon their power to degrade humanity than to exalt it, — who would, to get a blow at the Catholic church, trample down humanity itself.

To return now to the direct question. St. Palladius and St. Patrick brought into Ireland the code of faith, ceremonials, and discipline, established by the first general councils of Christians that were held any where; viz., the councils of Carthage and Nice. And it was singular to find, as O'Halloran remarks, that the ceremonials and articles of faith of those Irish Christians who had been converted by the earlier missionaries, who came from the East, before any general council of the church had been held, coincided in all articles of faith, morals, and ceremonial, with those agreed upon at these first general councils of the Christian church. St. Patrick, having been the successful agent of the Lord in the conversion of all Ireland, was intrusted by the pope with the power of consecrating bishops. And on his second visit to Rome, he was intrusted, by the successor of Celestine, Pope *Hilarius*, with the power of holding a primacy and council in Ireland, where all matters of discipline, including the appointment of bishops, ordination of clergymen,

and the establishment of churches, colleges, and monasteries, were administered. This power was conceded to the bishop of Armagh as "primate of Ireland," until about the eleventh century. Appeals and references, in difficult matters, were *sometimes* made to the archbishop of Canterbury, as the *legatus natus* of the British islands.

It does not appear, during the five or six centuries which passed from St. Patrick's mission to the eleventh century, that there took place any very frequent interference of the pope, in the administration of the Irish church; though it was the constant practice of Irish ecclesiastics to proceed to Rome for instruction, edification, or appointment. Indeed, this practice was not confined to ecclesiastics; for the laity of the middle ages, of all countries, and especially of Ireland, faced to Rome, in their holy pilgrimages, it being the centre seat of Christianity. That able controversialist on the Catholic side, Dr. Milner, arrays, in his reply to Ledwich, a host of incidents, appointments, correspondences, references, appeals, that took place, from the fifth to the twelfth century, between the Irish clergy and the Roman see, which leave no doubt upon the mind, that the religion established by St. Patrick in Ireland, and that established in England by St. Austin, were, in faith, morals, and ceremonials, substantially the same with that practised in Rome during coeval ages.

In 629, there was a national ecclesiastical synod held in Ireland, in which the following clause was passed among their acts: "*That, on questions of peculiar moment or difficulty arising in Ireland, recourse should be had to the apostolic see.*" This canon was passed in accordance with the advice which St. Patrick had solemnly given to his clergy in Armagh, to apply, in all questions of difficulty, to the holy see, as he expressed it, *velut natos ad matrem* — "like children to a mother." See *St. Cummian's Ep. in Sylloge*, as quoted by the Very Reverend Dr. MILEY, of Dublin, in his late very able letters on this question. "This is," adds the doctor, "an epitome of what Primate *Usher* has said of St. Patrick." He gives, in his *Antiquities*, the vouchers for this, and much more. Yet that same archbishop, later in his life, under the influence of the anti-Catholic King James the First, and in view of the primacy of Ireland, wrote his "libel" on the "religion of the ancient Irish," which appeared to be so contradictory of his able work on her *antiquities*, written with the honesty of youth, that his grandson, the Rev. *James Usher*, having investigated the *pros* and *cons* of his learned relative, not only abjured the Protestant form of worship, in which he had been educated, and of which he was a distinguished and well-paid minister, but absolutely joined the Catholic church, in which he became an edifying



and zealous priest, and raised his able pen in defence of the creed which he had from conviction espoused.

In a letter, published a century ago, (quoted by Dr. MILEY,) addressed to some of the anti-Catholic writers of the day, he says, "When you attack the church of Rome, you never fail to assault her in some point or other in which she is impregnable. You accuse her of teaching idolatry, or impiety, &c. This, to be sure, gains you a temporary applause amongst your zealous partisans, and influences their hatred against Papists; but, in the mean time, the Papists themselves, being conscious of the falsehood of these charges, are confirmed in their religion, and serious Protestant seekers, (like myself,) discovering by degrees the same falsehood, are induced to go over to the Popish communion."

"Primate Usher," continues Dr. Miley, "details, in his *Antiquities*, how the faith was first founded in Britain, while yet a Roman province, by missionaries from the pope, A. D. 181. They return to give an account of their successes, just as St. Boniface and St. Patrick did.

‘Sic disposita regione,  
Doctores Roman repetunt, confirmat eorum,  
Dictus apostolicus factum,’ &c. — GILDAS.

"The decrees of a council, consisting of six hundred bishops, who met at Arles in the year 314, were subscribed by the bishops of London and York, with other prelates of Britain; and in one of those decrees there is the clearest recognition of papal supremacy. That supremacy was still more emphatically asserted and enforced in the great council of Sardica, A. D. 347; and Usher again tells us—indeed, he could not deny it—that there also some prelates of Britain assisted. In fine, the church of the Britons, or Welsh, as we now call them, used to be visited and reformed by the pope's legates even after the Saxon conquest; so that, of the subordination of the British church to the pope's, there can be no question whatever; and consequently, if it were only on this account alone, there *ought* to be none as to the similar subordination of the Irish church, because that between the British and Irish there was the most perfect accord and sympathy in religious views, is admitted on all hands."

The celebrated Irish father St. *Columbanus*, who in the sixth century established so many churches in Germany, writing to Pope Honorius the Fourth, proves, incontestably, that the Irish clergy adhered strictly to the see of Rome, in faith and practice. I make one extract: he begins, "*Pulcherrimo omnium Europæ ecclesiarum cavi — papæ prædulci*

—*pastorum pastori*— To the head most serene of all the churches of Europe — to the pope best beloved — to the pastor of pastors : — it is not as an alien that I write. I address you as a friend, as a follower, as a disciple ; wherefore my language shall be such as ought to be addressed to the pilot and mystic steersman of the spiritual ship, &c. Thus shall I presume, because we Irish are the disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul, stationed on the verge of the world. We are on that account more scrupulous in admitting nothing but what is apostolical. Amongst us, no heretic, feud, or schismatic, was ever met with ; but that faith which we first received from the successors of the apostles, we cling to, with a constancy that cannot be shaken," &c. — *Sacra Collectanea*, 1667.

And it is a remarkable fact, that, amid the incredible crowd of learned ecclesiastics which Ireland gave to the church in fourteen hundred years, not *one* of them ever *originated* a schism ! While other nations changed their creed oft and oft, Ireland remained as firm in her first faith as the rock Peter.

In 680, St. Wilfrid, archbishop of York, assisted at the first great Lateran council of one hundred and twenty-five bishops, under Pope Agatho, in which he bore testimony to the orthodoxy of the churches of Ireland, as well as those of Britain.

That philosophical controversialist, Dr. Milner, thus speaks, in another page : " It is objected, by Usher, that what is called St. Patrick's purgatory, was not instituted by the saint of that name. This I readily grant, for it was set on foot by an Abbot Patrick, several ages later, and was once suppressed by an order of the pope, in 1497. But if he argues from thence that St. Patrick and the early Christians did not believe in a middle state of souls after death, which may be assisted by the prayers of living Christians, he is guilty of an error both in reasoning and in fact. It will be seen in this saint's second council, that he forbids the holy sacrifice of the mass to be offered up for those persons, after their death, who had rendered themselves unworthy of having it offered up for them during their lifetime. It will not be disputed that the writings of Bede abound with testimonies in favor of prayers for the dead, of purgatory, &c., (see his Ecclesiastical History, chap. 22, vol. xi. chap. 19;) and it is a fact that he himself, when he came to die, earnestly desired that prayers and masses might be offered for him. (See Cuthbert's Bede, tom. iii.)

" It is said that St. Patrick condemned the worship of images. True, he condemned and extirpated the use of pagan idols ; but there is not the shadow of an argument to show that he deviated from the received doctrine and practice of the universal church, with respect to

the paying a proper reverence to the cross of Christ, his image, or the images and relics of the martyrs and saints, or with respect to the pious usage of desiring the saints to offer up prayers for us. Before St. Patrick arrived in Ireland, he saw the cross of Christ exalted upon the imperial standards of Constantine, and he left the great doctors of Christianity, *Chrysostom*, *Augustine*, *Prosper*, and *Leo*, bearing ample testimony to all these practices. He himself is recorded as bringing over relics into these islands, as Usher acknowledges St. Palladius did before him. We find that St. Patrick condemned certain criminals to twelve months' public penance for their sins—a mode of atonement then much practised by the church, but limited, in modern ages, to private acts of penance, consisting of prayer and fasting.

“With respect to our native historian and theologian, Venerable Bede, whom Usher appeals to, he describes St. Augustine of Canterbury preaching the gospel to King Ethelbert, with the cross for an ensign, and the figure of Christ for an emblem; he represents the same saint consecrating pagan temples with holy water and relics, and offering up homage to God by the sacrifice of the mass. With respect to images in particular, Venerable Bede proves that God did not interdict the total use of them, by his commanding the figures of cherubim and oxen to be placed in the temple: ‘for certainly,’ he adds, ‘if it is lawful to make twelve oxen of brass, to support the brazen sea, it cannot be amiss to paint the twelve apostles going to preach to all nations. We are told that the liturgy of St. Patrick differed from that of the Roman church. It is not, however, proved to have differed, in the smallest tittle, from that which was followed at Rome when St. Patrick received his mission; much less is it proved to have deviated in any point which is essential to the nature of the sacraments and sacrifice of the church in all ages and countries. That the Catholic liturgies of all times and countries have been essentially the same in this respect, is abundantly proved by divines and canonists. Nevertheless, it is to be proved that a certain latitude, in mere ceremonies and particular devotions, has always been allowed to great or national churches, under the regulation of their head pastors. St. Gregory permitted our apostle, St. Augustine, to adopt any usages of this nature for the infant church of the English, which he might choose to borrow from the French or other Catholic nations; and the court of Rome, at the present day, so far from requiring the orthodox Greeks, who have colleges there, to conform to her ritual in these unessential points, obliges them to adhere to their own. It appears that the mass was sometimes, in former ages, said by the Irish

clergy at night. So it was, in the same ages, and on the same occasions, — namely, on the eves of certain great festivals, — by the clergy of every other Catholic country. It is still said by us at midnight on Christmas night. In the mean time, we learn from Bede, that nine of the clock in the morning was the usual time of saying it. Bede and Cogitosus speak of ‘the sacrament of the Lord’s body and blood;’ whence it appears that the sacrament was in ancient times administered in both kinds. I answer, that the Catholics use the same language at the present day, though the laity receive the sacrament only under one kind; that the difference of receiving it under one or under both kinds, is a mere point of discipline, which may be, and has been, changed, as the circumstances of time and place required; and that, nevertheless, the present practice of the church, in communicating to the laity under the form of bread alone, was the practice of our infant English church, as appears from Bede himself. In the mean time, we are to observe that this illustrious doctor of the English church, at the beginning of the eighth century, expressly teaches, not only that the mass is a true sacrifice, in which Christ is truly and really present, but also that a true and proper change or transubstantiation of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ takes place in it. I will transcribe his words, and I defy the subtilty of the most ingenious controvertist to give them any other meaning than that which I have assigned.

“*Lavat nos (Christus) a peccatis nostris quotidie in sanguine suo, cum ejusdem beatæ passionis memoria ad altare replicatur, cum panis et vini creatura in sacramentum carnis et sanguinis ejus, ineffabili spiritus sanctificatione TRANSFERTUR: sicque corpus et sanguis illius non infidelium manibus ad perniciem ipsorum funditur, et occiditur, sed, fidelium ore, suam sumitur ad salutem.*” Bed. Hom. in Epiph. tom. 7.

[“Christ washes us daily from our sins, in his blood, when the memory of his blessed passion is renewed at the altar, when the substance of bread and wine is changed into the sacrament of his body and blood by the ineffable sanctification of the Holy Ghost; and thus his body and blood is immolated and shed; not by the hands of infidels to their eternal ruin, but they are received by the faithful for their salvation.”]

As the doctrine of the eastern church is particularly implicated in the present controversy, I shall select, from among scores of other testimonies relating to it, a passage from the catechetical discourses of a holy father who was bishop of the primitive church of the fourth century: “The bread and wine of the eucharist, before the invocation of the adorable Trinity, were mere bread and wine; but that invocation having taken place, the bread becomes the body of Christ,



and the wine becomes the blood of Christ. Since, then, Christ thus declares concerning the bread, 'THIS IS MY BODY,' who can doubt any longer? And since he confirms what he said, and declares, 'THIS IS MY BLOOD,' who will dare to hesitate, and affirm that it is not his blood? He once changed water into wine, which resembles blood, at Cana in Galilee; and is he not worthy to be believed, when he says that he changes wine into blood?" &c. — *St. Cyril* of Jerusalem. Catech. Mystagog. i. — See also the Liturgy of *St. Basil*, and of *St. Chrys.* in *Le Brun*, &c.

I have been tempted to insert from *Dr. Milner* these few words of explanation of some of the doctrines of the Catholic church. We cannot account for the obstinacy with which the great bulk of the people of Ireland adhere to the Catholic faith, without remembering that it is the same which *Patrick* taught them fourteen hundred years ago. *Patrick* may have been wrong, and the councils of Christian fathers who assembled at *CARTHAGE*, and *NICE*, and *CONSTANTINOPLE*, in the third and fourth centuries, may have mistaken the meaning of the Scriptures, which they themselves had gathered and compiled, and from which point Christianity started, with the seal of a great council of learned teachers and profound believers, affixed in unity upon its brow. Logicians and subtile reasoners may go behind these early councils, or take their position on some spot several centuries this side of their deliberations. Yet I know not that they can present us with a better scheme for our salvation than that which those Christian fathers have left us.

When some persons tell me — and it is no unfrequent thing — that they do not see how any intelligent or enlightened man can believe in the absurd doctrines of the Catholic religion, I naturally feel a desire to learn which creed of all those who have separated from her is more consistent with the true ideas of reason and intelligence, or with the Testaments, Old and New. If Christ came to fulfil what had been foretold by the prophets, — if he confirmed the correctness and divine mission of these prophets, — he must have *left* prophets to carry on the administration of religion, as it had been carried on before his time. He did not, it appears, condemn what *Moses* had recorded, or the laws and commandments which he professed to have had from the direct revelations of God. On the contrary, he came, as he tells us, to confirm them in all their great particulars, and to leave behind him men, like *Moses*, who were specially instructed to preach and teach. Christ did not write any portion of the New Testament; he did not *write any thing* connected with his mission except once, and then it was with his finger, in the sand. Nearly all the apostles had written down what

they heard him say and saw him do, from their memories, some years after his death, in compliance with the wishes of congregations or individuals. The CHRISTIAN RELIGION, consisting of *baptism*, *sacrifice*, and *penance*, including the morals comprehended in the ten commandments, *was established before the New Testament was written.*

Ere the apostles separated, to preach to all nations, they agreed upon a *doctrine*, upon a united and common interpretation of Christ's mission and maxims; that doctrine is comprehended in the apostles' creed, which is found in every Catholic prayer-book. It was some twenty and fifty years after our Lord's death, that the books called the *Gospels*, with *others not preserved*, were written by the apostles and their immediate disciples. These were gathered before a council of Christian bishops and teachers at Carthage, in the fourth century, when an examination of them all took place, and a *selection* of the most concise and direct histories of our Redeemer's life and conversations was *made*. This selection was *then* compiled into that book which they called the New Testament, being the continuation and fulfilment of those revelations of God contained in the Old.

The apostles and their disciples did not write those books while in direct communication with each other, nor did they resort to any particular means to have them published to the Christians of countries distant from those in which they preached. St. Peter, who was the first POPE or chief of the Christians, by the appointment of the Redeemer, preached through India, Syria, Italy, and lastly, in Rome, where he was crucified, about twenty-seven years after our Lord's death. St. John wrote in Asia, having travelled much in the East. His writings were principally directed to prove the divinity of Christ.

St. Paul preached throughout Lesser Asia, Greece, and Spain. His Epistle to the Romans was intrusted to a lady, named Phebe. That to the Ephesians was sent to his disciple Theophilus. He was beheaded. St. Andrew preached in Scythia. He too was stoned on a cross; St. Thomas and Bartholomew, in Parthia and India. St. Matthew wrote a book of memorandums, of Christ's chief actions and words, at the particular request of the Christians of Palestine. St. Mark composed his at the request of those of Rome; St. Luke for the sole guidance of Theophilus, St. Paul's disciple. They all *taught* by word of mouth. We do not find that they wrote down their creed. They had no written document in common. The creed, the commandments, and the words of baptism, of sacrifice, and other ceremonies of the mass, they had, according to the custom of the time,

committed to their memory; for, in those ages, the teachers and lawgivers committed their lessons and laws to memory, and not generally to the scroll.

There were persons in every one of those countries, through which the apostles passed, who disputed the Christian doctrine. With such the apostles and their immediate disciples held discussions; and, in the absence of the apostles from the scenes of their labors, they were applied to by their converts for explanations. They then wrote "Epistles" or doctrinal letters, some of which we have included in the New Testament. The Gospels and Epistles are not complete treatises on the Christian religion; they are merely detached fragments, written to meet special objections, but not covering the whole ground of Christianity, which was given by *word*, and not by scroll. There is found no *creed* in any of the Gospels, no particular form of faith; the form had been established by word and by deed, at the council of Jerusalem, before the apostles separated. The religion of Jesus was formed without books — preached and spread without books: those apostles fixed their doctrines in the minds of men, and not on perishable scrolls. Millions of Christians, and thousands of priests and bishops, were converted and ordained, before even those sacred writings were gathered together, out of the different countries in which they were written, or from the hands of those to whom they were addressed.

In short, the "Catholic church," comprehending the countless millions who embraced the doctrines of the cross prior to the fourth century, together with their numerous learned teachers, who were educated men, — historians, mathematicians, astronomers, &c., — *was formed before the book called the New Testament was compiled.*

We have no authority *but* the Catholic church for believing that all these various books and epistles are the genuine emanations of those holy apostles and their disciples. It was only after several spurious writings were circulated — after several schismatical treatises had been written and published, in the third and fourth centuries — that a council of the fathers was held in Carthage, being the third general council of the church, in which many of the chief bishops of the Christian world were assembled, Pope Innocent presiding, to inspect those writings.

All the writings of the apostles and their immediate disciples, which could be gathered any where, were submitted to the consideration of this council. Learned men were appointed to translate them from the Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Phœnician, and other languages, into Latin. There were very many of the writings deemed either unfit or

unnecessary for retention in the Christian code. Amongst those rejected were the books written by *St. Barnabas*, one of the chosen twelve of Christ. *Four* books only were selected as *gospel* or *true* books, and two of these were written by Mark and Luke, who were *not of the twelve*, but the immediate disciples of St. Peter and St. Paul. Their books, however, had been confirmed by these latter apostles.

The Christian religion, then, was completely formed, preached, and established, before these books were written, and *centuries* before they were compiled. If I remain a Christian, I must be guided by the transmitted authority, wheresoever it lies, of those who formed and established that religion. If I receive Mark and Luke, why should I reject St. Clement, St. Augustine, St. Basil, St. Chrysostom? I prefer the Roman Catholic church to all others, because the great body of the fathers have adhered to the Roman see. I take their interpretation of these Gospels because their predecessors wrote and compiled them, and because *they* are the only evidence I have of their being at all the writings of the apostles. If I cannot find my way by *their* assistance, who will guide me? If I leave the Catholic church to better my chances of salvation, to whom shall I go? All of these sects outside of her pale, differ from one another, condemn one another.

In this difficulty, I shall be desired to read my Bible, and judge for myself. I have read my Bible, and I have judged for myself, and my judgment tells me that it is a book far beyond my comprehension; that, though there be many things plain enough, yet, again, many things are in it which require to be explained to me. To whom shall I go for this explanation? These books, it appears, were originally written in the Greek, Syriac, Chaldee, Phœnician, and Hebrew languages. There are many of the terms used, and customs noted, and things done, which cannot be understood, or reconciled to *our* senses, without we also study ancient history, and the very languages in which our Lord himself and the apostles spoke and wrote.

Who amongst us, without this knowledge, can interpret the Scriptures? It will be objected that there have been eminently learned men, who, having all these acquirements, have put an interpretation on the Scriptures different from that of the church of Rome. So there have; but, again, these learned men have differed from each other; have put — to speak moderately — a hundred different constructions upon the New Testament. On the other side, I find that the innumerable host of learned men who have appeared within the Catholic pale, have adhered to the one interpretation of the entire Scriptures, from the first council to the present time.



I find that many of the interpretations put on the Scriptures by the sects of the present day are not new ; that some of them were started fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago, and refuted by the church of that day ; for instance, Arius, a priest of Alexandria, preached against the divinity of Christ in A. D. 315. A council of three hundred and eighteen Christian bishops, held at *Nice*, in A. D. 319, condemned his opinions as heretical. In 360, the usurper of the holy see at Constantinople preached against the divinity of the third person in the trinity, the Holy Ghost, which was considered by an assembly of one hundred and fifty bishops, in a general council held in that city, in 381, in which the trinity was fully maintained, and the denial proclaimed heresy. In 311, the prerogative of “the church” was questioned by Donatius, but affirmed at three separate councils, namely, Rome, 313, Arles, 314, Carthage, 411. In 412, Pelagius, an English monk, preached at Rome, Carthage, and through Palestine, against the existence of original sin, and the necessity of God’s grace to salvation. His doctrines were condemned in the council of Carthage, 416, and that of Milevand, 418. In 429, Nestorius preached against the unity of person in Jesus Christ. His doctrine was condemned in the general council of Ephesus, 431, which consisted of two hundred bishops. In 488, Eutyches, superior of a monastery in Constantinople, preached against the distinction of two natures in Jesus Christ — condemned by the general council of Chalcedon, 451, where three hundred and sixty bishops assembled. In 726, the Greek emperor Leo, like some of his successors, raised objections against the honors due to holy images. The objections were considered and condemned in the second general council of Nice, 787, where three hundred and seventy-seven bishops assembled. It does not appear that the **MASS**, the **REAL PRESENCE**, **TRANSUBSTANTIATION**, **AURICULAR CONFESSION**, **PENANCE**, the seven sacraments of baptism, confirmation, eucharist, penance, extreme unction, holy orders, and matrimony, were called in question by even the schismatics of those early ages, nor, except in the instance of Arius, until the times of Luther and Calvin, in the sixteenth century.

How, then, can I refuse to yield my belief to their decrees — to the doctrines of the Catholic church ? How can I be so absurd as to go out amongst those who I am not sure are learned, or guided by a Christian spirit ? But I have been told the Bible alone is enough, without any other assistance, to guide me to salvation. If this be so, I must be the judge of my own criminality, and I must acquit or condemn myself according as my self-love, my passions, or my ignorance, shall prompt. I shall make unto myself images of perfection in my own mind. By these I

will judge myself. Others, by the same rule, will form their separate images of right and wrong, vice and virtue. Each will form a code of laws of his own, and act on it. If each man will interpret those difficult Scriptures, is it likely that any two men will agree in understanding them alike? *Have they ever done so yet?* People may say, "If you pray to God, he will enlighten you with grace to enable you to understand every difficult passage." Only that this is said by many sincere persons, I would call it cant. To define it mildly, I must pronounce it delusion.

The Scriptures sometimes speak literally, and sometimes figuratively, of the Deity and his attributes — of angels — and in a mysterious style of prophecy. Then the peculiar idioms of the old languages, the parables, figures of allegory and hyperbole in which the divine will was symbolized, frequently puzzle, and make us wish for a clearer understanding, and desire aid to explain them. When we confront one text of the Scriptures with another, how puzzled we feel by their apparent contradiction of each other! and we cannot select the plainest and reject the rest. Either the whole Scriptures are necessary to be understood, or they are not. If a part only, then *who* is to decide on the part which we may put aside? or if we must, and cannot, understand all, then who is to explain to us that portion which is obscure? If each man's own sense is enough to direct him, then he may select passages favorable to his own personal addictions, whether of war, conquest, lust, murder, &c. ; for texts are to be found to answer any of these purposes, in the Scriptures.

It is hard to understand the Scriptures. St. Augustine, in the fourth century, said, "There are more things in Scripture which I am ignorant of than those that I know;" and the Protestant Doctor Balguy said, in the last century, "Open your Bibles, take the first page that appears, in either Testament, and tell me, without disguise, is there nothing in it too hard for your understandings? If you find all before you *clear* and *easy*, you may thank God for giving you a privilege which he has denied to many thousands of sincere believers." — *Balguy's Discourse*, p. 133.

The sense of a text in Scripture may depend upon the choice of a single word in the translation, or its position in the sentence or sentences of which the text is formed, and even upon the punctuation. The denial of the divinity of Christ itself has been partly sustained by the division of one scriptural sentence into two, which was done by substituting a period for a comma, without changing a single letter of the original; for example, "*Surrexit non. Est hic;*" whereas the correct and true

reading and punctuation are, "*Surrexit, non est hic*," "He is risen, he is not here."

If I am to judge for myself, independent of the Catholic church, I must be able to compare my English translations of the Bible with the original Latin version, which is in possession of *that church alone*, and then I must take *that* on their authority as a correct translation from the Greek and Hebrew texts of the inspired writers, some of which *are lost*.

The text of Moses and the ancient prophets was destroyed with the temple and city of Jerusalem; and, though they were replaced by authentic copies, at the end of the Babylonish captivity, by the prophet *Ezra*, yet those also perished in the persecution of Antiochus, from which time we have no evidence of the genuineness of the Old Testament until it was supplied by Christ and his apostles. King Henry the Eighth condemned Tyndal's Translation of the Bible, as *crafty, false, and untrue*. The Bibles first published by Queen Elizabeth's bishops were found so incorrect by the bishops of James the First, that a new translation was deemed necessary, which, when made, produced a great deal of discussion between the learned Protestants of the day.

Which of all these translations shall I consult? and, then, if every man expounds the Scriptures for himself, what necessity is there for any clergymen? or any church? or any attendance at church? and, to pursue this idea, we shall soon find every man set up in his own mind an *image* of God, or an idol for his own private worship. He will also be disposed to form laws for his government in civil society out of his own head, and according to his own standard or image of justice. Is this right? The illustrious Fénelon has said, "It is better to live without any law than to have laws which all men are left to interpret according to their several opinions and interests."

Is this right? I repeat. Am I safe in my own keeping, and under my own exclusive judgment? Shall I reject all advice? Shall I consult no one, except some person equally weak, or ignorant, or wicked, with myself? I cannot bear to think of it. There must be some one left on earth to guide me besides the careless printer, whose production, called a Bible, is now before me.

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These are some of the grounds for my adhesion to the Catholic church. I cannot say that I am enlightened, for I live in the midst of darkness, and grow more and more convinced, every day, of my own ignorance. The only object in the misty atmosphere around, which ap-

pears to my weak vision most distinct, is the connection of the existing Catholic church with the first Christians and the Redeemer himself:

While I thus give vent to my opinions on the doctrines of the Catholic faith, I am bound by the immutable laws of history to state that in Ireland, as well as on the European continent, many of the bishops and abbots, officiating as the ministers of that faith, imbued their sacred hands in the strife of battles, and absolutely commanded their legions in the tented field. There is, of course, nothing more foreign to the idea of the duties of a prelate, entertained by the Christian of the present day, than the command of warlike legions on the field of slaughter.

While I have no notion of attempting to defend this mixture of the warrior with the priest, I may, however, be permitted to account for it. The higher orders of the clergy, for many centuries after the general introduction of Christianity throughout Europe, were almost the sole managers of every thing. They performed all the offices of religion; administered the higher duties of the courts of jurisprudence; were chancellors and judges, legislators, lawgivers, historians, architects, mechanics, painters, poets, — premiers and counsellors of kings, diplomatists, ambassadors, secretaries of state: — above all, they were every where, through every country, the only teachers of youth, the chief possessors of knowledge, the sole writers of books.

These relations with society, it must be owned, were calculated to give them an immeasurable ascendancy. Nor did this state of things spring up all at once. It gradually grew from the labor, study, learning, and utility, of the great body of the monks and clergy, and, indeed, from the wants of society itself. They performed all these important offices for nations, because there was none other found so well fitted by varied acquirements for the trust. Princes, when young, were sent to pious and learned ecclesiastics to receive education. When at maturity, and they came to their hereditary seats of power, they frequently induced their learned and beloved preceptors to accompany them, to remain round their persons, to advise them in all matters of state, to accompany them in their journeys, and counsel them in their wars.

The ABBOTS, who were, by election for life, presidents of their commonwealths, in the monasteries, became, in the course of a few centuries, a most important power in the state. It has been said that those abbots were under the influence of the popes, and, by their directions, meddled largely in civil affairs. It was not generally so. The ABBOTS were independent and irresponsible governors of their own little kingdoms, in and about their monasteries; a few of them only were under what is called "priests' orders," and thence amenable to the holy



see. The great majority were lay chiefs, of religious and learned corporations, governed only by their own laws, owing obedience to the chief houses of their own order. In the progress of time, many of these important trusts were forcibly and factiously seized by laymen, who assumed the barren title of *deacon* or *archdeacon*, which was then the name of a mere tyro in the ecclesiastical grades. Both the lay and ecclesiastical abbots exercised, through extensive ramifications, a very considerable influence over the Christian communities.

These monasteries became wealthy, from various sources. The monks, by their great industry, improved the lands granted to them by the princes and great ones, to perhaps a thousand times their original value. Wherever they settled, upon wastes or in forests, they devoted their labor and knowledge, after the worship of God, to agriculture, architecture, and literature. Towns and cities grew up around their monasteries; their lands, therefore, became miraculously enhanced in value. Their proprietary and ownership never died, nor were transferred. The little commonwealth was continued by new disciples, and newly-elected governors, from generation to generation. Their surplus lands were let, at easy rents, to an affectionate tenantry, whose children received a free education from their pious landlords. Between the people and these monks the most friendly relations existed. The poor and the sick were all taken care of by those pious men, and they were, we may well suppose, exceedingly popular.

The abbots, or presidents, of those corporate colleges, were, therefore, a very important class of men. In addition to the foregoing sources of their power, they were usually made trustees or guardians to young heirs of noble blood and great possessions, and they were not unfrequently related by blood themselves to the highest-born of the land. Occasions arose when some of them were called from the cloister to the throne, as heirs by blood to the dignity.

For several centuries, the European Christians were kept in continued wars, defending themselves from the Mahometans on the one side, and the northern marauders, called Danes, on the other.

Thousands upon thousands of the ecclesiastics of Europe, and particularly of Ireland, were butchered unresistingly, within their sacred habitations. It was not unnatural in men, attacked in their castles by those land pirates, to defend themselves as best they could. All these circumstances conspired to form that apparently incongruous character, the *militant priest*.

The vicissitudes of the clergy, in various parts of Europe, and the very

existence of the Christians, rendered it necessary for the popes to meddle largely in the civil affairs of kings. Indeed, it was impossible for them to be passive spectators of the butcheries of their clergy and spiritual flocks, by the Mahometans in the south, and the Danes in the west, of Europe. They therefore leagued with princes for protection; and princes, in turn, sought their assistance, in establishing their own authority amongst their subjects.

The popes, too, were frequently appointed, by contending petty princes, as the arbitrators of their disputes. This grew to a common practice; and at last the great monarchs of Europe endeavored anxiously, one against the other, to secure the interest of the see of Rome, as a protection; and it is admitted by the great writers of the present century, (see *Edinburgh Review*, No. 52,) that the temporal power obtained by the church, in the middle ages, conduced, by the check which it opposed to the encroachments of kings, to advance considerably the cause of civil and political liberty.

In the mean time, the Christian church spread its branches through unnumbered dominions. Its influence progressed with its principles, and it became, at last, a far more potent power on earth than the mightiest of the nations recorded on the page of time.

Although the popes have, for centuries past, ceased to interfere in the affairs of kings, their spiritual and moral influence, over nearly two hundred millions of Catholics, spread throughout the world, is as paramount as it ever was. But the Catholics every where perfectly understand the distinction between the spiritual obedience they owe the holy father, in matters of faith and Christian discipline, and the civil obedience they owe the king or chief magistrate under whom they live.

A very remarkable illustration of my argument has come to my hand since these remarks were penned; it is part of a debate in the Dublin Repeal Association, on the third of July, 1844. It appears that the British ministry, with all their affected contempt for the "power of the pope," have not disdained to importune the holy father to put forward in Ireland his moral power in their behalf. They contrived to get the Austrian minister, Prince Metternich, to second their designs at Rome; and an attempt was actually made to wheedle the pope into the issuing of a bull to the Irish Catholic clergy, which should command them to discountenance the repeal agitation.

His holiness has not issued any such rescript, and has so intimated to all the parties interested. Upon this important point, that faithful son

of Ireland, Henry Grattan, made the following observations in the Repeal Association :—

“ He (Mr. Grattan) would request, for the next day of meeting, the presence of his Protestant and Orange friends, in order to unfold to them some intelligence from Rome of a surprising character. He had lately been in the Eternal City, and had mingled in the society of the pope, and his cardinals and prelates, and he thought his duty to the Irish people, and especially to the Protestant portion of them, required him to disclose a shameful conspiracy which he had detected there, being a machination, on the part of individuals high in power in England, to induce his holiness to prohibit by his mandate the agitation of repeal. (‘Hear! hear!’) He would detail the particulars, if he lived, on the next day of meeting! (‘Hear!’ and loud cheers.)”

Mr. Grattan’s authority is unquestionable on the fact he asserts, and his opportunities of accurate information are, for many reasons, more than those of ordinary persons. In alluding to the topic, Mr. O’Neil Daunt, a practical and theologically informed Catholic, said :—

“ He begged to express his satisfaction that his honorable friend had stated the fact that influential persons in England had used means to induce the pope to condemn the Repeal agitation. (‘Hear! hear!’) He spoke of the course with the deepest respect for his holiness, but he would just ask them this: Supposing that the pope were to enjoin them to desist from their struggle for repeal, was there one solitary Catholic in Ireland who would obey him? (Cries of ‘No, not one!’ and vehement cheering.) Not they, indeed. They knew too well the just limits of the spiritual jurisdiction of the pontiff, which he (Mr. Daunt) was quite certain his holiness never would exceed. The ministry might spare themselves the fruitless labor of negotiating with Rome upon a point respecting which, whatever Rome might promise, the Irish people could never be turned aside from their course. (Cheers.)”

Now, recollect by whom these observations, totally disavowing the temporal authority of the pope, were uttered; to what assembly they were addressed, and how received by the multitude. The sentiment was uttered by a strict Catholic, Mr. O’Neil Daunt; it was addressed to an assembly which was, and which the speaker knew was, mostly composed of Catholics; and by that meeting, so constituted, the sentiment was received with unanimous shouts of assent and approbation. There was no preconcert here; the thing was momentary. The ebullition was natural, distinct, and powerful,—worth a thousand treatises on “the temporal and spiritual power of the pope.”

Returning to the state of religion, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, in Ireland, we are pained to find that struggles for the primacy of Armagh extended to irreverent lengths. The power of “PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND” was originally conferred on St. Patrick, by the holy see; which power descended, in episcopal succession, to the occupant of the primatical chair of Armagh. This see was therefore the object at

which the ambitious spirits of Ireland aimed. The power of the chair of Armagh radiated, as from the centre of authority, on all the affairs of Ireland, whether civil or ecclesiastical. The families of royal blood, who contended in the field with each other for supreme sway, courted this power, and intrigued for its alliance. This begot a series of struggles in the election of the primate, which produced broils of a most irreverent character; and it is recorded that one noble family, by its members, kept possession of the see for nearly two hundred years, and went so far as to force lay members into the sanctified chair of Patrick, who seized upon the rich revenues and possessions of the see, and appointed a bishop as "suffragan," to perform the clerical duties.

On the subject of church dues, Moore says, concerning this period, "There occurs more than once, in the records of this century, some mention of a law relating to ecclesiastical property, which, as much importance appears to have been attached to it, requires some passing notice. It would appear that the revenue arising from those dues, which had, ever since the time of St. Patrick, been paid to the church of Armagh, was, amidst the convulsions of this period, interrupted or withheld; and, in the year 824, we find the authority of the warlike *Feidhlim*, king of Munster, interposed in aid of *Artrigius*, archbishop of Armagh, for the collection of this tax. A law had been established, indeed, about the year 731, by the king of all Ireland and the king of Munster, in concert, to regulate the payment of the revenue of the primatial see; and it is manifestly this regulation we read of in the annals of the ninth century, as enforced under the name of the 'law of St. Patrick.'"

It does not appear that tithes were paid or demanded in Ireland till about the twelfth century, and in conformity to the decisions of the solemn chief synods, held under the direction of a legate from the holy see. Previous to this, the payments to the support of the church seemed to have been irregular. The institution of tithes, or *tenth*s, was for the purpose of securing uniformity in the Christian contributions to the church. In other parts of Europe, they were earlier established.

"Notwithstanding all these things," says Moore, [*who is severer on the Irish clergy and chieftains of this age than any foreign writer,*] "that there must still have been preserved among the people of this country — a people once so conspicuous throughout Europe for their piety — a strong and pervading religious feeling, however imbued with the general darkness of the times, and allowed to run wild for the want of culture and discipline, is sufficiently apparent on the very face of our native



annals, even in this dim and agitated period. The number of pious, and, according to the standard of their age, learned ecclesiastics, who are recorded, in the annals of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, as passing their whole lives in works of devotion and charity among the ruins of once flourishing monasteries, could not but cherish, in the popular mind, a fond remembrance of the early saints of the land, and keep alive, like the spark beneath the embers, some remains of the faith of better days."

It was not till the twelfth century that a reformation was effected in the ecclesiastical affairs of Ireland,—when, by the authority of the pope, backed by the deliberations and decisions of several synods of the Irish clergy, creating thus a strong public opinion, the lay intruders were removed from their ill-gotten powers, and the church was suffered to return to that austere discipline for which it was famed in the ages previous to the Danish invasions.

Drs. Lannigan, Carew, and Gahan, give copious details of the several synods of these times, and the ecclesiastical measures instituted to restore Christian observance and uniformity to the Irish church. Having devoted already so much remark and space to the affairs of religion, I fear to risk a further intrusion of the same matter on the reader, who is referred for full details to those elaborate and faithful chroniclers of Irish church history above mentioned; and I shall now proceed to the next great feature of the age, its

#### LITERATURE.

After the two hundred and forty years of war which Ireland had just then passed through; after the sacking and burning of the colleges, monasteries, and libraries, during the Danish persecutions; after more than two centuries of slaughter of all ages and degrees,—it cannot be expected that her literature could be any thing like what it had been from the fifth to the ninth century.

After the battle of Clontarf, and the total prostration of Danish power in Ireland, the members of the learned professions came forth from their hiding-places and retreats. An endeavor was made to restore the libraries; but, alas! it was a vain attempt. The majority of the books were destroyed; and Ireland, which had been once so rich in the possessions of those countless tomes of genius, so celebrated throughout Europe,—from the superabundance of which, the Benedictine monks on the Continent acknowledge to have frequently received copious supplies,—was now destitute of many records of her own history, and forced to seek

among the archives of foreign seminaries, the attested memorials of her past greatness. Only two or three of her numerous colleges escaped total destruction.

Her learned men now rallied on the scanty stock of manuscripts left them, and during the eleventh and beginning of the twelfth centuries, — say for a period of one hundred and seventy years, — applied themselves with so much industry to the work of restoration, that Ireland reassumed her scholastic station amid the nations, — again put forth her literary blossoms, and filled Europe anew with the aroma of her knowledge. I find so good a paper on this head in Moore, that I transcribe it entire, rather than write any thing of the same kind myself.

“The night of ignorance and barbarism, which had been so long gathering around the western world, is supposed, in the century we are now considering, [the tenth,] to have reached its utmost gloom. How far this comparative view is well founded may be a matter of question; but of the positive prevalence of darkness throughout this age there can exist no doubt. It is not, therefore, wonderful that even *Ireland, which had hitherto stood as a beacon of learning in the west*, should begin to share in the general obscurity of the times, and, being acted upon by the same causes which had already uncivilized some of the fairest regions of Europe, should feel the fated tide of barbarism gaining fast upon her shores. The exceeding rapidity with which the chief schools and monasteries throughout the country, though so frequently ravaged and burnt by the Northmen, again arose from their ashes, and resounded afresh with the voice of instruction and prayer, seems hardly less than marvellous. Nor was this intrepid and persevering enthusiasm, in the cause of learning and holiness, confined to the natives of the country alone, but inspired also its visitors; as, but a few months after a desperate inroad of the Danish spoilers into Armagh, we are told of a youth of a royal house of the Albanian Scots, named Cadroe, repairing to the schools of that university for the completion of his education.

“Among the obituary notices scattered throughout the annals of this age, there occur the names of several divines who are described as learned and eminent, but of whom no further mention is to be found. Towards the middle of the century flourished Probus, or, as his Irish name, of the same import, is said to have been, Coenachair, whose Life of St. Patrick, still extant, is praised by a high authority on the subject of our ecclesiastical history, as ‘a very valuable work.’ That Probus was an Irishman, he has himself placed beyond doubt by several expressions which occur in his pages. Thus, when speaking of the saint

embarking from Britain for Ireland, he says, that 'he entered upon *our* sea; and the harbor first reached by the missionary, whom he styles '*our* most holy father,' is represented by him as 'one much celebrated among *us*.' Probus was chief lecturer of the school of Slane, and fell a victim there, as already has been related, during an attack upon the church of that place by the Danes.

"In the year 975, according to the annalist Tigernach, took place the death of Keneth O'Artegan, 'chief of the learned of Leath Cuinn.' A poem of this writer is still preserved, descriptive of the beauty of the celebrated hill of Tara, and moralizing mournfully over its history; nor should those who visit, in our days, that seat of long-extinguished royalty, feel any wonder on not discovering there some vestige of its grandeur, when told that, even in the time of this poet, not a trace of the original palace still remained; while the hill itself had become a desert, overgrown with grass and weeds.

"As thus, in the midst of the general darkness of the age, there were still preserved in Ireland some relics of the lore of better days, so, in the schools and religious establishments of the Continent, her sons still continued to retain all their former superiority, and, among the dwarf intellects of that time, towered as giants. In England, since the time of her great Alfred, both sacred and literary knowledge had sunk to so low an ebb, that at length no priest could be found capable of writing or translating a Latin letter. 'Very few churchmen were there,' says Alfred, 'on this side the Humber, who could understand their daily prayers in English, or translate any letter from the Latin. I think there were not many beyond the Humber; they were so few, that I, indeed, cannot recollect one single instance on the south of the Thames when I took the kingdom.' — See Turner, *Hist. Anglo-Sax.* book v. chap. i. 'A few years before the Norman conquest,' says Mr. Berington, on the authority of William of Malmesbury, 'the clergy could hardly stammer through the necessary service of the church, and he who knew the rules of grammar was viewed as a prodigy.' The Irish were, in this century, the means of restoring some taste for liberal studies. With that devotion to the cause of religion and instruction which had become, in this people, (as an author of those times expresses it,) a second nature, a number of Irishmen, described as conversant with every department of knowledge, secular as well as sacred, retired, some time before the year 940, to Glastonbury. This monastery had already been long distinguished as a favorite retreat of their countrymen; and, within its walls, so great was the reverence felt for their patron saint, says Usher, 'that, from an early

period, the establishment had been called 'Glastonbury of St. Patrick.' From the Irish who fixed themselves there in this century, the Abbé St. Dunstan chiefly received his education; and while he imbibed, as we are told, under their discipline, the very marrow of scriptural learning, they also instructed him in the sciences of arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, in all of which they were, it is intimated, more deeply skilled than in the refined niceties of classical literature. With a taste, too, highly characteristic of their country, they succeeded in awakening in their pupil so strong a love and talent for music, that it was in after life his frequent practice, when worn with business or study, to fly for refreshment to the soothing sounds of the harp.

"On the continent of Europe, in like manner, the fame of the Island of Saints continued to be upheld by the learning and piety of her sons; and in the course of this century, there flourished in France, as well as in Germany and the Netherlands, a number of eminent Irishmen, whose names belong not so much to the country which gave them birth, as to those which they benefited by the example and labors of their lives. Among the prelates present at a synod, held in the year 947, at Verdun, was an Irish bishop named Israel, whose character and accomplishments must have been of no ordinary stamp, as he had been one of the instructors of the great and learned Archbishop Bruno, the brother of the Emperor Otho.

"An Irish abbot of considerable celebrity, named Fingan, who had been honored with the notice and patronage of the dowager empress Adelhard, the zealous relict of Otho the Great, was, through her interest, invested with the government of the abbey of Symphorian, at Metz, on the singular condition that he and his successors should receive no other than Irish monks into their establishment, as long as any such could be found; but, in case of a deficiency of monks from Ireland, should then be allowed to admit those of other nations. See the deed in Colgan, *Acta Sanctorum*.

"Another of these 'monasteries of the Scots,' as they were to a late period called, had been established about this time on an island in the Rhine, near Cologne, having for its first abbot an Irishman named Mimborin; and it is clearly to this establishment at Cologne that such frequent reference is made in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, and others.

"Of the attention early paid to the study of Greek in the native schools of the Irish, some notice has already been taken; and a proof of their continued attention to the cultivation of that language is to be



found in the interesting fact, that, in the diocese of St. Gerard, at Toul, where there had assembled at this time a number of Greek refugees, as well as of Irish, the church service, in which both nations joined, was performed in the language of the Greeks, and according to the Greek rite.

“One of the few of our learned countrymen at this period, who have left behind them any literary remains, was an Irish bishop named Duncan, or Duncant, who taught in the monastery of St. Remigius, at Rheims, and wrote for the use of the students under his care a Commentary on the Nine Books of Martianus Capella, — an author whose claims to attention, such as they are, concern the musician rather than the scholar, — and also, Observations on the First Book of Pomponius Mela, *De Situ Terræ*; both of which writings are still extant; and the former is in the British Museum.

“With respect to those Irish bishops we frequently read of, as connected with foreign religious establishments, and passing their whole lives abroad, it is right to explain, that there existed at this time a custom in Ireland of raising pious and exemplary monks to episcopal rank, without giving them any fixed sees. In addition to these there was also, as in the primitive times of the church, an order of *Chorepiscopi*, or country bishops, to whom the care of the rural districts was intrusted, with powers subordinate to those of the regular bishop in whose diocese they were situated. From these two classes of ministers were furnished, doubtless, the great majority of those *Episcopi Vagantes*, or ‘vague bishops,’ as they are called, of whom such numbers, principally Irish, were found on the Continent in the middle ages; and whose assumed power of ordaining came at length to be so much abused, that, at more than one council, an effort was made to abate the custom by declaring all such ordinations to be null and void. Notwithstanding, however, such occasional laxity of discipline, it is admitted by one of the most liberal as well as most learned of theologians, that the bishops of this description from Ireland were of great service, as well to the Gallican as the Germanic church.

“Of that class of humble but useful writers, the annalists, who merely narrate, says Cicero, without adorning the course of public affairs, Ireland produced, in this century, two of the most eminent, perhaps, in all Europe — *Marianus Scotus* and *Tigernach*. The latter of these writers, whose valuable annals have been so frequently referred to in these pages, is said to have been of the sept called the *Muireadhaigh*, or *Murrays*, in Connaught, and was abbot of *Clonmacnois*. His *Annals*,

which were brought down by him to the year of his death, 1088, are scarcely more valuable for the materials of history which their own pages furnish, than for the proofs they afford of still earlier records existing when they were written — records which, as appear from the dates of eclipses preserved by this chronicler, and which could not otherwise than by written memorials have reached him so accurately, must have extended as far back as the period when Christianity became the religion of the country.

“Another service conferred on the cause of Irish antiquities by this work, independently of its own intrinsic utility, arises from the number of metrical fragments we find scattered throughout its pages, cited from writings still more ancient, which were then evidently existing, though at present no other vestige of them remains. That Tigernach had access to some library or libraries, furnished with books of every description, is manifest from his numerous references; and the correctness of his citations from foreign authors, with whose works we *are* acquainted, may be taken as a surety for the genuineness of his extracts from the writings of our own native authors, now lost; thus affording an answer to those skeptical objectors, who, because there are extant so few Irish manuscripts of an earlier date than about the eleventh or tenth century, contend that our pretensions to a vernacular literature, in the centuries preceding that period, must be mere imposture or self-delusion.

“Marianus Scotus, the contemporary of Tigernach, and, as some suppose, a monk in the very monastery over which he presided, stands, as a chronographer, among the highest of his times. He wrote also Notes on the Epistles of St. Paul, a copy of which, transcribed by himself, is still extant in the imperial library of Vienna.

“It appears that by Marianus, as well as by his countryman Tigernach, who had never been out of Ireland, the error of the Dionysian cycle was clearly perceived; and to the former is even attributed the credit of having endeavored, however unsuccessfully, to correct it.

“Besides Marianus, there appeared, in this century, several other distinguished Irishmen on the Continent; among the foremost of whom may be mentioned St. Colman, whom Austria placed on the list of her patrons, and whose praise was celebrated in an ode by Stabius, the historiographer of the emperor Maximilian.

“Some curious historical poems by Flann and Gilla-Coeman, two metrical chronographers of this century, have furnished a subject for much learned comment to the pen of the reverend editor of the Irish Chronicles; who, in proof of the accuracy of Gilla-Coeman’s chrono-

logical computations, has shown that all the dates assigned by him to the great events of Scripture history coincide, to a wonderful degree, with those laid down by no less authorities than Scaliger, Petavius, and Sir Isaac Newton.

“Though somewhat anticipating, in point of time, it may save trouble to state, while touching on the subject, that the chronological list of the Irish kings, which had by Coeman been brought down to the time of St. Patrick, was, by another metrical chronographer, Gilla Moduda, who flourished about the middle of the twelfth century, continued to the death of Malachy the Second, in a poem consisting of a number of *ranns*, or strophes, much in the manner of the metrical list of the Dalriadic kings, composed in Scotland, in the reign of Malcolm the Third.

“While thus not a few of the natives themselves continued to cultivate, even in those stormy times, most of the studies for which their country was once so famous, neither does it appear that the attractions and advantages, by which foreign students were formerly drawn to their schools, had altogether at this dark period ceased. An instance to the contrary, indeed, is afforded in the case of Sulgenus, afterwards bishop of St. David’s, who, ‘moved by the love,’ as we are told, ‘of study, set out, in imitation of his ancestors, to visit the land of the Irish, so wonderfully celebrated for learning.’ Having been driven back by a storm to his own country, it was not till after a long lapse of time that he again ventured on the voyage, when, reaching the country of the Scots in safety, he remained there tranquilly for more than ten years, studying constantly the Holy Scriptures, and storing his mind with the spiritual wealth which they contained. Such is the account given, in a poem written on the studious labors of Bishop Sulgenus in the schools of Ireland at this period; and Usher cites the poem as a proof that the study of letters had at this time revived in the country, and that Ireland, even in the eleventh century, was still ‘a storehouse of the most learned and holy men.’ ‘*Revixisse tamen bonarum literarum studia, et seculo adhuc undecimo habitam fuisse Hiberniam (ut in Vita Florentii loquitur Franciscus Guillimannus) virorum sanctissimorum doctissimorumque officinam.*’ Another conclusion which Usher draws from this poem is, that the name of Scots was still, in the eleventh century, applied, κατ’ ἐξοχὴν, to the Irish.” After this period, the name of *Ireland*, (after IR, who came with the Milesians,) began to be generally applied to the island, while that of *Scotia* was more distinctly given to Caledonia.

I have purposely postponed a notice of *Cormac M’Cullinane*, bishop

of Cashell and king of Munster, to allow Moore's observations on the literature of those times, which I am obliged to abridge, to go to the reader uninterrupted. Moore does not, in my opinion, treat the bishop-king of Munster fairly, and I therefore compile my account of him from other sources.

This extraordinary man, who has left behind him the best memorials of his science, taste, and knowledge, which any Irishman of remote ages had been fortunate enough to bequeath entire, was bishop of Cashell in the close of the ninth century. He wrote, amongst other works, the entire history of Ireland, from the earliest period to his own times, in a magnificent epic in blank verse. Having access to, he consulted the most authentic and learned works of his day. His church and his residence were comparatively safe from the Danish atrocities, for they were built on the "Rock of Cashell," a high, craggy, and, in those times, inaccessible fortress. His great work, together with that of *Tigernach*, and a few others, are the principal and the fullest manuscript histories of ancient Ireland that remain.

But it is not alone as an elegant historian, that this brilliant scholar shines, like a star of the first magnitude, from the dim, distant horizon of the past. He was, besides, a scientific and accomplished architect, devoting the revenues of his see, while yet a bishop, to works of taste and art. He erected on the Rock of Cashell that splendid specimen of pure Irish architecture, which has borne his name to us for a thousand years, and which attests at this day, by its admirable proportions, its scientific construction, and its tasteful richness, the science and skill of the classic architect, and the wonderful degree of perfection to which the art had, in his time, arrived in Ireland. It is admitted that "Cormac's Chapel" is the purest specimen of that style of architecture, erroneously called *Gothic*, that can be found in Europe, of so early a date as the ninth century.

In the neighboring pages I shall devote some remarks specially to the subject of Irish architecture, to which I refer the reader for this branch of Cormac's performances. The wars of Cormac, all unecclesiastical as they were, seem to have been forced upon him by two conspiring circumstances,—first, the refusal of the Leganians (Leinster men) to pay some tribute or subsidy demanded by the crown of Munster, and second, the fiery impetuosity of *Flaherty*, the abbot of Iniscathy, who may have been a layman, with feelings of high family resentments unsubdued. It is evident, from all the circumstances of those unhappy wars, that the untamable spirit of Flaherty was the direct cause of this



great man's troubles and sudden death, as we may gather from the history of the last of his battles.

A few days before the fatal battle of *Magh Abhe*, the bishop-king, according to the custom of the times, made his will, which, with much self-possession, he wrote in verse. To various ecclesiastics he bequeathed more or less of his personal effects, rare books, &c.; and then he singled out, from the young nobility of Munster, *Lorcan*, — the *four and fortieth* in descent from the great *Olioll Ollum*, — a layman, to whom he committed, in case of his fall in the approaching battle, the civil or kingly affairs of Munster. This is a circumstance of great weight, in proving to us that the good man himself felt the impropriety of one of his dignities, which appears to have been thrust upon him to silence contending claimants for the Munster crown, and to preserve the peace of the province.

When all these things were completely arranged, the army of Munster marched to the frontier plains of Leinster, to enforce their king's demands. The *abbot* of Iniscathy, clothed in steel as a field marshal, rode through and encouraged the troops; and Cormac, laying aside his sacerdotal robe, clad himself superbly in a similar costume, and waved his truncheon of command over his brilliant legions. Arrived at the confines, they found the king of Leinster with a numerous array ready to contest the claim. The "herald of Munster" was sent to the opposite army to demand tribute or declare war. During his absence, the warlike Abbot Flaherty galloped through the ranks, animating the troops for the coming struggle. His horse, affrighted by the glitter of spears, plunged, and flung the gallant marshal to the earth, depriving him nearly of life. This was deemed a most unpropitious omen by the troops: many of them, panic-stricken, fled from the field. The herald, having returned from the camp of the king of Leinster, brought propositions for peace, or at least for a suspension of hostilities until the harvest, then ready for the sickle, should be saved. This proposal was accompanied by many presents to the Munster chiefs, not the smallest of which was sent to the militant abbot.

This proposal seemed so reasonable, that King Cormac, who was from the beginning averse to the war, declared his readiness to accept it. At the council-board, however, the insatiable abbot of Iniscathy rose up in an indignant passion, charging the king with cowardice, even in presence of the Leinster herald. The harangue delivered by the abbot to the chiefs had the effect of causing them to decline the terms of peace. The king, mortified deeply by this unseemly conduct, retired

to his tent, humbled himself in prayer, and resigned himself to a seemingly uncontrollable fate. Having sent for his confessor, he added a codicil to his will, in case he fell, of which he had a lively presentiment, directing his body to be laid beneath the altar of his own cathedral.

The leaders of either army now drew up their troops in the order of battle. Fresh reinforcements arrived to the ranks of the Leinster men, sent by *Elan*, the then chief monarch of Ireland. By mutual consent, both armies moved to the plains of *Magh Albhe*, which, I believe, is in the Queen's county.

The Leinster army, with its allies, appeared to be five to one over those of Cormac. "Defeat" was written on his commander's brows; yet the militant abbot of Iniscathy scorned all proposals for compromise. At the first charge, the Munster men fell back, and were thrown into disorder: one of the chiefs, at this instant, ordered his men to fly from the ranks of the abbot, and let him fight it out. The battle was soon terminated. Great numbers of the flying Munster men were killed, and the author of all this mischief was taken prisoner by his triumphant foes. Cormac showed himself in the thickest of the fight, and thus confronted the insinuation of cowardice made by Iniscathy. The accounts tell us, he fell and broke his neck in the battle; and, though some of his infuriate enemies cut off his head, and carried it to the victor prince, that high-minded man reproved them with tears in his eyes, and, like Cæsar, on viewing the head of Pompey, kissed the clotted lips of his fallen but illustrious opponent.

The remains of the bishop-king were buried, according to his request, under the altar of his magnificent cathedral of Cashell. The following lines from his will are characteristic of the scholar, the divine, the architect, and the king:—

*"My PSALTER which preserves the earliest records  
And monuments of this my native country,  
Which are transcribed with great fidelity,  
I leave to Ronal Cashell, to be preserved  
To after times and ages yet to come."*

[He has also left a glossary of the Irish language, which is much esteemed by scholars.]

Catholic writers have condemned in the person of Cormac the mixture of the monarch and the divine. A man who could have shone in the utmost splendor, in *either* character, has been disparaged

by uniting both in his own person. Such writers have an admitted privilege, if they see grounds for it, to condemn in their own clergy any addictions towards military enterprise that may appear; but I will take on me to say, that it is not, at least, good taste in writers belonging to the "church of England," to do the same thing, seeing that, within our own memory, in these enlightened times, the Duke of York, while commander of the British forces, was solemnly installed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, "*Bishop of Osnaburgh*;" and remembering, too, that her present Majesty, Victoria the First, is at once head of the army, the navy, and the church of England.

The *Psalter* of Cashell was a collection, says the learned Irish scholar O'Reilly, of Irish records in prose and verse, transcribed from more ancient documents, such as the *Psalter* of Tara, &c. It contained also many original poems, some of them written by Cormac himself. This book was extant in Limerick in the year 1712, and indeed much later, for we find the learned Mr. O'Halloran, who wrote his history in that city, in quoting from it, says, "the *Psalter* of Cashell, now before me;" and this is further attested by a large folio, in manuscript, which was transcribed in the Irish language, from the great original. The original work, in the hand-writing of the illustrious author, is now, according to the assertion of the *Iberno-Celtic Society*, in the British Museum. In the time of Sir James Ware, this work was referred to, and held in high esteem; and *Astle*, the author of the *Origin of Writing*, says, "The oldest Irish manuscript which we have discovered is the *Psalter* of Cashell, written in the tenth century. In the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, says Ware, there is a manuscript history of Ireland by M'Geohegan, translated from an old book, which was compiled by Colum Kille, O'More, and others that were professed Irish chroniclers, which states that *Brien*, observing into what ignorance the kingdom was fallen, by the devastations and outrages of the Danes, having assembled all the nobility, bishops, and great men, at Cashel, caused all their history, from the time in which it had been left off, to be recorded in the *Psalter* there, *which they all signed*; copies of which were sent into every province for the use of each provincial king; and no credit was to be given to any other relations of public affairs, than what were contained in those chronicles."

I imagine the reader will thank me for inserting here part of an interesting letter, written from Maynooth, in Ireland, by the celebrated English divine, Dr. Milner, to one of his friends in England, bearing date June 29, 1807. *Milner's Letters from Ireland.*

“For who, sir, were the luminaries of the western world, when the sun of science had almost set upon it? Who were the instructors of nations during four whole centuries, but the Irish clergy? To them you are indebted for the preservation of the Bible, the fathers, and the classics; in short, of the very means by which you yourself have acquired all the literature you possess. In whatever part of this extensive island St. Patrick preached the gospel, he founded convents and schools of instruction, by means of which he enlightened and civilized the inhabitants at the same time that he converted them. These schools soon became so famous, that they were frequented by crowds of students from France, Flanders, and Germany, as well as from the different parts of Britain. Gildas, the most ancient of our British writers whose works are extant, studied for a long time at St. Patrick’s seminary of Armagh, as did, in the following century, St. Agilbert, a Frenchman, the second bishop of the West Saxons. Soon after this, namely, in the seventh century, we find great numbers of our countrymen, poor as well as rich, flocking to Ireland as to a general mart of literature, where the hospitable Scots, as the inhabitants were then called, with a generosity unknown in every other nation, not only instructed them gratis, but also fed them gratis. At length a residence in Ireland, like a residence now at a university, was considered as almost essential to establish a literary character. I cannot forbear quoting here the often-repeated lines which Camden extracted from the Life of St. Sulgenius, who flourished in the eighth century:—

‘Exemplo patrum, commotus amore legendi,  
Ivit ad Hibernos sophiâ mirabile claros.’

“Not content, however, with teaching the foreigners who came to them for instruction, the Irish clergy, in the seventh, eighth, and ninth, centuries, spread themselves over the greater part of Europe for the sake of converting and civilizing the remaining pagans in the northern parts of it, and of instructing the unlettered Christians, as was the case with most of them every where. St. Killian became the apostle of Franconia, St. Rumold of Brabant, St. Virgilius of Carinthia, St. Columban of the Swiss, St. Gallus of the Grisons, being all of them Irishmen; not to speak of St. Donatus, bishop of Fesuli, and St. Cataldus, bishop of Tarentum, who illuminated the church of Italy, nor of St. Fursy, St. Fiacre, St. Firmin, St. Rupert, &c., who illustrated the churches of France and Germany. In a word, there is hardly a diocese in the countries here mentioned which does not record the learning and sanc-



tity of several illustrious missionaries from Ireland who formerly served it. The most celebrated nurseries of learning in those ancient times, both in our own country and abroad, were all instituted by Irish scholars. It was the learned Irish bishop St. Aidan who instituted that of Lindisferne, which enlightened the northern and midland parts of England. It was the venerable monk Maidulph who opened the famous school of Malmsbury, from which sacred and profane literature, Greek as well as Latin, was diffused over the southern and western parts of it. St. Columb Kille founded the learned monastery of Iona, in the Western Isles; St. Columban, those of Luxieu and Bobbio; St. Gall, the celebrated one which bore his name amongst the Alps. In short, we are equally indebted to the Irish for the most renowned universities of modern times. Claudius Clemens was the first professor of the university of Paris, as Joannes Scotus was of the one at Ticinum, or Padua. Even our boasted university of Oxford is greatly, if not chiefly, indebted for its foundation to the last-mentioned acute and eloquent scholar, who first opened an academy for the instruction of English children upon the plan of the aforesaid foreign universities, and who excited the great Alfred to institute one equal to them in his own dominions. [*Usher Primord.*] The centuriators of Magdeburg make Joannes Scotus the first professor at Oxford; but he seems to have died a little before the schools were actually opened there. — N. B. It is agreed amongst the learned, and it is evident by comparison, that our ancient *English or Saxon characters* are borrowed from those of Ireland.

“True it is, the calamity which almost extinguished the flame of literature in England, — I mean the destruction of the monasteries by the Danes, — was productive of the same effect in Ireland. Nevertheless, it is easy to prove that the Irish clergy did not fall into total ignorance during the dark period which succeeded this storm; as, likewise, that they soon recovered a considerable degree of their former literary credit; and, in short, that there was an uninterrupted succession of men eminent for their learning and talents amongst them, even down to the second destruction of monasteries by the tyrant Henry the Eighth. Even under the cruel and almost uninterrupted persecution which they have endured till within these few years, they have contrived to acquire, not only professional, but also classical and ornamental literature. Several of them have studied the classics and sacred literature under hedges, for want of schools, and others have spread themselves over the continent of Europe, in order to acquire that knowledge

which their predecessors originally diffused throughout it. The success which they have generally met with in their studies has been equal to the ardor with which they have applied to them. Accordingly, sir, you will find, upon inquiry, that the Irish students in the foreign universities, down to the very period of the late revolution, carried off more than their due proportion of prizes and professorships by the sheer merit of superior talents and learning, and a much greater proportion than fell to the lot of *all other foreigners* in the countries in question put together."

Professor *Gorres*, of Munich, one of the most eminent philosophers of Europe, in the present day, has, in his profound discourse on mystic theology, beautifully expressed his admiration of Christian Ireland. Referring to the Gothic irruptions of the fifth century, he writes, "All not engaged in the combat took refuge in the ark of the church; which, amid the mighty swell of waters, floating hither and thither, guarded the treasures concealed within it; and while, amid the general tumult of the times, it secured a peaceful asylum to religious meditation, it continually promoted the contemplative as well as heroic martyrdom. Such an *asylum* was found from the middle of the fifth century, in the green *Emerald Isle*,—the ancient Erin,—whose secluded situation and watery boundaries, as they had once served to protect her from the disorders of the Roman empire, now sheltered her from the storms of the migration of nations. Thither, seeking protection with St. Patrick, the church had migrated, to take her winter-quarters, and had lavished all her blessings on the people, who had given her so hospitable a reception. Under her influence, the manners of the nation were rapidly refined; monasteries and schools flourished on all sides; and, as the former were distinguished for their austere discipline and ascetic piety, so the latter were conspicuous for their cultivation of science. While the flames of war were blazing around her, the Green Isle enjoyed the sweets of repose. When we look into the ecclesiastical life of this people, we are almost tempted to believe that some potent spirits had transported over the sea the cells of the valley of the Nile, with all their hermits; its monasteries, with all their inmates; and had settled them down in the Western Isle—an isle which, in the lapse of three centuries, gave eight hundred and fifty saints to the church, won over to Christianity the north of Britain, and, soon after, a large portion of the yet pagan Germany; and, while it devoted the utmost attention to the sciences, cultivated, with especial care, the mystical contemplation in her religious communities, as well as in the saints whom they produced."

## IRISH ARCHITECTURE.

There is not one of the national attributes of Ireland, which her jealous rivals have endeavored more vehemently to snatch from her, and assume as their own, than her sublime style of architecture. Many and many a volume has been written to prove her ignorant, barbarous, superstitious, or savage, before the happy period of her political connection with Britain, from which alone, as some people will have it, she may date the commencement of her literature, civilization, religion, architecture, and constitutional government.

A writer, who, like myself, maintains the converse of all this, is put unceremoniously on his proofs, whilst those on the opposite side of the question seem to think they are not called upon for any; and, having it in their power to point to the admitted opulence of England for the last four hundred years, think *that* length of inheritance sufficient to build up a claim to *ages* of national greatness. Happily, there is a third nation growing up in the world, thoroughly impartial in its predilections, and sufficiently important in the commonwealth of mind, to be appealed to, — whose fiat, when finally pronounced through her historians and philosophers, will place the image of Ireland in its proper niche in the temple of intellectual fame. That country is AMERICA, — young America, — whose empire grows with each diurnal revolution of the earth. To her sons of intellect and enterprise I commit the claims of Ireland to a due station in the commonwealth of mind.

I propose now to show that Ireland originated nearly all the styles of architecture which were celebrated through Europe for so many ages as “Gothic.” In doing this, I will first sketch a few general outlines of the earliest architecture of the ancients; then show the nature of the varied erections of Ireland, from the dawn of Christianity to the fall of that country, in the twelfth century, which I shall sustain by dates and diagrams; and then I will trace the Irish missionaries and architects, introducing their circular and pointed architecture into Britain, France, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. I will name the churches they built and the dates of their erection, point to their style, and trace their origin to Ireland; and then I will ask the impartial reader for that verdict which I do not fear to hear pronounced.

If we go back to what may be termed the *second creation of man*, we shall find that the first act of Noah, after descending from the ark, was to build an altar. Abraham built altars at various times, and so did

Jacob. The latter is the first who set up a stone under the circumstances detailed in the twenty-eighth chapter of Genesis. On awaking from his remarkable dream, he said, "Surely the Lord is in this place;" and he took the stone which he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil on the top of it; and he called the name of the place *Bethel*; and, dedicating it to the Deity, said, "And this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house." In many other parts of the Old Testament we find stones or pillars set up as memorials of sacred engagements. Joshua said at the covenant of Shechem, "Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us, for it hath heard all the words of the Lord." We find Samuel, and others of the patriarchs of the Old Testament, frequently set up stones as marks of something solemn or sacred; and it is a remarkable circumstance, coinciding so wonderfully with the religious practices of the very first settlers in Ireland, that large stones were raised in secluded spots, as the centres round which they gathered to worship the Deity, those very stones being called by the Irish *Bothal*, or house of God, which has the same signification of the Hebrew *Bethel*. Moses erected twelve upright stones, because of the number of the tribes. The ancient Egyptian "worship stones," or "temples," were rude, unsquared, unchiseled, and of great size. These upright stones were sometimes crossed with others.

In those ages, men dwelt in caverns. Men first burrowed habitations into hills and rising slopes. These were the primeval houses of the great; and cool and very comfortable houses they were in warm countries. At this day, the inhabitants of New York, poor and rich, and those of some other American cities, live mostly in the basement story, or cellars, of their houses, being the coolest in summer, and the warmest in winter.

The generations immediately following Noah inhabited caverns. We find the remains of extensive towns, and almost cities, cut in the Nubian rocks, which run along the valley of the Nile. There are deserted cities still to be seen in the solid rocks in some parts of India. The excavations at Salcette, ten miles north of Bombay, must have employed in the cutting forty thousand men for forty years.

The massive blocks of stone, cut out of the caverns in the valley of the Nile, were, in the beginning, raised into great, unshapen mounds, which became naturally memorials commemorative of the great work. Under these mounds the chief men were buried; and succeeding kings, finding



that the veneration of the people was called up towards these gigantic memorials, began to employ vast numbers of their vassals to erect those conical monuments, under which, at their death, they were to be entombed. The first pyramids erected were the smallest. Each succeeding Pharaoh excelled his predecessor in the size of his tomb; and hence the number and greatness of these stupendous monuments of a proud and powerful people.

The caves and caverns were, therefore, cut out before the pyramids were begun. The caves of Egypt, India, Greece, and Ireland, are nearly of equal age. There are no marks upon the face of Ireland so ancient, and so deservedly venerable, as her numerous caves and excavations. They proclaim, better than books, her high antiquity. What a splendid monument of primeval ages is the cavern of New Grange, near Drogheda! Why it is still called *New Grange*, I am sure I cannot tell. It is, *at the least*, three thousand five hundred years old. It might be proved older, but cannot be proved younger. It is of an age with the excavations of India, and was dug before many of the pyramids of Egypt were begun. There have been some other caves discovered in Ireland of less magnitude than New Grange, but all of nearly the same character, though not of equal extent. How many more of these ancient abodes there may be yet undiscovered in that country, no one can tell. New Grange was discovered by accident, about seventy or eighty years ago. There were many carved pillars found at the entrance; and we find from *Kholl*, who visited the cave, that paralleled curved lines, clearly Egyptian, are to be seen on the stone altar. It may have been the habitation of a tribe, — at once the fortress, abode, and place of worship, of a hardy band, into which neither cold nor heat, wild beast nor marauder, could enter; or it may have been the treasury or tomb of some mighty chief, some unsung Agamemnon. A laborious exploit it must have been, for it was arched with massive flat blocks, and ornamented within. How many cities have been built and swept clean from the earth since New Grange was hewed out and fashioned!

Of an age with the pyramids were the great temples found in the valley of the Nile, in Persia and India, also the round towers spread through the latter country, so nearly resembling those which are remaining in Ireland, and in China. In the latter, round towers are found in every market town. The first of the excavations, and of the rude stone

pillars, are four thousand years old ; the first of the pyramids, about three thousand seven hundred ; the first of the round towers, about three thousand five hundred years.

The conical hills through Brittany, Britain, Scotland, and Ireland, are all of one family, were used for the same purpose, and are of a date exceeding three thousand five hundred years old, at least. The first stone pillars erected for religious purposes are of the same age.

The next stage in building was the *circular hut*, made of trees, branches, and clay. These were very simply constructed, in the midst of flat plains and forests, by the shepherd class, who lived in the interior of countries. A number of those huts were, for mutual protection, built together, surrounded by circular trenches, and otherwise fortified, with trees, stones, turf, &c., for the defence of cattle against wild beasts, or marauding tribes.

Those were the first *cities*.

Of an age with those were the tents and marquees, covered with the skins of beasts, these being the material not only of their tents, but of their boats, and sometimes of their clothes. Those characteristics apply to the early swarms of men who departed from the shores of the Euphrates and the Nile, east, north, and west, to repopulate the earth. As I have shown in another place, those early movers were called *Celts*, or *Celtæ* ; and wheresoever they went, whether into India, China, America, or Europe, they brought with them the same first general notions of every thing, whether of heaven or of earth.

It is one of the great mystic attributes of the Deity, in reference to man, that, from the beginning, he has permitted him to range about from opinion to opinion, in respect to his own divine power, nature, and will. The first families that succeeded Noah and his children observed the general form of divine worship instituted by him. They assembled around great upright stones, to acknowledge their obedience to God, and reflect on their crimes.

A few ages only passed, when offshoots from those families scattered into distant lands, and adopted novelties in language, customs, and religion. It appears that they every where worshipped one supreme Spirit, though great diversity of opinion grew up as to the *nature* of that Spirit, his attributes, or identity. But all acknowledged there *was* a Supreme Being, and all worshipped that Being under some name or symbol.

Hence the universal enthusiasm with which men, in all countries and

ages, devoted life, wealth, power, every thing, to the erection of temples to this Supreme Being.

This induced study, invention, and improvement, in the art of building, which has grown to a science, and is called *architecture*. Endeavoring to be brief, I must cut off from the reader's view an extensive Eastern plain, covered with the most varied specimens of temple ruins, built in the course of unnumbered generations, exhibiting the various ideas of man under dissimilar influences. We would doubt the most creditable historian, who should relate to us that men performed such prodigies of labor as the pyramids, caverns, temples, and sphinxes of Egypt; the magnificent cities of Assyria, with their walls three hundred feet high, their hundred brass gates, and their streets fifteen miles long; the excavations in India, in which thousands upon thousands resided; the great wall of China, forming a road and boundary two thousand miles long, and other wonderful works;—did not many of the deeds themselves remain above the earth to speak for their architects.

I would come at once to the architectural labors of that great people, to whom all history, sacred and profane, yields the honor of establishing the *science* of architecture, as followed up and developed by the most civilized of the succeeding nations,—I mean the *Phœnicians*. Though I have, in my early pages on ancient architecture, proved the preëminence of the Phœnicians in this respect, yet I will here insert a few words extracted from the works of *ELMES*, who is considered by the most eminent architects of England a good authority.

“The Phœnicians are generally supposed to be those descendants of Noah who settled on the coast of Palestine, and are the same people who are called, in the Old Testament, the Canaanites,—a word signifying *merchants*,—and afterwards, by the Greeks, *Phœnicians*. *Sidon*, their capital, so often spoken of by Homer, was eclipsed by its own colony, *Tyre*. These primitive people occupied the coast of Asia eastward of Egypt, and extending from Arabia Deserta to the Mediterranean Sea. It is but a small territory, but its people have been greatly celebrated as the inventors of navigation, arithmetic, and writing. Inhabiting a barren soil, they applied themselves to commerce and the arts, and appear to have been distinguished for their excellence in *manufactures* and works of *taste*. Their first advanced posts, in the march of civilization, were the Isles of Cyprus and Rhodes; from thence successively into Greece, Sicily, Sardinia, and Italy; afterwards into

Gaul; and, always advancing, discovered the southern and western coasts of Spain, and onwards into the British isles.

Of their beautiful city TYRE, the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth chapters of Ezekiel give a grand and a poetical description, describing it as of "perfect beauty in the midst of the sea."

"Thy borders are in the midst of the seas. Thy builders have perfected thy beauty. They have made all thy *shipboards* of fir-trees of Sener. They have taken cedars from Lebanon to make *masts* for thee. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine *oars*. The company of the Ashurites have made thy *benches of ivory*. *Fine linen*, with brodered work from Egypt, was that which thou spreadest forth to be thy *sail*. Blue and purple, from the isles of Elishah, was that [the garments] which covered thee. The inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad were thy *mariners*. Thy wise men, O Tyrus, were thy *pilots*. The ancients of Gebal, and the wise men thereof, were thy *calkers*. All the ships of the sea, with their mariners, were in thee to occupy thy merchandise. Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches. With silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs," &c. &c.

The sacred text continues to describe the merchants of Javan, Tubal, Meshech, Togormach, Deden, Syria, Judah, Damascus, Dan, Arabia, Sheba, Asshur, Chilma,—which are the names of nations or kings, whose merchants traded in the city of Tyre, for horses, mules, oxen, horns, ivory, ebony, emeralds, purples, and embroidered work, fine linen, coral, agate, minnith, pannag, honey, oil, and balm, wine, white wool, bright iron, cassia, (mirrors,) and calamus, precious cloths for chariots, spices, precious stones, and gold, blue cloths, brodered work, chests of rich apparel bound with cords; all these, with "multitudes of rich wares," were sold in the fairs of Tyre.

The Phœnicians had several other cities, distinguished for their magnificence, wealth, manufactures, and extended commerce: among the principal were Joppa, Damascus, and Baalbec. The Egyptians would allow no other nation than the Phœnicians to trade with them. Hence the knowledge of Egypt was accessible only to the latter, and by them was communicated to their colonies.—*Elmes's Lectures on Architecture*, p. 112.

The Jews, by a residence of four hundred years in Egypt, anterior to the time of Moses, became acquainted with the arts and sciences then known in that country. After their deliverance, they led a wan-



dering life for forty years. They dedicated a temple to God, after the manner of the Egyptians, who worshipped visionary deities. Being necessary to carry it with them through the wilderness, they constructed it in the form of a spacious tent; this was called "the tabernacle;" it was one hundred and fifty cubits long by fifty wide, five cubits high, formed of wooden columns, with brass bases, and silver capitals, having curtains of tapestry suspended between them. These columns were sixty in number, twenty on each side, and ten on each end, which faced the east and west. The Jews used this temple for a length of time after the conquest of Palestine; but, under the reign of Solomon, constructed a permanent temple at Jerusalem, which, together with several palaces for King David and King Solomon, were built by *Tyrian artists and workmen*.

The architectural structures of the Chinese are very ancient, and have been, according to Sir William Chambers, modeled after tents and pavilions. From this arises its essential character—lightness; and its defect—weakness. The materials are wood, brick, and tiles; the latter are dried in the sun or burnt. They are regulated in their buildings by very strict municipal laws, which prescribe, with the greatest accuracy, even to feet and inches, how the *Lon*, or palace of the *prince*, of the first, second, or third order, of the imperial family, should be built; then, of a *grandee* of the empire; and lastly, of a *mandarin*. They also regulate the size, proportion, and style, of the buildings of second, third, or fourth rate cities and towns, through the empire. These laws are very ancient. The gradations in their buildings, lengths of the *terraces*, heights of the roofs, are marked distinctly; from the simple citizen to the man of letters, from the man of letters to the mandarin, from him to the prince, from the prince to the emperor. The common houses are mere huts of a single floor. The fronts of their houses, next the street, have no windows, and they hang a mat before their doors to prevent passers-by looking in. Their palaces are grand though somewhat fantastical. They have lofty towers, in the market towns, all through China, which are not unlike the round towers of Ireland. They are used for astronomical and atmospherical observations, or as sepulchral tombs, and are isolated, round, square, hexagonal, or octagonal, and built with several materials. They place "umbrellas" on their towers, which are in some degree related to the apex of the round tower of Ireland. They have also triumphal arches erected to innumerable distinguished men, and some women. Their canals exceed in extent any thing conceived by Europeans, and their great wall of two thousand miles' length, with its forty thousand towers, defies all imitation.

ETRURIA, (the present Italy,) lying on the north side of the Mediterranean Sea, a few days' sail from *Tyre*, was, as I have before shown, the most considerable of the Phœnician colonies. Its cities were built upon the same plans, its architects constructed on the same principles; its merchants were as rich, and its artists were as celebrated, as those of *Tyre*, *Sidon*, or *Damascus*. Of the former cities not a vestige remains: the chief memorial of their opulence and celebrity is to be found in holy writ. The remains of Etruria fill the tombs and caverns of ancient Italy, and establish the science, art, and opulence, of its Phœnician inhabitants.

The Etrurians, and, I presume, the Phœnicians, were the only nations amongst the ancients who understood the principles of architecture, according to our ideas of the science. The stone pyramids of Egypt are built without cement; the huge stones fitted together so closely that a knife could not be thrust between them. The brick-built pyramids are not so old as those erected of uncemented stones; and, in the temple of Belus, built of brick, by the Assyrians, we are informed that they used a sort of vegetable tar; from which we may conclude, they were then ignorant of the means of converting stones and earth into lime—a most important discovery, and, like most others, made by accident.

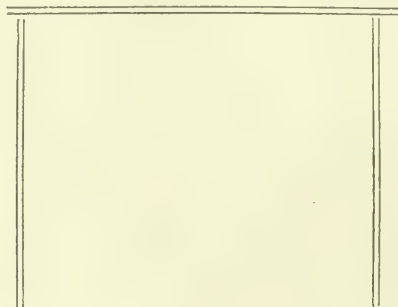
The *pillar* and *arch* were used, in their erections, by the Etruscans, and they have left behind an order or style of architecture which is called *Doric*, and sometimes *Tuscan*. There has been a long controversy between antiquarians, about the true fathers of the arch. One class contends that the Egyptians, and another, that the Etruscans originated it. It is maintained, by Elmes, that the Egyptians, in their early career, were ignorant of the principle of the arch, or they certainly would not have transported the roof of the temple of Latona, at Butis, from the Island of Philoe, a distance of nearly six hundred miles. It was the most enormous block of stone ever moved by human power. It contained above one hundred and forty-four thousand cubic feet, and weighed above twenty millions of pounds—*eight thousand seven hundred tons*.

The Etruscans have left specimens of very ancient methods of construction. To them has been attributed the invention of building with small pieces of stone joined together by calcareous cements, *because in their country are found the earliest examples of this method of construction*.—Elmes's Lectures, p. 281.—The ruins of Etruria, its arched

shores and gateways, composed of cemented stones, and far more ancient than those of Rome, (which rose upon its fall,) leave no doubt whatever that its inhabitants were acquainted with the principles and use of the arch. The largest entrance into the *Vola Terra* is a magnificent arch, called the *Gate of Hercules*, built by the Etrurians. They built several theatres, where the supposed actions of their deities in heaven were represented: the entertainment formed part of their religious worship. The capitol at Rome, the temple of Jupiter, and many other public buildings in that city, were built by the Etrurian architects.

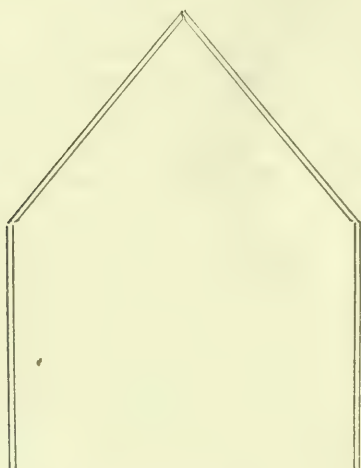
From Etruria, as I have already incontestably proved, in my early pages, No. 132 to 146, marched forth *science* to the east and to the west. Its journey to Ireland, through the medium of Etrurian commerce, has also been *proved*, and its approach to the Isles of Hellas, (Greece,) though later, is as distinctly observable.

And this brings us to the development of the two great *principles* on which the various styles and orders of architecture have been raised. These two principles in architecture are called the *arched* and the *columnar*. Greece seems to have cultivated the columnar, and Ireland the arched style. In these opposite decisions the inhabitants were influenced by their respective climates. In Greece, and in the East generally, they have, or had, no rain. Their vegetation was nourished by dewy exhalations from the earth; therefore their flat roofs and their square style of architecture, as we may symbol in the following outline — two upright pillars and a cross-beam :



The architecture of Ireland was fashioned by the influence of the climate, — which is generally rainy. It will be found, by the ancient

ruins, to have been raised according to the principle symbolized in the following outline — two upright pillars and a pointed arch :



Keeping distinctly these two fundamental *principles* continually in view, we shall be able to trace the two great *styles* of architecture, **GRECIAN** and **IRISH**, through the labyrinth of styles, orders, and innumerable technicalities, with which science and caprice have invested them. The elegant superstructures called *Grecian* are raised in square or angular pieces, with vertical columns, and horizontal beams. Arched architecture is the opposite of this. It is raised by a series of arches, starting from columns, or clusters of columns, which sometimes are again intersected by other arches, in a transverse direction, forming beautiful groins, or quarter arches, admitting the most romantic and endlessly various embellishments. “Both styles,” says Hazlitt, “are founded in the indestructible principles of human nature.”

The Greeks improved the style which they adopted. They divided their improvements into stages, which they called after the persons by whom, or the cities in which, the improvements were made. The first was simple and unadorned, called the *Doric*: its column is fluted along the shaft, and terminates at the top by a capital, called a *tile*. The second was called *Ionic*, the column of which was generally fluted, taller, and more slender; the shaft placed upon a pedestal, and topped by a capital, with volutes as ornaments, in the form of the crooked horns of the ram.



The *Corinthian* was the third or last order of the Greeks, and did not appear until long after the other two had been in use. Its characteristics are *richness*, in all its carvings, flutings, and ornaments. The capital of the column is fashioned after a flower-basket, set on a tomb, surrounded by foliage. These orders are distinguishable from each other by the fashion of the column, with which all the accessories and appurtenances of the building must correspond.

The Greeks, like their masters, the Phœnicians, first used wood in their erections, then brick, stone, and lastly, marble. Occasionally, bronze pillars are found in their ruins. They never allowed more than three orders. The Romans admitted five. Nature, says *Elmes*, dictates but three, viz., *robust*, *chaste*, *elegant*. These the Greeks had imbodyed in the *Doric*, *Ionic*, and *Corinthian*. The Romans would have one *more* elegant than the elegant, and one *more* robust than the robust, — hence their *Tuscan* and *Composite*, — without any fixed law, depending merely upon taste or caprice.

The Greeks had splendid public temples, but miserable private dwellings. Statues and pictures filled their galleries; but they had no public bridges — not even over the stream which coursed through the far-famed Athens, through which the citizens were obliged to wade.

The Romans compounded an order from the vertical and horizontal style of the Greeks, and the arched style of the Etruscans. They jumbled both together with much tawdry ornament. “The architecture of Rome,” says *Elmes*, “possesses, in its various superabundant ramifications, heaps of affectations and conceits, solely arising from the error of employing the orders, columns, pediments, and cornices, merely as *ornaments*, whereas the Greeks used them as principal and necessary parts. Their architecture gave to posterity the swollen composite; their sculpture, the exaggerated style of the gladiator.” For the first six or seven hundred years of the Roman republic, they built their private dwellings, their great temples, and theatres, of wood. Those that remain, in stone, and marble, and brick, in such colossal ruins, were built from about fifty years before Christ to one hundred and fifty years after. When the Romans had reduced the Greeks completely under their rule, and carried home their learned men as captives, whom they compelled to instruct their youth, — then commenced the rise of what is called *Roman* architecture, massive, grand, irregular, extravagantly ornamented. The private dwellings of both Greek and Roman citizens were, however, miserable huts, of only one floor. The

pure Greek architecture, from the same period, declined, and never afterwards revived. Such as were afterwards erected in Greece, were of the compound Roman character.

The celebrated Roman writer Vitruvius has left behind a work on Roman architecture, in which he endeavors to establish a series of canons and a grammar. As it was the first work which specially treated of architecture as a science, it was considered, for a long time, a safe guide in erecting works of strength and grandeur; but other men have long since entered the field of architectural debate, and have analyzed the axioms of Vitruvius, condemned the most of them by the test of science and time, and returned back on the Greek school for the laws and models of *columnar* architecture. It must be confessed that no nation can vie with Greece in the construction of that class of erections denominated the elegant public buildings of a city; viz., theatres, palaces, senate-houses, and the like. Courts of justice, jails, and other grave works, have been built in the massive or Doric order; while the true order for churches, and all buildings devoted to religion, is the *Irish*, alone, characterized by the circular or pointed arch, with pillars and buttresses, tapering upwards, with pyramidal or spire-like terminations. This style had been called *Gothic* for the first time in the sixteenth century, and by that style has been distinguished, though most improperly, to the present time. Although the Greeks were admitted as elegant in their style of architecture, yet Hoskings has the following remarks in reference to them: "Ignorance of the use of the arch, inferior carpentry, the absence of glass, and the ignorance of the use of chimneys, were disadvantages which the Greeks labored under, in the construction of their houses, that no degree of taste and elegance could completely countervail.

"Architecture," says Hoskings, page 16, "was already extinct among the Romans, when the seat of empire was transferred to Constantinople, by Constantine, about three hundred and seventy years after the birth of Christ. The change of religion, which then took place, led to the destruction of many of the noblest structures of Rome. The materials of her decaying temples were converted into the new churches; and these were built without any order or architectural principle whatever." The first Christian church erected by Justin, at Byzantium, [Constantinople,] called San Sophia, was built partly of columns brought from Rome, and in a compound style, in which no distinct order was prominent. This model, in compliment to the emperor, was that which nearly all the Christians around the seat of power followed in their erections; and

chose in Rome, Greece, Italy, and other places, where the new religion took root, followed, as near as they could, the same example.

Now, about *this* style all writers are agreed — all architects, all men of science and taste, — that it was utterly and absolutely absurd, un-architectural, barbarous.

During the Gothic irruptions over all Europe, in the two hundred years from the beginning of the fifth to the close of the sixth century, all science, art, and literature, were trampled under foot. The Latin language, as I have before remarked, was absolutely lost. Egypt had long previously become a vast ruin. Greece was, for centuries, reduced to bondage; and now, the mighty Rome herself, the mistress so long of all the world but *Ireland*, was, in turn, reduced to a shapeless ruin; her temples tumbled, her palaces inhabited by cattle, her theatres tenantless, and desolation weeping over the fanes of her greatness.

During this period of chaos and ignorance, all idea of architectural construction had vanished from the continent of Europe. We shall see in the case of architecture, as in those of literature and music, that in Ireland alone was its principle purely cultivated, so far, at least, as the *arched style*.

“To Ireland,” in the eloquent language of Professor Gorres, the German philosopher, — “To Ireland the affrighted spirit of truth had flown during the Gothic irruptions in Europe; and there made its abode in safety until Europe returned to repose, when those hospitable philosophers, who had given it an asylum, were called by Europe to restore its effulgent light over her bedarkened forests.”

I have already made the reader aware that Ireland kept pace, in knowledge, with her kindred race on the shores of the Mediterranean, until about the time of Julius Cæsar, fifty years before Christ. Cæsar’s wars in Gaul and Britain, and the occupation of those countries, broke up, for four centuries, all communication between Ireland and the continent of Europe.

Ireland improved her architecture during all this time. The progress of art is like that of the scarce-noticed fountain which silently glides along an humble watercourse. By degrees it becomes a rivulet, and increases to a brook. Capable now of utility, it rises into consequence, spreads on like a swelling river, and rolls majestically to the ocean, giving power to machinery, and employment, utility, and blessings to the people.

It was thus the *arched architecture* of Ireland stole onwards to importance; it was thus, as we shall see, that the arched principle was

conducted into Europe by those indefatigable Irish missionaries, who spread literature and Christianity over the western part of that continent, in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries.

I respectfully and earnestly solicit the patient attention of the reader to the proofs which I shall now lay before him in support of this proposition.

I am fully aware of the danger of entering on this profound question, and feel my incapability, wanting as I do that knowledge of the science, and of many of the technicalities which belong to it. There are general principles, however, which belong to nature, and are governed by its laws alone, with which I feel myself competent to deal; and there are, besides, historical *facts* on my side, which cannot be perverted or converted to the purposes of delusion in this enlightened age.

The English and Scotch writers, who have entered on this question, have claimed the merit of arched architecture for England or for Scotland, according as their partialities impelled them; others have given the honor to the Eastern nations, and some to the black Moors who overran Spain in the eighth century. To any and to every nation was the honor offered, but to the right owner, down-trodden Ireland; for, during the last seven hundred years,

“It was poverty to honor,  
Treason to love,  
And death to defend her.”

The ages of the caverns had passed away, the ages of the round towers, and square, vaulted castles, succeeded. See the engravings at pages 133 and 143. These latter gave place to the *arched* and *gable-roofed* buildings, which have prevailed in Ireland for better than two thousand years. It is historically true that the ancient Irish built their private and many of their public structures of oak, wattle, and clay, like the ancient Greeks and Romans. The round towers, and square, vaulted castles, that yet remain, cannot be less than two thousand five hundred to three thousand years old. There are comparatively few of those remaining. Very many of them have been swept from the earth by time, like the cities of *Tyre*, *Babylon*, *Nineveh*, *Carthage*, and others of coeval ages. The Druidical temples of Ireland were generally built in a masculine Doric style, to insure durability. The fragments of broken cornices and architraves, as well as the sculptured figures that enriched the friezes of those edifices, which are still to be seen in Ireland, afford an indu-



bitable proof of the perfection to which the pagan Irish carried the arts of sculpture and architecture. The palaces of Tara and Emania were immense piles, whose vaulted domes rested, to use the language of Dr. Harris, "on a forest of marble columns." These have perished beneath the hand of time, and also beneath the withering curse of the church. We are told that, in the sixth century, a chief of note committed murder on his antagonist in the national assembly of Tara, and fled, according to the custom of the time, for sanctuary, to a neighboring monastery. The king's guards pursued him thither, dragged him forth in defiance of the usage, and warning voice of the holy directors of the abbey, and carried him back to Tara, where he was punished with death.

The bishop and monks of this abbey then came in procession before the walls of Tara, and pronounced against it a curse; and from that day its opulence and authority ceased. No man ventured within its precincts. Its arched roofs and thickly-columned walls fell to decay by degrees, and, in the course of a few ages, the spot where it reared its ornamented head can alone be seen. The *feo*, or parliament, met in a place near to it, and the bards filled their songs with mournings for its fall.

Before Christianity was introduced into the island, the Druids were the architects. They built their places of worship of stone and cement, and in the very form of that *gable* represented by the outline, page 494. *Usher* tells us, and Father Colgan before him, that there were *eleven hundred stone churches in Ireland in St. Patrick's time*. These were all built on the round arch or pointed arch principle; and the church writers affirm that the Christian apostle converted, in all cases, the Druid temples into churches. Are we to doubt *Primate Usher*, who, as an antiquarian, stands coequal with Newton and Sir William Jones? There are a few, a very few, of the ruins of these primitive churches yet *to be seen* in Ireland.

The antiquarian is referred to the Island of Iniscathy, near the mouth of the River Shannon—described in the *Book of Ballimote*, as "the wonder of Ireland"—for material to ponder on. St. Senanus, in 490, built no fewer than eleven small churches of stone and cement on this celebrated spot, which, for countless generations before his time, had been the scene of Druid rites and worship; for here is also found, looking down upon those Christian ruins, one of the largest and most remarkable of the pagan round towers, which was built, at least, fifteen hundred years before the time of St. Senanus. It measures one hun-

dred and twenty feet high, and springs from a base twenty-two feet in circumference. Although scathed and rent by lightning, the original roof remains in the form of a conical cap, or *barred*, which, Walker says, the national architects and sculptors of Ireland regarded as a dress becoming even to angels.

The word *church*, thirteen hundred years ago, had a very different meaning from the import of the word at present. It was, then, a mere cell, hermitage, or sanctuary. Although, as it is recorded, eleven churches were built upon the island by St. Senanus, the remains of seven, only, are now to be traced. *The chief or cathedral church called St. Mary's, and one other, are in POINTED STYLE*, but possess no other attraction. The "seven churches," built by St. Kevin, in the county of Wicklow, on the gloomy rock of *Glendalough* — whose very name calls up an echo of the grandest antiquarian associations — about the same time, (the fifth century,) the ruins of which yet remain, are similar evidences in favor of the great proposition.

These ruins are *the oldest remaining in Europe of the pointed style*. There is no doubt whatever about their date or history. They are the indexes to the bed of that ancient current of architecture, which flowed on from century to century, expanding in dimensions, beauty, and magnificence.

I will quote an entire article on this topic from the *London Athenæum* of June, 1844.

"It is much to be regretted that the society, lately established in England, having for its object the preservation of British antiquities, did not extend its design over those of the sister island, which are daily becoming fewer and fewer in number. That the gold ornaments, which are so frequently found in various parts of Ireland, should be melted down for the sake of the very pure gold of which they are composed, is scarcely surprising; but that carved stones, and even immense Druidical remains, should be destroyed, is, indeed, greatly to be lamented. At one of the late meetings of the Royal Irish Academy, a communication was made of the intention of the proprietor of the estate at New Grange to destroy that most gigantic relic of Druidical times, which has justly been termed the *Irish pyramid*, merely because its vast size 'cumbereth the ground.' At Mellifont, a modern corn-mill of large size has been built out of the stones of the beautiful monastic buildings, some of which still adorn that charming spot. At Monasterboice, the churchyard of which contains one of the finest of the round

towers, are the ruins of two of the little ancient stone Irish churches, and three most elaborately carved stone crosses, eighteen or twenty feet high. The churchyard itself is overrun with weeds, the sanctity of the place being its only safeguard. At Clonmacnoise, where, some forty years ago, several hundred inscriptions in the ancient Irish character were to be seen upon the gravestones, scarcely a dozen (and they the least interesting) are now to be found; the large, flat stones, on which they were carved, forming excellent slabs for doorways, the copings of walls, &c.! It was the discovery of some of these carved stones in such a situation which had the effect of directing the attention of Mr. Petre (then an artist in search of the picturesque, but now one of the most enlightened and conscientious of the Irish antiquaries) to the study of antiquities; and it is upon the careful series of drawings made by him that future antiquarians must rely for very much of ancient architectural detail now destroyed. As to Glendalough, it is so much a holiday place for the Dubliners, that it is no wonder every thing portable has disappeared. Two or three of the seven churches are levelled to the ground; all the characteristic carvings described by Ledwich, and which were '*quite unique in Ireland*,' are gone. Some were removed and used as key-stones for the arches of Derrybawn bridge. Part of the churchyard has been cleared of its gravestones, and forms a famous place, where the villagers play at ball against the old walls of the church. The little church, called 'St. Kevin's Kitchen,' is given up to the sheep. The abbey church is choked up with trees and brambles, and, being a little out of the way, a very few of the carved stones still remain there, two of the most interesting of which I found used as coping-stones to the wall which surrounds it. *The connection between the ancient churches of Ireland and the north of England renders the preservation of the Irish antiquities especially interesting to the English antiquarian*; and it is with the hope of drawing attention to the destruction of those ancient Irish monuments that I have written these few lines. The Irish themselves are, unfortunately, so engrossed with political and religious controversies, that it can scarcely be hoped that, single-handed, they will be roused to the rescue even of *these evidences of their former national greatness*. Besides, a great obstacle exists against any interference with the religious antiquities of the country, from the strong feelings entertained by the people on the subject, although *practically*, as we have seen, of so little weight. Let us hope that the public attention directed to these objects will have a beneficial result, and insure a greater share of 'justice to Ireland;'

for will it be believed that the only establishment in Ireland for the propagation and diffusion of scientific and antiquarian knowledge — the Royal Irish Academy — receives annually the munificent sum of three hundred pounds from the government! And yet, notwithstanding this miserable pittance, the members of that society have made a step in the right direction, by the purchase of the late dean of St. Patrick's Irish Archæological Collection, of which a fine series of drawings is now being made at the expense of the academy, and of which they would, doubtless, allow copies to be made, so as to obtain a return of a portion of the expense to which they are now subjected. Small, moreover, as this collection is, it forms a striking contrast with our own *National Museum*, which, rich in foreign antiquities, is almost without a single object of native archæological interest, if we except the series of English and Anglo-Saxon coins and manuscripts."

St. Brendan erected a superb abbey in Ardford, in the sixth century. It was partially destroyed by fire in 1080, and rebuilt, together with a cathedral, on the *arched* principle. In the mouldering choir of the cathedral, is to be found an *alto relievo*, exquisitely sculptured.

The great abbey and cathedral of Clanmacnoise, in the King's county, were built in 549. It is a magnificent ruin, attesting great knowledge in the design and construction. From two thousand to three thousand students were, for many ages, accommodated within its capacious walls. "The gray pinnacles," says Pepper, "and time-tinged turrets of these vast ruins, look out upon the majestic Shannon in awful sublimity." In Roscarbery, in the south of Ireland, are ruins of the sixth century, and near the spot are several great caves, divided into chambers, discovered in 1791.

The round tower of Roscrea, built in the early Druid ages, is eighty feet high, and fifteen feet in diameter, with two steps round it at the bottom. At fifteen feet from the ground is a window with a REGULAR ARCH, and at an equal height is another window with a POINTED ARCH. The ruins of the old church, built near it by St. Cronan in the sixth century, are all in the old pointed or gable style.

Emly, now a poor village, was the spot on which *St. Albe* erected his first cathedral, or bishop's church, in 501. It is fourteen miles west of Cashell, in the south of Ireland. In the close of the sixth century, a university was built here, which, until the city was plundered and burnt by the Danes, in the ninth century, afforded accommodation, as recorded by Colgan, for fifteen hundred students at a time. "Here,"



says Pepper, "is still to be seen a wilderness of architectural ruins worthy the pen of a Byron or the pencil of a Rosa."

"The ancient *Damliag*, or *House of Stone*," says Moore, "erected by St. Kienan as early as the fifth century, some of the ruins of Glendalough, and parts of the small church of St. Donlach, near Dublin, present features of remote antiquity, and prove them to be of a much earlier date than the chapel of Cormac, at Cashell, (anno 880;) this latter structure being clearly a specimen of the more ornate stage of that old circular style of architecture, which, in the church of St. Donlach, is seen in its ruder and yet undecorated form. It may be remarked, as peculiar to these *ancient* Irish churches, that their *roofs are of stone bound by cement*, and that the crypts, instead of being subterranean, as in some of the ancient British churches, are situated aloft between the ceiling and the *angular roof* of stone."

The splendid cathedral, erected by St. Patrick, in Armagh, in the fifth century, as the chief church of Ireland, has been so often battered by invaders, and so often repaired by the native Irish in the fashion of the age in which the new alterations took place, that we cannot make any use of it as evidence. We are told by the church annalists, A. D. 838, that it was originally built of stone and cement in the cruciform shape, with many pillars and arches, having a square tower fifty feet high. Being the chief seat of power for many ages, it has suffered more alterations than almost any other edifice in Ireland. It was repaired about sixty or seventy years ago by the then Protestant primate Lord Rokeby, who not only restored the cathedral, but erected a splendid portico, in the old arch style, in conformity with the genius and style of the old building. To him Armagh is indebted for its reassuming the appearance of a city, which it may now be denominated—the most beautiful inland city of Ireland.

The magnificent abbey of St. Francis, near Sligo, erected in the seventh century, in that peculiar style of arch, and spirally carved column, which prevailed in Ireland in that age, yet remains, in its colossal ruins, the admiration of all travellers.\* There are forty arches of stone raised on massive, but well-carved columns, yet remaining, that support the long, arched roof of stone, which is in very good preservation.

But I feel myself going too far into this question, and must stop abruptly; for, indeed, there is much more to be said in support of my proposition, than I have said, or can find room to say in these pages. I will at once allow one of the most eminent of modern English architects (Mr. ELMES) to give his opinion on the point. Mr.

\* The erection of this vast building is by some erroneously attributed to Maurice Fitzgerald, lord justice of Ireland, A. D. 1252.

Elmes, as he says in the preface to his book, had prepared a course of lectures on ancient and modern architecture. Having spent many years of his life in the study of the art abroad and at home; having been enlightened by a high classical education; and feeling competent to come before the learned of England, to criticise the various styles and orders of the present and the past of their own nation, besides the prevailing and exploded styles of the polite nations of Europe, — he was well able to present the question, in all its bearings, to his countrymen.

He did so. He delivered two or three courses of these lectures, in London, in 1819. But he never had been in Ireland; had looked but slightly, if at all, into her history; nor can we blame him for this. The genius of every British government, that ruled for the last seven hundred years, has excluded Ireland from the study of youth, has tended to decry her old institutions, to deny her former fame, and to destroy every vestige of her history. “It was, till the time of James the First,” says Mr. Webb, “an object of government to discover and destroy every literary remain of the Irish, in order the more fully to *eradicate* from their minds every trace of their ancient independence.”

Mr. Elmes, like most young Englishmen, was taught, from the nursery to the village school, from the university to the parliament, to despise Ireland and the *Hirish*. He prepared his lectures on architecture, therefore, without as much as thinking of that country. But his curiosity led him at last to Ireland. He saw and examined for himself, and confesses, honestly, that, after his visit to that country, he saw REASON TO ALTER A GREAT PART OF HIS BOOK.

But we will hear himself: —

“The following lectures were originally written for, and delivered at, the Surrey Institution, in the winter of 1819. They were, secondly, with *much alteration*, and, with *many additions made*, AFTER A TOUR THROUGH PARTS OF IRELAND, INTERESTING FOR ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES, delivered at the Russell Institution, in the winter of 1820. — *Preface to Elmes’s Lectures on Architecture.*

“From tours,” he says, “which I have recently made through some of the most interesting parts of Ireland for architectural antiquities, and from considerable investigation into its history, I conceive that country to have been peopled originally and directly from the East; the ancient architecture, the ancient religion and language of Ireland, and those of the inhabitants of Hindustan and other Oriental countries, coinciding in a wonderful manner.

“The pyramids of Egypt have narrow passages beneath. At Benares, in India, there are also long caves under the ground; and that at

New Grange, near Drogheda, in Ireland, is of the same character. I doubt not but that this interesting work is of as great antiquity as any in Europe, and was a burying-place for the ancient Irish. No one acquainted with the subject could avoid being struck with the likeness between one of the round towers of Ireland, at Kilkenny, measured by myself, and one of the ancient towers or pillars of India, near Allahabad.

“The first letter of the Irish alphabet is called *ailim*; that of the Hebrew, *aleph*; — the second, *b*, *beith*; Hebrew, *beth*; — *m* in Irish is *muin*; in Hebrew, *mem*; — *n* in Irish is *nuin*; in the latter, *nun*; — *r* is *ruis* in Irish; in Hebrew, *eus*; — *boodh* also is Irish; and *boodh*, or *boodha*, in Sanscrit, means the same unhewn upright stone of worship; — *beth* signifies, in Irish and Hebrew, a *house*; *coph*, a *curve*; *daleth* in Hebrew, and *durres* in Irish, a *door*.

“Mr. Lynch, the secretary to the Gaelic Society of Dublin, says, in his Grammar, that the names of the Irish letters are very ancient, and seem to have been derived from the language spoken by Noah, from which they were adopted by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Canaanites, or Phœnicians, and by these introduced into Greece and the south-west of Europe. This is also the opinion of Eupolemus, Eusebius, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and Bellarmine, with most of our modern philosophers.”

Mr. Elmes, after devoting some of his pages to the round towers and cromleaghs, and giving his conjectures, all of which must merge in Sir William Betham's profound and scientific examination, to which I have devoted some early pages, proceeds — “The architectural antiquities of Ireland present a fine unexplored field, to which, I trust, I may have leisure to turn more of my attention. There are ruins of between *thirty and forty abbeys of splendid architecture*. **THOSE OF JERPOINT, AND OF THE BLACK ABBEY IN THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY, ARE FINER THAN ANY I EVER WITNESSED IN ENGLAND, NOT EVEN EXCEPTING THE FAR-FAMED NETLEY ABBEY IN HAMPSHIRE.**

“Then there are their mounts, their cairns, and their caves, their round towers, their ancient cathedrals, and the modern Baalbec — the deserted city of Kilmalloch, in the county of Limerick: likewise the remains of the seven churches at Glendaloch, in the county of Wicklow, and the bed of St. Keivin, immortalized by the muse of the Irish melodist, together with their cromleaghs, which *rival* ANY in England.

“A very singular specimen of ancient Irish architecture, which is **CERTAINLY ONE OF THE MOST CURIOUS FABRICS IN THESE KINGDOMS**, must

be noticed — the stone-roofed chapel of the ancient King Cormac, at Cashell, who was, after the patriarchal mode, both king and bishop, and flourished about the year 900. It is a regular ecclesiastical edifice, divided into a nave and choir, the latter narrowing its breadth, and separated from the nave by a wide arch. Under the altar tradition reports the remains of St. Cormac to be deposited. There is a *striking resemblance between this chapel and the church of St. Peter, at Oxford, with Grimbauld's crypts beneath it.* — Elmes's Lectures. — Now we know St. Peter's, at Oxford, was not built until the restoration of King Alfred, nearly a century after the erection of Cormac's Chapel. To this magnificent testimony I will add that of another Englishman of literary fame, Sir R. C. Hoare.

"The stone chapel of Cormac, at Cashell, *is nowhere to be surpassed*, and is itself a host, in point of remote and singular antiquity; and though her monastic architecture may fall short, both in design and execution, to those of the sister kingdoms, [the author meant, of course, the *grand* structures of England, built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries,] yet Ireland, in her *stone-roofed chapels*, round towers, and rich stone crosses, may justly boast of singularities unknown to either of them. Of the two crosses at Monasterboyce, they are by far the finest examples, and the richest, in their sculpture, of any I have ever seen." — *Tour in Ireland.*

As this book is chiefly written with a view of making American citizens acquainted with Ireland, I shall now adduce the testimony of their own talented Willis: "The prominent association with the name of Ireland, to one who does not draw his ideas of the country from the *English* newspapers, is that of a prolific mother of orators, warriors, patriots, and poets. Out of sight of the froth that is thrown up from the angry caldron of political strife, and out of hearing of the bitter contentions of party spirit, the inhabitant of another country looks upon the small space occupied by Ireland, on the map of the world, with feelings of mingled wonder and admiration. The veil that obscures her past glory is withdrawn; the cloud that lowers over her social horizon melts away; and the distant observer, opening the volume of her mournful history, counts the long roll of her illustrious names, and reads in those pages of shame and sorrow — blotted by the best blood of her children — the true character of an enthusiastic people. An undying love of liberty, and an untamed and restless genius, make them turbulent, excitable, and vindictive, under real or imaginary wrongs; while the natural warmth and kindness of their disposition make us willing to forget the



faults which, under more favorable circumstances, would never have had existence. In a work like this, however, of a pictorial character, and intended for circulation among all parties, the great question at issue in Ireland can only be thus far adverted to; and in recording my own observations while travelling in the country, I feel convinced that, by avoiding the irritating topics of political and religious discussion, my readers will journey along with me more pleasantly through the wild and beautiful scenery of this *Western Eden*. Nor do I fear that we shall tire on the way for lack of objects worthy the attention of the antiquary and the poet, where *every valley boasts the remains of some old abbey or monastery* — the fast-decaying relics of the faded grandeur of the ancient Irish church; and where the romantic legends of an imaginative peasantry have peopled every hill-side with the fantastic and graceful creations of Fairy-land. Let me, then, in the language of Ireland's favorite bard, invite those who love Nature in her wild and simple attire, to follow me in my pilgrimage through those lovely scenes; for

‘Never did Ariel’s plume,  
At golden sunset, hover  
O’er such scenes of bloom  
As I will waft them over.’” \*

And now let us gaze, with such emotions as our hearts may be capable of feeling, upon this miniature perspective sketch of the far-famed CORMAC'S CHAPEL, erected anno 880, the oldest specimen in Europe of *true arched architecture*.

I am tempted to insert here a stanza from Lord Byron's Address to Greece, in 1809, slightly paraphrased, which applies to Ireland as accurately as it applied to Greece; and may be conducive in waking up a spirit equally inimical to slavery with that called up by his lordship's inspiring muse:—

“*Erin*, how lovely, in thine age of woe,  
Land of heroes, sages, godlike men, art thou!  
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,  
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now.  
Thy shrines, thy temples, to thy surface bow,  
Commingle slowly with heroic earth,  
Broke with the share of every rustic plough;  
And nought remains save well-recorded worth,  
*And the proud spirit which thy race gives forth.*”

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\* Scenes in Ireland.

This singularly-beautiful church is the most perfect specimen of the genuine arched style in Europe. This erection was not the consequence of any sudden light which broke in upon the nation. It could have grown only from hundreds upon hundreds of experiments and improvements, in Irish architecture, for several ages. Nor is it to be attributed to some happy design of KING CORMAC, the illustrious architect. Its varied excellences in construction; its well-poised stone roof, so scientifically balanced and cemented; its graceful arches and groins; the columns, so chaste and rich in shaft and capital; the carvings, so minute and varied,—proclaim that the numerous workmen employed were educated in a school devoted to the art. And let it be further borne in mind, that the columns of this edifice are not copied after those of either Greece or Rome. They appear to be a distinct order, peculiar to Ireland.

Mr. Elmes says that “want of knowledge in the workmen cannot be compensated for by any skill, art, or science, in the architect. Hence a nation must be liberal patrons of the art, and train up by practice, experiments, and scientific teaching, her artisans, ere she can hope to establish a national style, or a reputation for architecture.”

There does not appear in this entire church a single piece of wood. How well they understood the laws of gravity and equilibrium is attested by the enduring edifice itself, which has lived a thousand years, and promises to live for a thousand years to come. The arch of Cormac will live forever! To erect the *arched* architecture, requires a knowledge of what the French call *stereotomy*, and the nicest balancing, or equilibrium, and calculations of gravity. The principle of *construction* in the arch, as artists call it, is the very acme of architectural science. In this even Michael Angelo failed, in the erection of the cupola of St. Peter's. In latter years, there were discovered very serious fissures, which were repaired by the extraordinary skill of *Zabaglio*, who encircled the cupola with a stupendous iron chain, after the example of Sir Christopher Wren, at St. Paul's, London.

We find, about the age which succeeded that of Cormac, that the art of staining glass had arrived to a high degree of perfection. I will adduce one or two illustrations from Pepper's valuable Notes, and Brewer's Beauties of Ireland.

“The art of staining glass was carried to the highest point of perfection by our ancient artists, as the scanty but elegant specimens still to be seen in the cathedrals of Limerick, Kilkenny, Raphoe, Armagh, and several other of our antique ecclesiastic edifices, amply testify. In the infancy

of the art in Ireland, in the fourth century, the process of painting glass was very simple ; it consisted in the mere arrangement of glass, tinged with different colors, in a symmetrical order, like the dyes delineated on a mosaic ceiling. Our churches were adorned with stained glass windows, exhibiting scriptural and martyrological history, and religious and clerical symbols, two centuries before the church of St. Mark, in Venice, was decorated with this species of embellishment. We are told by Bishop Burke, in the history of the Irish abbeys, that St. Kenan's Cathedral, built at Duleek,\* in the county of Meath, A. D. 489, was enlightened by stained glass windows, representing the sufferings of Christ. In the fifth and sixth centuries, the art made rapid strides to perfection ; the painters became more spirited in design, and more skilful and exquisite in execution ; but though they delineated figures enlightened with their shades, yet they could not fill up their contours with fine groupings, or graphic elegances of detail. When they were called upon to adorn palaces or churches, they had glass of every color of the rainbow prepared, out of which they cut the pieces they wanted to fill up the window frame or sash. But after a short time, they discovered a more improved method, of incorporating the colors in the glass itself, by heating it in a strong fire to the desired degree. We believe that the art is partially lost, for the modern attempts have neither the boldness of design nor the vivid freshness of coloring which our old abbeys and churches yet exhibit. The atrocious myrmidons of Cromwell, after the massacre at Drogheda, proceeded to the once magnificent abbey of Melefont, in the county of Louth, and, in the rage of the diabolical spirit of their fanaticism, broke and demolished the gorgeously stained glass windows, which even the ravaging Huns of Elizabeth had spared. On these windows, which were presented to the abbot by O'Rourke, prince of Breffeny, A. D. 1169, were beautifully painted, at full lengths, the twelve apostles, the four evangelists, and the prophets of the Old Testament. Harris has asserted that, if these windows were in existence in his day, 1763, they would be worth six thousand guineas." *Pepper*.

"The cathedral of St. Canice is an extensive and commanding pile, seated on a gentle eminence, whence are obtained fine views over the city, and along the winding banks of the River Nore. This church is of a cruciform shape, surmounted with a low tower. The length from east to west is two hundred and twenty-six feet, in the clear ; and the breadth of the cross, from north to south, one hundred and twenty-three feet.

"The eastern part of the church, comprising the choir and chancel, is seventy-seven feet in length. The bishop's throne, the seats, and the

\* Stone House.

gallery, are of varnished oak ; the whole being conspicuous for a sedate simplicity. At the east end is a very lofty window, divided into three lights of the lancet form on the exterior, but each compartment finishing, internally, with a trefoil head. We are informed by Ware, that Bishop Ledred, soon after the year 1318, expended large sums in embellishing his cathedral, and particularly in filling the windows with stained glass. His liberality was eminently displayed in this eastern window, the paintings of which represented the history of Christ, from the birth to the ascension. Rinuncini, legate to the Catholics of Ireland during the troubles of the seventeenth century, is said to have offered seven hundred pounds for the glass of this window, which offer was declined ; but, unhappily, the glass was destroyed, in 1650, by the fanatics of that gloomy period. Some mutilated fragments were afterwards collected by Bishop Pococke, and placed in two ovals over the western door.

“The nave is divided from its side aisles by pointed arches, unornamented, and supported by pillars composed of black marble. The side aisles are lighted by pointed windows, and the body of the church by windows of quatrefoil shape, placed in a clerestory. In the side aisles, and between the pillars, are numerous altar-monuments. The long succession of these sepulchral memorials adds greatly to the impressive effect of this division of the structure ; and we have rarely seen the interior of an ecclesiastical building, which at the same time was so little indebted to architectural effort, and possessed so imperative a sway over the feelings.” — *Brewer's Beauties of Ireland*. — Killala Church, built 1160, by Daniel O'Brien, king of Limerick, a venerable pile, erected in the form of a cross — two hundred feet in length, and in every respect proportioned. The large, pointed, arched window, over the eastern portal, is elaborately enriched with sculptural mouldings and ornaments. The venerable ruin is in fine preservation, and is surrounded, like the temples of Thebes, with countless ruins that date back before its time several centuries. The stone cross of Tuam, a part of which still exists ; the statues of the twelve apostles, at the cathedral of Cashell ; the grand archway of Mellefont Abbey, and the beautiful tracery and enrichments of many other ruins in Ireland, remain yet as proofs that the ancient Irish artists carried sculpture to a perfection, in the tenth century, “which no nation in Europe,” says Pepper, “*could then equal*.”

Chieftains' castles lie about, in magnificent ruins, on every hill : to particularize them would fill many pages : they bear date of the eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. The principal cathedrals that still exist entire, which may be referred to as to the matured age of



Irish architecture, are, besides Cormac's Chapel, built 880,—Christ's Church, Dublin, built 1038 ; St. Patrick's, Dublin, 1070 ; Holy Cross, 1110 ; and the cathedrals of Waterford, Limerick, and Cork, about 1104. The monastic ruins of Ardfert, in the county Kerry, are amongst the noblest in Ireland. We are told, by Colgan, that when St. Brandon taught there, in 935, it accommodated nine hundred students, six of whom were foreign princes ; and at the far-famed abbey of *Benchoir*, there was room for three thousand.

The engraving now before the reader represents an accurate sectional view of the interior of Holy Cross Abbey, in the county of Limerick.\* This is a specimen of the *improved* or *pointed architecture*, which, in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, spread so rapidly over Europe, from *this* very model. Look upon it, reader, with an inquiring and a reverential eye. It is all, every particle, of pure cut stone. The abbey was begun about 1080, and finished 1110,—one hundred years before *this style* was introduced into continental Europe. Examine its proportions with the eye of science, and try—can any part of it be *improved* ? You may *adorn* it,—you may heap ornament upon ornament on this splendid pile ; but show where you can add one limb or feature to its architectural beauty.

All beauty in architecture, as laid down by the best authorities, must grow from utility ; any limb, or part of a limb, put up merely for *ornament*, is false—is tawdry. You may ornament a buttress, a jamb, a column, a capital, an entablature, an arch, a ceiling, or a window ; but when any of these great limbs are put up *as ornaments*, they become absurd and vulgar, contrary to good taste, and proclaim the architect incompetent. Look again, reader, upon that picture ! The men who erected that pile are accounted *barbarous*. Be it so ; the day of their vindication is coming.

\* Holy Cross Abbey, according to Dr. Milner, the learned English divine, was built in the beginning of the twelfth century, by Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick, to receive a piece of the identical cross on which the Savior was crucified. The cross was buried, in the reign of the emperor Adrian, under the temple of Venus, in Rome, and dug out by the empress St. Helena, and distributed among the Christians of the universe. The piece, about three inches long, which was brought to Ireland, was placed in a wooden case in the form of a cross, and deposited in the altar of this church after it was built ; where it remained till the reign of Henry the Eighth, when, owing to the many sacrilegious acts perpetrated in that reign upon every shrine in which aught that was held sacred by the people was deposited, it was placed, for safety, in the custody of a member of the Kavanagh family, by whose descendants it is still preserved.

We shall now inquire into the state of architecture in Britain, Scotland, Wales, Germany, Italy, and France, during the early ages of Christianity. We shall try to discover which of those nations originally possessed the germ of that grand church architecture, which, in its advanced stages, filled the minds of the whole world with such admiration; — which so infatuated kings, queens, lords, and ladies, with its beauty, that lands, crowns, jewels, and all else that men and women hold dear, were yielded up to amplify and establish it.

The inhabitants of Britain, before Cæsar's invasion, 50 B. C., lived in caves and thickets. The caves were their winter habitations, and places of retreat in time of war. They were formed and rendered secure and warm by art, like those of the ancient Germans, as described by Tacitus, who wrote, "They are used to dig deep caves in the ground, and cover them with earth, where they lay up their provisions, and dwell in winter for the sake of warmth. Into those they retire also from their enemies, who plunder the open country, but cannot discover these subterranean recesses." — *Royal English Encyclopædia*.

Their summer houses consisted of a few stakes, wattles, and boughs of trees; and this was the custom in Britain down to the invasion of Cæsar. In fact, England and Germany, being the continental *interior* of the newly-discovered west of Europe, bore that relation to Ireland which the countries and inhabitants west of the Mississippi now bear to Massachusetts or New York. Nature and history both agree in assuring us that Ireland was the land first peopled, reclaimed, and adorned, by the eastern tribes who moved westward in search of land and adventure. It was the first land they met as they sailed from the Mediterranean. Hence it was the centre from which all intellectual light radiated on Western Europe.

The ancient Britons had no cities, according to our idea of a city. Their dwellings, consisting of circular huts, were scattered about the country, and generally situated at the skirt of some forest, or on the banks of some river; for they were governed in this matter more by the convenience of their cattle than their own. And these remarks will apply equally to Gaul as to Britain, and to Germany as to either. "In those early periods of our history," says Elmes, "which are before the Roman invasion, our ancestors appear to have had scarcely any other dwellings than thickets, dens, and caverns; and, according to Tacitus and Cæsar, could have been little better, in point of civilization, than many of the recently-discovered inhabitants of the South Seas.

The earliest style of *architecture*, practised in Britain, appears to have been similar to that which is still used in the smaller hamlets of England, called, by village architects, *wattle and dab*, being a daubing, or rude plastering, with clay, over the chinks and crevices of the wattled walls of their wicker-worked cabins, filling up the interstices with moss. The roofs were formed as they are at present, with boughs of trees, and thatched with straw, to protect the inmates from the weather. The form of the huts was conical, with a hole in the apex or top, to admit light and emit smoke. We can trace this simple style from the ancestors of the polished Greeks to the aboriginal Britons; and the villages of the Hottentots and Caffres exhibit it to this day. What the ancient Britons called a *town*, was merely an enclosure, by a sort of circular ditch and mound, of a tract of woody land; within which an assemblage of huts, of the above description, was erected, to protect themselves and cattle from the incursions of border tribes; for the inhabitants of the island were then divided into about forty contending tribes.

“*Stone huts*, in imitation of the ‘*wattle and dab*,’ were erected in the course of time, circular in their plan, and conical in their elevation, with circular apertures at the top; so that, what was a mansion among the ancient Britons, and served the noblest of our ancestors for withdrawing-rooms, boudoirs, parlors, &c., would make an excellent, though small-sized, *tile-kiln* of the present day.” — *Elmes’s Lectures*, 354. — When *Caractacus*, the old British chief and monarch, was taken captive, and sent in triumph to Rome, he exclaimed, as he gazed in wonder on their palaces, “How is it that a people having such houses can envy my humble cottage in Britain?” During the occupation of Britain by the Romans, we are told they built many towns and cities, besides the great wall to keep out the Picts and Irish. The latter monument is the principal remnant that remains of their erections. We are told the Roman wall was fortified with several hundred military towers, at short distances from each other, like those on the great wall of China. These were battered down by the hardy bands under *O’Neill* and *Dathy*, who drove the Roman eagles out of Britain. Their wooden towns have all perished. That immense pile of antiquity, *Stonehenge*, in Wiltshire, is not of Roman erection; the conjecture of the antiquarians is, that it is the remains of a colossal Druid temple, raised and destroyed anterior to the recollection of history or tradition. Neither *Gildas* nor *Bede* allude to it, though both lived within forty miles of it.

The Anglo-Saxons, who succeeded the Romans as conquerors in Britain, were the greatest enemies to architecture. They battered

down every town and castle which the Romans erected; and both "Saxon and Briton were again," say the chroniclers, "obliged to resort to dens, caves, and thickets, for shelter."

*This was the condition of England in the fifth and sixth centuries.*

"The truth is," say the English editors of *The Royal Encyclopædia*, — "The truth is, that the Anglo-Saxons, at their arrival in this island, [Britain,] were almost totally ignorant of those arts, and, like all the other nations of Germany, had been accustomed to live in wretched hovels built of wood or earth, or covered with straw or the branches of trees; nor did they much improve in the knowledge of architecture for two hundred years after their arrival, (A. D. 670.) *During that period, masonry was quite unknown and unpractised in this island*, and the walls even of cathedral churches were built of wood."

"There does not seem to have been so much as one church of stone, nor any artists who could build one, *in all Scotland*, at the beginning of the *eighth century*; for Naitan, king of the Picts, in his famous letter to Ceolford, abbot of Weremouth, A. D. 710, earnestly entreats him to send him some masons to build a church of stone in his kingdom, which he promises to dedicate to the honor of the apostle Peter, to whom the abbey of Weremouth was dedicated; and we are told by *Bede*, who was then living in that abbey, that the reverend abbot granted this pious request, and sent masons according to his desire."

There are found, in Scotland, two or three circular stone buildings, in a state of complete ruin, which resemble large lime-kilns, with stories of windows up to the top, at which the walls nearly close together: these were evidently built in the age of the round towers by the first Milesian adventurers, or by some of the Firbolgs, or even earlier tribes; (from the valley of the Nile,) that preceded them.

The vitrified forts, to be found in the Highlands of Scotland, were evidently erected by the ancient Irish Dalriadans, who first peopled Scotland. It is nonsense to attribute them to the Romans, who were never suffered by their indomitable enemies to build any thing north of the great wall. The fact that the stones were fastened together by vitrification, viz., melted into one another by the action of fire, and not by mortar or cement, proves the degree of science which, in remote ages, prevailed in the parent country, Ireland.

"In other parts of this island, [Britain,] architecture was, as might naturally be imagined, in a still less flourishing state. It appears, indeed,



to have been almost entirely lost among the posterity of the ancient Britons, after they retired to the mountains of Wales. The chief palace of the king of Wales, where the nobility and wise men assembled for making laws, was called *White Palace*, because the walls of it were woven with white wands, which had the bark peeled off. Even the castles of Wales, at this period, [eighth and ninth centuries,] that were built for the security of the country, appear to have been constructed of the same materials; for the old laws required the king's vassals to come to the building of these castles with no other tools but an *axe*." — *Royal English Encyclopædia*.

If we open the early histories of France, we shall see nought but ignorance, wretchedness, and the grossest incivilization prevail in that country, from the third to the seventh century. The condition of wretchedness and ignorance to which the Roman emperors Diocletian and Maximilian had reduced the Gauls, in the third century, was not in the slightest degree alleviated by their next masters, the Franks, who rushed in upon them, in the sixth century, from the wild, uncivilized forests of Germany. The chiefs of these latter bands are described to us as "ferocious," and their serfs "slavish and ignorant."

In Italy, architecture was completely destroyed by the Goths, — savages from the north of Germany, — who sacked Rome, A. D. 412 to 460. Ignorance, brutality, revenge, destroyed nearly all the beautiful structures; and, in the succeeding two or three centuries, the Saracens destroyed all the Christian edifices, and even those of the ancient treasury of arts, — the beautiful Italian cities *Messina* and *Cuma*. Roman architecture, which flourished from Augustus to the time of Hadrian, declined about the third century; and, during four or five hundred years, the taste for building grew barbarously worse in that country. (*Whittington*, p. 3.) Nearly all the churches built by Constantine and the early Christians about and immediately following his time, have been pulled down and rebuilt. One old church, "St. Paul's," of the latter end of the fourth century, yet exists outside the walls of Rome; it is entirely walled; the windows are very small. Some others of the fifth century yet remain, described by *Whittington* as mean and without taste, but *not one of them is* in the pointed style. *Architecture continued in a depressed state* through Italy nearly five hundred years.

The Italians, long before the fall of Rome, gave up the study of architecture, or its prosecution, and must have long before forgotten how to erect arched stone roofs; for the old church of St. Peter's, at Rome,

was covered with gilt bronze tiles, roofed with wood, the timbers uncovered, and above them were laid layers of shingles. I do not deny but that the Italian Christians, in the fifth and sixth centuries, erected churches of a peculiar style, of mixed orders; but they clearly were *not* of that pointed and arched style which I claim for Ireland, and to establish which my general arguments are directed. I defy any man to point out one Italian church, or ruin, or even the authentic draught of one, of an age ranging between the first and the eighth centuries, which bears the germ of, or a resemblance to, *pointed architecture*.

Now, then, having cleared away all the rotten pretensions to pointed ARCHITECTURE set up for the ancient Saxons, Germans, French, Italians, Welsh, or Scotch, I shall, like a true workman, lay the foundation of our prior claim to that style wide and deep in the minds of the unprejudiced and the enlightened.

Every architect, every artist, every scholar, will at once admit that great public edifices, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical, and the richly-constructed palaces of princes and wealthy men, can alone come under the denomination of "architecture." In the erection of all such edifices, a knowledge of arithmetic, geometry, and mathematics,—of the laws of gravity and equilibrium,—of chemistry and the nature of metals,—is absolutely required, not only in the master-workman, *but in his men*; and this remark applies more especially to the erection of arched Irish architecture; in the whole of which, as we have shown, nothing but stone is used, even to the *window frames*, mullions, and diminutive intersections. The starting of those stone arches from side walls, and buttresses, and columns; the intersecting of them, again and again, with flying arches of the same solid material; the poising in the air hundreds of tons of stones, supporting one another by the nicest calculated powers of gravity and equilibrium,—poising and binding them together, that the shocks of a thousand years are not sufficient to disturb;—these are requirements which such semi-savage tribes as the inhabitants of the continent of Europe, in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, did not, it is *admitted*, possess. They could not write, and knew nothing of mathematical calculations. Men living in a semi-savage state are slow to bend the mind to study. Ages and ages pass over the heads of an ignorant race before they can be brought to the condition of learners, reasoners, thinkers, or calculators.

ARCHITECTURE could *not* have grown amongst the inhabitants of the west of Europe until they were first *educated*, because it is the result of a combination of learned acquirements. And now let us

look back upon those pages I have already devoted to the splendid labors of the Irish missionaries through every state of Western Europe, from the fifth to the ninth century, when swarms of educated monks went out of Ireland in every direction, carrying with them knowledge, piety, and industry, which they devoted, agreeably to the precepts of their religion, to the exaltation of their fellow-men.

Every architect and scholar knows that these monks were the workmen who built all the churches of Europe for five hundred years; they were the architects, the masons, the carpenters, the plumbers, the smiths, glass-makers, sculptors, painters. A great many societies of these holy men joined together for the purpose of erecting churches and bridges, from motives of pure charity to others, in obedience to a strong religious feeling: of course this is incredible to the great masses of vulgarity, who continue to call the monks "lazy," in defiance of the literary and scientific monuments they have left behind. But *scholars* know that the stone bridges and churches through Europe, which were erected before the tenth century, were *all* built by the hands, and under the direction, exclusively, of the monks; nay, more, there was not a single want of mankind, or a mode by which they could be benefited, that these calumniated men did not combine into associations to supply. Were youth to be educated, they were the teachers; were books to be written, or translated, or multiplied, they performed the work; were the poor to be relieved, they were the almoners; were the sick to be tended, they were the physicians and visitors; were widows and orphans to be provided for, the monks were their guardians; were travellers to be protected, guided, and entertained in the midst of wildernesses, and on the tops of mountains, the monks formed associations to perform this humane duty; were bridges to be erected over impassable fords and rivers, these men combined to build them—the noblest bridge in all Europe, that of Avignon, over the Rhine, was erected by the labor and collections of these charitable monks; were churches, monasteries, and schools, to be built, they formed into holy brotherhoods for the purpose. If this be not true, then the history of Europe is a huge lie! The society of Freemasons, for the building of bridges, roads, &c. &c., was first heard of in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and was established by one of those religious orders, though it has long since ceased to *build*.

Now, we shall trace the Irish monks, step after step, through Europe, erecting churches and forming religious congregations every where through that continent.

The first Christian edifice erected for divine worship, in England, was built by Irish architects at *Withern*, anno 603. "For the Anglo-Saxons," says Bede, "were partly converted to Christianity by Irish missionaries before the arrival of St. Austin, in 597." The same architects, who built *Withern*, were then employed to build old St. Paul's, in London, in 610, on the site of the temple of Diana. We have the authority of Turner, and other English historians, to say that St. Wilfrid, bishop of York, who built the church of Hexham, in 674, sent to Ireland for architects to construct it. In fact, as Dr. Johnson remarks, "Ireland was then the school of the west, in every art and science;" and to her taste and authority, in matters of style, the Saxons and Goths of England and Germany cheerfully deferred.

Dr. Milner, *an Englishman*, remarks, "*Can we suppose that the tutors of the English, French, and Germans, in the learned languages, the sciences, and music, as the Irish are known to have been during four centuries, were incapable to build plain round towers of stone?*" And the doctor might have added, the most finished temples of arched and pointed architecture. In the Island of Hy, (Iona,) St. Columbe Kille and his Irish monks built that famous monastery, from which the north of England was instructed in architecture, literature, and Christianity; for there were several monasteries erected in connection with the house of Hy, and after the same model. The style of that architecture, as noticed by the writer in the *London Athenæum*, whom I have quoted, is "directly connected with the architecture of Ireland." "The monastery of Lindisfarne was built," says the Royal English Encyclopædia, "by Irishmen, under *St. Finan*, in the beginning of the sixth century." It was built of split oak, but the *shape* was afterwards imitated in stone. The abbey of Malmesbury was founded and built by the Irish monk *Maidulphus*, in the seventh century. It is the oldest existing building in England of that style, and, according to the English Elmes, displays all the main features of arched architecture, which is now called Gothic. The English Turner, in his *History of Arts and Sciences*, says, "Aldhelm had continued his studies at Malmesbury, where *Maidulphus, an Irishman*, had founded a monastery." \* — Vol. II.

\* At this very monastery it was that the Irish missionaries first presented to the illiterate Saxons the rudiments of literature, science, architecture, and music, and even the very forms of the letters used in writing the English language to this day.



*Gallus*, an Irish monk, built the monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, in connection with which several other monasteries afterwards subsisted, about anno 630. *Dichuill*, an Irish monk, built the monastery of *Luttwa*, in France, and received grants of land from the French monarch Clotaire the Second, anno 650. The monastery *Centula*, in Pontheed, was built by Caidoc, to whom a splendid tomb was erected, on which was engraved, with golden letters, the following: "To whom Ireland gave birth, and the Gallic land a grave." St. *Fursa*, from Ireland, built the monastery of *Lagny*, near the River Marne, in France, anno 650. In *Brabant*, the brothers of St. *Fursa*, *Ultan* and *Foillan*, built a monastery about the same time, which was long called the Monastery of the Irish." St. *Fridolin* fixed himself and his monks on the then uninhabited island in the Rhine, called *Seckingen*, where he built a monastery, anno 590. The Prince *Dagobert*, of Strasburg, in the seventh century, who, like many of the German and Saxon princes, was educated in Ireland, brought with him several Irish monks, who built churches throughout his dominions. The Irish *Virgilius* raised the splendid *Basali* of Saltzburg, anno 750.

The great church of Europe, erected by Charlemagne, at *Aix-la-chapelle*, was built by Irish monks brought from the abbey of St. Gall; and the chief architect, feeling a deep veneration for the old round towers of his native country, erected one of the same kind, in connection with the church, in the very heart of Europe, — the only one, indeed, to be found throughout that continent.

The most distinguished specimen of old Gothic architecture, in Portugal, is the church of the convent of Batallia, which was constructed by AN IRISH ARCHITECT. — See *Hoskings*, in *Adams's and Black's Arts*, Edinburgh edition, page 21.

Here are proofs, and I have many more, that in Scotland, England, Germany, France, and Portugal, the Irish monks erected generally the first Christian churches and monasteries. The very forms of those churches, so closely modeled after the erections in their native land, wonderfully coincide. And when we add to all this the swarms of foreigners from every part of Europe, who came to Ireland, for four or five centuries, to be educated, and who returned to their own countries with vivid impressions of her architecture and science, we account for the spread of the Irish style of building in so rapid and general a manner throughout Europe.

"WHO, SIR," says the English Dr. Milner, "WERE THE LUMINARIES OF THE WESTERN WORLD WHEN THE SUN OF SCIENCE HAD ALMOST SET UPON IT? WHO WERE THE INSTRUCTORS OF NATIONS,

DURING FOUR WHOLE CENTURIES, BUT THE IRISH CLERGY? TO THEM YOU ARE INDEBTED FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE BIBLE, THE FATHERS, AND THE CLASSICS; IN SHORT, OF THE MEANS BY WHICH YOU YOURSELVES HAVE ACQUIRED WHATEVER LITERATURE YOU POSSESS."

"*Gildas*, the first British historian, studied for a long time, in the sixth century, at St. Patrick's Seminary, at Armagh, as did *Agilbert*, the French divine, in the succeeding century, who was the second bishop of the West Saxons. Soon after this, we find great numbers of our countrymen, poor as well as rich, flocking to Ireland as to a general mart of literature. At length, a residence in Ireland, like a residence now at a university, was considered as almost essential to establish a literary character.

"I cannot forbear quoting from Camden the lines which he extracted from the Life of St. Sulgenius, who flourished in the eighth century: —

'Exemplo patrum, commotus amore legendi,  
Ivit ad Hibernos, sophiâ mirabile claros.'"

Such, in fact, was the case, and, to come to the point, we CHALLENGE EUROPE TO SHOW SO OLD AND SUCH BEAUTIFUL specimens of the *arched* and *pointed* architecture, as we can show in these two churches I have adduced, namely, Cormac's Chapel, built 880, and Holy Cross, built 1110, and in others, which are falling to ruin.

"Stone buildings," says the Royal Encyclopædia, "were very rarely built in England in the *eighth and ninth ages*. When any such buildings were erected, they were the objects of much admiration," (*wonder*.)

"When Alfred the Great, towards the end of the ninth century, formed the design of rebuilding his ruined cities, churches, and monasteries, he was obliged to bring many of his artificers from foreign countries." The church of St. Peter's, at Oxford, built by him, is so evidently a copy from Cormac's Chapel, of Cashell, that we need but point the artist's eye to the form and features of both, to ascertain from whence Alfred, who was educated in Ireland, drew his architects, artisans, and models.

"It was not till after the Norman conquest that the English began to build generally with stone arches. *Stowe* relates that Mauritius, bishop of London, about the eleventh century, began the foundation of the new church of St. Paul upon arches of stone — a manner of work unknown to the English."

\* Letters of Dr. Milner from Ireland; Letter I. 1808.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, all London was built of wood, and covered with reeds and thatch; and there is still, or was, not long ago, the remnant of one of these preserved for its singular antiquity, and converted into a tavern, called the "Thatched-house Tavern." The old "*Bow Church*" of London, built 1077, was so called because it was built upon the new principles of arches of stone, and was, therefore, called *St. Mary-le-bow*. And Stradford Bridge, the first stone arched bridge built in England, was, from the same circumstance, called *Stradford-le-bow*. See *Stowe's Survey*.

After the Norman conquest, William and his son Rufus, to occupy the minds of the people, began in every direction the building of grand churches, in the pointed style.

A short time before Murchard O'Brien's death, William Rufus sent to request he would allow him to cut timber in the Irish forests. "The fair green, or commune," says Hanmer, "now called Ostmon-town Green, was all wood; and hee that diggith, at this day, to any depth, shall finde the ground full of great rootes. From thence, anno 1098, King William Rufus, by license of Murchard, had that frame which made up the rooffe of Westminster Hall, where no *English spider webbeth or breedeth to this day.*" — *Chronicle of England*.

Salisbury Cathedral is the first complete erection in the pointed arched style that was built in England, finished in 1258, evidently after the style of *Holy Cross*, in Ireland, which was built one hundred and fifty years previously.

Painted glass was not introduced into England until about the year 1250, nor generally till 1400, though it was common in Ireland four hundred years before. The windows of the cathedrals then began to be enlarged, divided into several lights by stone mullions, running into ramifications above, which were filled with painted representations, on the glass, of saints, martyrs, kings, which made, says an old writer, "a most glorious history."

It will not do to tell us, that this arched and pointed architecture, was introduced to Europe by the crusaders or the knights templars. They had it in Ireland in the ninth and tenth centuries, whereas the crusaders did not return from the East till the *twelfth*; nor were the knights templars established until 1148; and the first church they built was their own, at Paris, 1222, which was paid for by their treasurer.

Nor can this style be credited to the Saracens, as some have very unlearnedly done; for ELMES and others tell us that the oldest specimens of this style, of Saracen origin, which can be referred to, are the walls

of Alexandria, built in 878 by the Caliph Montatowakkel. There are some buildings, in the East, of the twelfth century, erected by the Sultan *Saladin*, (whose real name was Joseph.) The Moorish buildings in this style are few and poor, and the dates of their erection uncertain. There are no buildings of this character to be found in the East of a date any thing so early as those to be found in Ireland. If there be, let them be pointed out, and proof of their age be given.

After the conquest of Constantinople by the Mahometans, in the fifteenth century, every mosque was constructed in imitation of the Christian churches, to which they added adornments of their own, consisting of slender, lofty minarets, diversified in style and ornament by each succeeding sultan. Wherever the army of the Mahometans triumph, they convert the Christian churches into mosques for their own use. This was the case in Portugal and Spain. It is undeniable that in Asia Minor, Syria, Arabia, Persia, and on to India, the pointed arch may be seen occasionally. But they are modern erections.

The Irish cannot claim the honor of originating the *arch* and *column*, which were in use in Phœnicia and Egypt before Ireland was probably inhabited ; but, as he who improves an invention is, to a certain extent, to be deemed an inventor himself, so the Irish, having brought the arch and column to the highest degree of architectural development, consistent with real beauty, and as no other nation can show claims, equaling theirs, to that honor, so they must be deemed the originators of that style which, from the eighth to the fourteenth century, was adopted by all Europe, and carried to such extraordinary degrees of refinement.

If the structures of Ireland were not as colossal as those of her neighbors, it should be remembered that they built them from their own resources, and by their own labor. The palaces of pagan Rome were built by the captives she dragged thither from all countries, and by the plunder of defenceless and unoffending nations. Most of the great temples of Europe were raised by leaning on communities distant from the place of their erection ; but Ireland never built her temples by the pillage of any nation. Her churches and temples are comparatively small ; but, then, how beautiful they are ! They were built to worship in them the true God. Their aspect, as they look down upon us in placid grandeur, is sublime. Every aisle, every column, arch and porch, every window, proclaim them houses of prayer. A New Zealander, or Hottentot, if brought into one of these ruins, would pronounce it a house of the "Great Spirit."



The Grecian was the style for state or revelry, the Irish for prayer. The elements of the Irish are spires, pinnacles, lofty arched and pointed windows, and *elevation*, as opposed to the square, angular, flat, and *horizontal* style of the Greeks.

"It is difficult," says the Royal English Encyclopædia, "for the noblest Grecian temple to convey half so many impressions on the mind as a cathedral does, of the best Gothic [Irish] character—a proof of skill in the architects and priests who erected them. The latter exhausted their knowledge of the passions in composing edifices whose pomp, mechanism, vaults, tombs, painted windows, and perspectives, infused such sensations of exalted devotion. We must have taste to be sensible of the beauties of Grecian architecture. We only want passions to feel and appreciate those of Gothic, [Irish.] In St. Peter's or St. Paul's, we are convinced they were built by great princes. In the cathedrals of Gothic [Irish] construction, we think not of the builders, but of religion."

In truth, Ireland, before her fall in the twelfth century, brought this arched and pointed style to the highest desirable point of perfection, uniting in itself the three great essentials in architecture, *strength*, *grace*, and *richness*.

During the reigns of the first three Henrys of England, the angles of the arch were formed very acute, and the arch, if it could be so called, was hardly discernible. During the reigns of the first three Edwards, the arch was formed by an equilateral triangle, running from the points where the arch sprang, to its key-stone. During the period from Henry the Sixth to Henry the Eighth, the arch of the roofs and windows was brought down again to Cormac's standard. Dr. Wharton described three changes in style, as *stages* in this style of architecture, viz., the *simple*, the *ornamental*, and the *florid*.

In the sixteenth century, during the reign of Elizabeth, when the leaders of the reformation had seized upon the temples, colleges, and monasteries, of Ireland and England, and the *lands* attached to them, — when they would cry down the former occupants of these venerable dwellings, and when, indeed, they blew up many of them from the foundation with gunpowder, — then the Irish *style* of building was cried down. Sir William Wotton wrote against it. He called it *Gothic*, which word meant, in England, any thing ruffianly or savage. Sir Christopher Wren, the English architect of the seventeenth century, called this style "a gross concameration of heavy,

melancholy, and monkish piles." How intellectual this man was! It was he who frowned upon Westminster Abbey, St. Stephen's Chapel, York Minster, and Salisbury Cathedral, and who, when he attempted to imitate this style, made so many blunders. See his works in this line, and those of Inigo Jones, in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, the steeple at Warwick, King's Bench in Westminster, &c.

Italian architects were about this time encouraged to come into England, to construct ecclesiastical buildings upon *new* principles. There was no *new* principle in architecture, but there were some *compounds* which prevailed in parts of the continent, especially in Venice and Rome. These compounds were classed in five orders by the Romans, and revived by Palladio, the Italian writer, about the sixteenth century, and were introduced into England by Inigo Jones soon after. The style of architecture changed in England with each new class of religious reformers. The Roundheads knocked down the erections of Elizabeth and Charles. These were again scouted at the restoration of Charles the Second, and from that period to the time of George the First, all was a blank in English architecture.

In Ireland, during that long period of tears and blood, — a period which stains the blackest annals of humanity, — no progress was made in architecture; no progress, alas! in any thing but the works of confiscation and blood. Her venerable piles were battered down by the cannon of Elizabeth and Cromwell. But towards the middle of the eighteenth century, Ireland began again to put forth her architectural skill. Her classic soil, studded over by the mouldering ruins of her greatness, afforded her men of genius schools and models for the design and construction of piles of modern beauty. From the very day that Molyneux emitted the spark of nationality in his celebrated "Inquiry," (even *one* man can rouse and elevate a nation,) the architectural genius of Ireland budded forth anew. In 1727, the Parliament-House of Ireland was commenced. It was completed in 1787, and is esteemed the most perfect and beautiful Ionic structure in Europe. The architects were Irish, and so were the workmen.\* The Dublin Custom-House was commenced in 1787. This is considered the most beautiful public building in the British empire. It is raised in a very grand Doric style, surmounted by a magnificent dome, and the interior groined with arches. It covers two Irish acres. The Four Courts, the Royal Exchange, and the Rotunda, are all, in their way, unequalled in the British

\* A front view of this noble structure will be found at the end of this lecture.

dominions. They were Irishmen who designed and erected all but one of those splendid monuments of genius and freedom. These national structures grew up in Ireland under the sunshine of her native parliament. The old ones, that smile on us with the wisdom of a thousand years, grew up under her kings. They are *all* the growth of a NATION, the symbols of a NATION, and the trumpets which call the lifeless into action for their restoration to NATIONAL purposes.

The Irish architects of the present day are not inferior to their countrymen of any age, as evidenced by the living artists now *at the head of the profession* in *Ireland, England, and America*.

As I have made no claim, in this entire work, in behalf of my countrymen, without having substantial grounds for it, so, when I allege that Irishmen are at the head of the profession of architects in England and America, I mean to prove it. When, about five years ago, the Parliament House of England was burned to the ground, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to superintend the erection of a new one; designs and specifications were advertised for by that committee; *three hundred* designs and plans were sent them by as many aspirants for the honor. These plans came from architects of every European nation. To the honor of Ireland, the preference was given to the plan of Mr. BARRY, a native of the south of Ireland; and the execution of the work was accordingly placed under his superintendence.

The most beautiful piece of architecture on the surface of America is the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans. This has been admitted by hundreds of thousands of the natives of this country. It was erected, in 1837, by a joint stock company, at a cost of nine hundred thousand dollars; and its architect, who is still living, is an excellent Irishman, Mr. GALLIER, (*Gallagher*,) of New Orleans. The *White House*, at Washington, was erected by an Irish architect, Mr. HOBAN, father of the learned and eloquent lawyer, J. Hoban, Esquire, of that city. And here, in Boston, I find the granite front of the Exchange has been elegantly sculptured by another of my countrymen, named Barry.

I have seen the brilliant monuments of their genius in many of the railroads and canals of Pennsylvania and New York. The invention of Mr. JOHN DOUGHERTY, for taking boats, full of merchandise and passengers, out of the canal, carrying them over the Alleghany Mountains, and lodging them safely in the Western Canal, is surely one of the greatest inventions of modern times. The stupendous works between Philadelphia and Pottsville, and the magnificent locks at Lockport,

on the Erie Canal, erected under the scientific superintendence of Irishmen, are evidence that the unextinguishable genius of Ireland has been transmitted, in the buoyant blood of her children, to the present generation, and cause me to exclaim, in the language of one of her brightest sons in exile, John Augustus Shea, —

“Well may ye exult o’er the tyrannous slaves  
Who, crushing your freedom, would rob ye of fame;  
Would curse the fair sunlight that blesses your waves,  
And deny ye, ’mid nations, the right of a name.

“Look down with contempt on their impotent hate!  
Show the world that beholds ye, that, even in chains,  
Far more of the genius that maketh men great,  
With *you*, than with *them* in their *glory*, remains.

“When the Saxon, degraded and trampled, lay down,  
And trembled to every foeman that came,\*  
The universe rang with your lofty renown,  
And Fancy stood mute in the light of your fame.

“Disdaining the barriers, — fetters and fire,  
And malice and prejudice, — all that could bind,  
With what strength does Hibernia still upward aspire,  
*Supreme in the proud competition of mind!*

“Day by day do thy great ones go down to the grave,  
But thy genius expires not; but soars like the morn,  
When it rises, pavilioned in light, from the wave,  
As glorious as though but that moment ’twere born.

“Where, where through the universe, varied and vast,  
Can empire, or kingdom, or nation, present  
Such genius as even in bondage thou hast,  
Which brightened, like sunlight, wherever it went?

“By reedy Eurotas no braver e’er trod,  
When Greece, ’gainst all Persia, stood up in her pride,  
And Pallas awoke in each bosom a god,  
Than at Liberty’s summons can rise at thy side.

“Nor e’er did Castalia’s fountain of song  
More soul-stirring rapture of melody pour,  
Than beareth the spirit of Erin along  
In the music and light of the genius of MOORE.

\* Nec fuit inventus quispiam qui hostibus obviaret. — *Matthew of Westminster.*



“And Painting and Sculpture live, breathe, at thy will;  
And the Drama, which mankind’s dark history unscrolls,  
Which readeth our hearts with mysterious skill;  
The Priest of her Universe Temple, is KNOWLES.

“And doth it not quicken the pulse and the blood  
Of an Irishman’s heart, to remember the day  
When GRATTAN, BURKE, SHERIDAN, CURRAN, and FLOOD,  
In supremacy shone — a refulgent array?

“In poetry, eloquence, learning, our land  
Retaineth her empire, and these shall live on,  
Like the nature-built ramparts that circle her strand,  
When the whirlwinds that sweep round her glory are gone.

There’s a cheering vitality o’er and within  
Her children and her, that defieth decay;  
And what may we hope not from that which has been,  
Which no treasure could buy, and no Judas betray?

“But who can look over the billows’ bright foam,  
And cast his glad eyes on that cluster of men  
Who are struggling to give back to Erin a home, —  
A dwelling for orators, jurists, — again; —

“But must feel that the days of her glory return,  
Revived by O’CONNELL, O’BRIEN, O’NEILL;  
O, cold is the heart that won’t vividly burn,  
In patriot flame, for the cause of REPEAL.

“Then, Erin, exult o’er the tyrannous slaves  
Who, crushing your freedom, would rob you of fame;  
Would curse the fair sunlight that blesses your waves,  
And deny ye, ’mid nations, the right of a name.”

## LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

BY MOORE.

GRAND AND SPIRITED.

1. Let E - rin re - mem - ber the days of old,

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one flat) and common time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Ere her faith - less sons be - trayed her; When

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

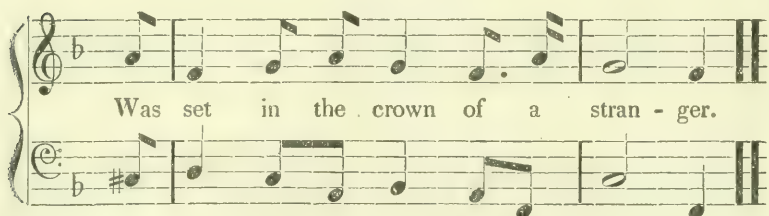
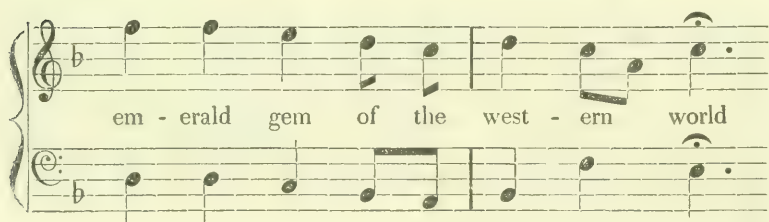
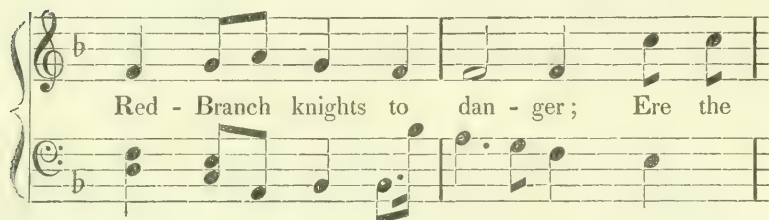
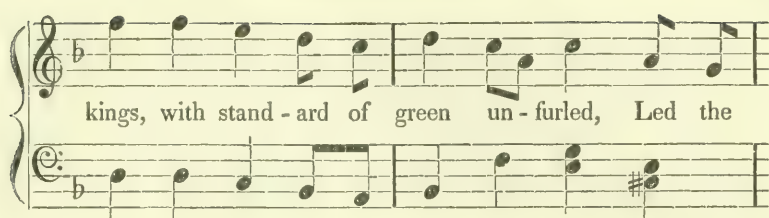
Mal - a - chy wore the col - lar of gold,\* Which he

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

won from her proud in - va - der. When her

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

\* "This brought on an encounter between Malachy, the monarch of Ireland, in the tenth century, and the Danes, in which Malachy defeated two of their cham-



## 2.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,\*  
When the clear, cold eve's declining,

pions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand,—taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory.”—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 9.

\* It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water.

He sees the round towers of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining!  
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;  
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time  
For the long-faded glories they cover!

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## YOUGHALL HARBOR.





## THE LAMENTATION OF CONNAUGHT.

(GAIR NA CONACTNAC.)



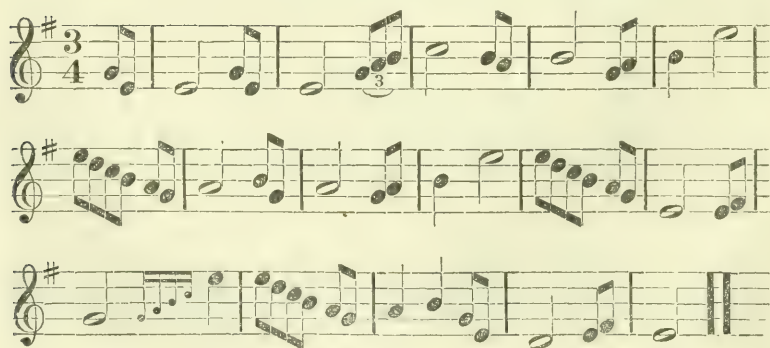
## THE YOUTH WITH THE FAIR FLOWING LOCKS.

(CAIL FIONN, OR COULIN.)



## THE HUMORS OF LEINSTER.

(SPECA GAILLINAC.)

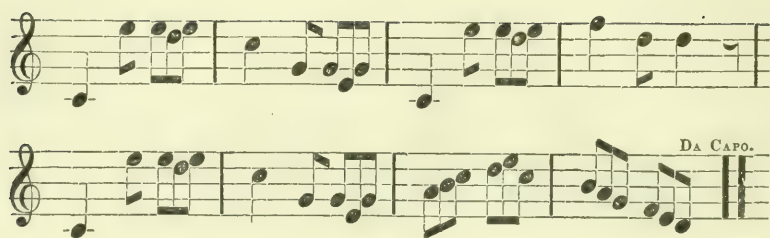


## JACKSON'S DELIGHT.



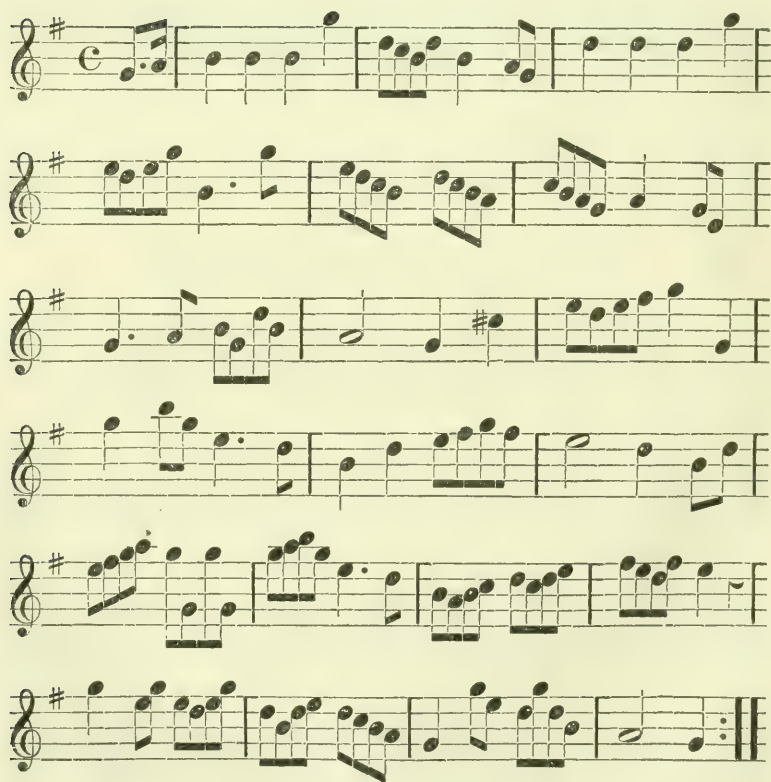
## ROKEBY, OR CAPTAIN WYAKE.





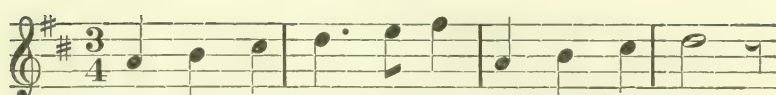
## WOOD'S LAMENTATION.

BY CAROLAN.





## EILEEN A ROON.



1. Blind to all else but thee, Ei - leen a Roon;



My eyes on - ly ache to see Ei - leen a



Roon; My ears ban - quet on thy praise,  
My dove of all the grove thou art; With -



Pride and pleas - ure of my days! Source of all my  
- out thee sickness wastes my heart; Who can a - lone the



hap - pi - ness! Ei - leen a Roon!  
cure im - part? Ei - leen a Roon!

## 2.

Break not, for king or throne,  
Eileen a Roon,  
The vows that made thee mine alone,  
Eileen a Roon!  
Venus of my every vow!  
Brightest star on heaven's brow!  
My Helen, without stain, art thou,  
Eileen a Roon!  
My rose, my lily, both confessed;  
My treasure, all I wish, possessed,

The hearted secret of my breast,  
Eileen a Roon!

## 3.

With thee, o'er seas I'd sport my way,  
Eileen a Roon!  
Never, never from thee stray,  
Eileen a Roon!  
I'd wander o'er thy honeyed lip;  
With love tales charm thee on the deep;  
Then lull thee on my breast to sleep,  
Eileen a Roon!  
To valleys green I'd stray with thee;  
By murmuring rill, and whispering tree;  
The birds will our wild minstrels be,  
Eileen a Roon!

## 4.

With more than human passion warms,  
Eileen a Roon,  
I'd fold thee in these raptured arms,  
Eileen a Roon!  
Press thee, kiss thy bosom's snow;  
Round thee all my fondness throw,  
Joys that only lovers know,  
Eileen a Roon!  
Heaven beams in all thine eye,  
Spotless star of modesty!  
Ere I deceive thee, may I die,  
Eileen a Roon!

## 5.

A hundred thousand welcomes,\*  
Eileen a Roon!  
A hundred thousand welcomes,  
Eileen a Roon!  
O! welcome, evermore,  
With welcomes yet in store,  
Till life and love are o'er,  
Eileen a Roon!

\* *Ceathe Miela Failthe*, which means a hundred thousand welcomes, is a frequent phrase of hospitality used in Ireland.

## FÁG AN BEALAC.\*

By C. G. Duffy, of the "Nation."

ALLEGRO.

1. "Hope no more for fa-ther-land; All its ranks are

thinned or broken;" Long a base and coward band

Re-creant words like these have spoken; But we preach a

\* *Fág an Bealac!* "Clear the road!" or, as it is vulgarly spelt, *Faugh a Bal-lagh*, was the cry which the clans of Connaught and Munster used in battle. The regiments raised in the South and West took their old shout with them to the Continent. The 87th, or Royal Irish Fusileers, from their use of it, went generally by the name of "*The Faugh a Bollagh Boys.*" "Nothing," says Napier, in his History of the Peninsular War,— "nothing so startled the French soldiery as the wild yell with which the Irish regiments sprang to the charge." And never was that haughty and intolerant shout raised in battle, but a charge, swift as thought and fatal as flame, came with it, like a rushing incarnation of *Fág an Bealac!*

land a - wo - ken! Father-land is true and tried,

As your fears are false and hollow; Slaves and dastards,

stand a - side! Knaves and traitors, *Fåg an bea-lac!*

*ff*  
Knaves and trai-tors, *Fåg an bea-lac!*

## 2.

Know, ye suffering brethren ours,  
 Might is strong, but Right is stronger;  
 Saxon wiles, or Saxon powers,  
 Can enslave our land no longer  
 Than your own dissensions wrong her;



Be ye one in might and mind ;  
Quit the mire where cravens wallow ;  
And your foes shall flee like wind  
From your fearless *Fág an bealac* !

## 3.

Thus the mighty multitude  
Speak, in accents hoarse with sorrow :—  
“ We are fallen, but unsubdued ;  
Show us whence we hope may borrow,  
And we'll fight your fight to-morrow !  
Be but cautious, true, and brave,  
Where ye lead us we will follow ;  
Hill and valley, rock and wave,  
Shall echo back our *Fág an bealac*.

## 4.

“ Fling our sun-burst to the wind,  
Studded o'er with names of glory ;  
Worth, and wit, and might, and mind,  
Poet young, and patriot hoary,  
Long shall make it shine in story.  
Close your ranks—the moment's come—  
*Now*, ye men of Ireland, follow !  
Friends of freedom, charge them home !  
Foes of freedom, *Fág an bealac* !”

## TAKE HENCE THE BOWL.

BY MOORE.

WITH MELANCHOLY FEELING.

1. Take hence the bowl; though beam - ing

Bright - ly as bowl e'er shone,

O! it but sets me dream - ing Of

days, of nights, now gone.

There, in its clear re - flec - tion, As

in a wiz - ard's glass,

Lost hopes and dead af - fec - tion, Like

shades be - fore me pass.

## 2.

Each cup I drain brings hither  
 Some friend who once sat by ;  
 Bright lips, too bright to wither ;  
 Warm hearts, too warm to die !  
 Till, as the dream comes o'er me,  
 Of those long-vanished years,  
 Then, then the cup before me  
 Seems turning all to tears !

## ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

BY MOORE.

1. Farewell, farewell to thee, Ar - a - by's daughter;

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, a quarter note C5, and eighth notes B4-A4. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with a half note G3 and a half note F3.

Thus warbled a pe - ri be - neath the dark sea; No

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff shows eighth notes G4-A4, a quarter note B4, eighth notes A4-G4, and a quarter note F4. The bass staff has a half note G3 and a half note F3.

pearl ev - er lay under Oman's green wa - ter, More

The third system continues the melody. The treble staff shows eighth notes G4-A4, a quarter note B4, eighth notes A4-G4, and a quarter note F4. The bass staff has a half note G3 and a half note F3.

pure in its shell than thy spir - it in thee. A -

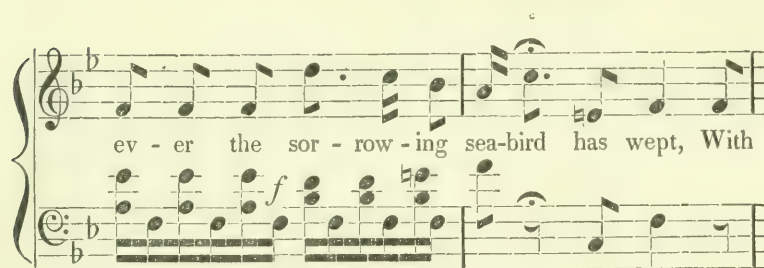
The fourth system continues the melody. The treble staff shows eighth notes G4-A4, a quarter note B4, eighth notes A4-G4, and a quarter note F4. The bass staff has a half note G3 and a half note F3.



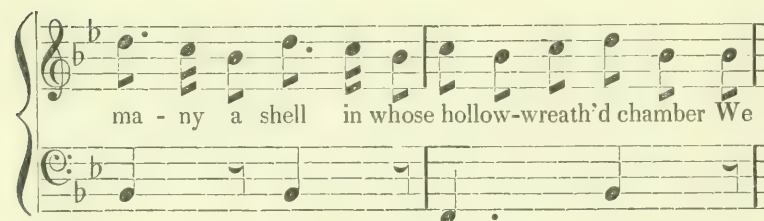
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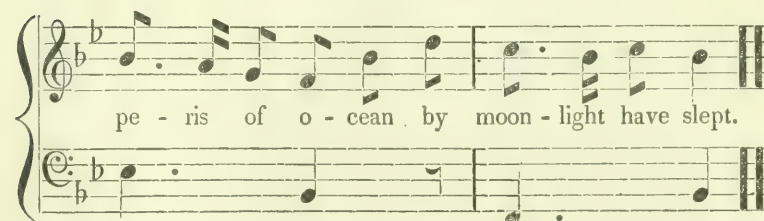
- round thee shall glis - ten the love - li - est amber That



ev - er the sor - row - ing sea-bird has wept, With



ma - ny a shell in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber We



pe - ris of o - cean by moon - light have slept.

## 2.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero, forget thee,  
 Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start;  
 Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,  
 Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart!  
 Around thee shall glisten, &c.

## LECTURE XIV.

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FROM A. D. 1016 TO 1509.

Resumption of the Narrative.—Reign of Malachy II.—Of Donough O'Brien.—Of Turlogh O'Brien.—Names of seventeen Irish Kings who reigned in four hundred Years.—Condition of England.—Englishmen bought as Slaves.—Edward the Confessor.—William of Normandy, “the Conqueror,” enslaves the English.—Abolishes the Saxon Language.—Origin of Barons.—State of Wales and Scotland.—Affairs of Ireland.—King Turlogh O'Connor.—The ancient Manufactures of Ireland.—Manufacturing in Europe.—Roderick O'Connor crowned Monarch of Ireland.—Dermot M'Murrough.—O'Ruark of Breffny.—Deposition of M'Murrough.—He flies to England.—Proposals to Henry II. and Strongbow: invites an Invasion of his Country.—Invaders routed by the Irish King.—Their Treachery.—Further Invasions.—Battle of Wexford.—Progress of the Invaders.—Their Compromise with the King.—Strongbow lands.—Captures Waterford.—Invaders march on Dublin.—Alarm of the Irish.—Cause of Ireland's Weakness.—Strongbow recalled by Henry II.—Arrival of Henry II.—Conference at Cashell.—The Pope's Bull.—Submission of some Chiefs.—Henry returns to England.—Henry's Character.—The forged Bulls.—M'Murrough's Death.—Death of O'Ruark.—Poem of John Quincy Adams on this Invasion.—Reflections on this Invasion.—Henry's Treaty with the King of Ireland.—Henry II. did not conquer Ireland.—First Lord Deputy sent to Ireland.—Prince John.—Abdication of Roderick.—Death of Henry II.—King John.—Magna Charta.—Confusion of Tongues.—An Irish Champion.—Henry III. and Edward I. of England.—Wales annexed to England.—Wallace and Bruce of Scotland.—Inventions of this Age.—Bruce invited to Ireland.—Failure of the Enterprise.—Reign of Edward III. of England.—Penal Laws against the Irish.—“Irish Absentees.”—Ineffectual Efforts to conquer Ireland.—The Wars of York and Lancaster.—The O'Byrnes of Wicklow.—English pay Tribute to the Irish Chiefs.—Charge of Ignorance against the Irish refuted.—Donald O'Neill's Letter to the Pope.—Letter of the Duke of York.—Fall of Richard III.—Henry VII.—State of Ireland at this Time.—Poyning's Law.—Duties performed by the Clergy.

WE shall now resume the general history of Ireland at the epoch of the battle of Clontarf, anno 1016.

The Danes were effectually crushed in spirit by that memorable battle. No further attempts of any consequence were made by them upon Ireland. Their daring, adventurous leaders, having established themselves as masters over England, and over a considerable territory of

France, called *Normandy*, seemed to be content with those extensive domains, and to have given up all farther hopes of conquering a country, in which, during two hundred and forty years, so many millions of their choicest soldiers had been slain.

On the death of the illustrious Brien Boroinhe, and of his heroic son Murrough, with others of his children, on the field of Clontarf, the crown of Ireland was resumed by Malachi the Second.

The country gradually glided into a state of apathetic indifference to political rights, disturbed only by the ambitious efforts of the three great houses to possess the monarchy. These houses were long known as the southern O'Briens, the northern Hy Nials, and the Connaught Hybrunes, whose contentions with each other generated those commotions that rendered their country an easy prey, in the twelfth century, to another set of invaders, still more cruel, still more treacherous, than the Danes.

The eight years of Malachi's reign were devoted to arts of peace and works of improvement. At his death, the chief government of Ireland was assumed by the reigning prince of Munster, Donough O'Brien, otherwise Donat, or Denis, son of Brien Boroinhe. A portion only of the nation obeyed him. His reign was, however, peaceful. The princes of the other provinces were satisfied with governing their own subjects, without disputing with him the supreme authority; but, being suspected of having been accessory to the death of Thadeus, his eldest brother, he was dethroned by the nobles of the kingdom, and reduced to the rank of a private individual, which induced him to undertake a pilgrimage to Rome, according to the habit of those ancient times. Here he spent the remainder of his life in St. Stephen's monastery, and died at the age of eighty-eight years, having presented the crown and harp of his father to the pope. After his abdication, the crown of Ireland was preserved by *Dermot*, as the regent, or protector, for the young *Turlogh O'Brien*, grandson of the illustrious Brien of Clontarf. Dermot had to assume sovereign sway, to raise armies, to fight battles for his ward, which history informs us he did most valiantly.

At length, in the year 1072, *Turlogh O'Brien* was installed on the throne of Tara as monarch of Ireland. He was a prince of considerable abilities, courage, and piety, and approached to, or closely imitated the virtues of his illustrious grandsire.

He, at his death, was succeeded by his son MURTAGH, who died 1101, having previously retired to a monastic life.

From the reign of Aodth the Fourth, in the eighth century, to that of

Roderick O'Connor, in the twelfth, there reigned seventeen kings in a space of about four hundred years, which gave an average reign of near thirty years to each. They were as follows: *Connor, Nial III., Malachi I., Hugh VI., Flan, Nial IV., Congalach, Malachi II., Brien Boroinhe, Donough O'Brien, Dermot*, the regent, *Turlogh O'Brien, Moriathach O'Brien, Donhald Magloughlin, Turlogh O'Connor, Moriathach Magloughlin*, and *Roderick O'Connor*.

The reigns of some of these latter kings were, in every respect, what a Christian people could admire; and there are many records existing of letters which had frequently been sent by the archbishops of Canterbury to Turlogh O'Brien, of a highly laudatory character.

It is necessary that we now take a hasty glance at the political and social condition of England about this period, that we may the better understand the roots of those organic changes which shortly after took place in both kingdoms.

From the period of the Saxon butchery, in 476, to the Danish invasion of England, in the beginning of the ninth century, the government of England was divided into eight principalities, between the Saxon princes, which they called the *heptarchy*. A separate king reigned over the ancient Britons, who inhabited the Welsh mountains. Scotland, on the north, had its independent king.

The ravages of the Danes, and their final conquest of England, in the ninth century, broke up the frame of the Saxon government. The whole nation became subject to the Danes, who ingrafted themselves on the soil, and married into the older Saxon families, and thus became, as it were, by sufferance, the rulers of England.

Alfred, during the latter part of his life, totally hunted them from his soil; but, after his death, they returned, and, under *Canute* and other Danish chieftains, England was brought again under the subjection of the Danish rulers.

At this time, the English Saxons were bought and sold as slaves by their conquerors. The price of a slave was quadruple that of an ox. Slaves and cattle formed the living money; they passed current in the payment of debts, and also in the purchase of property and commodities. — See *Wade's Recent History of England*.

In the year 1042, on the death of Hardicanute, without issue, the crown of England, by will, came to the hands of the celebrated *Edward*, a monk, called the *Confessor*, who was brother of one of the



previous Saxon princes. By the accession of this monk, the Saxon line was restored in England.

EDWARD was a religious, learned monk, who, though thus being unexpectedly called from his cloister to govern a nation, displayed great wisdom, talents, and fitness for the trust.

Having been educated in Normandy, he preferred the Normans to the highest posts of honor and command. He gathered together the old Saxon laws and customs, which they had derived principally from Ireland. These, together with the Psalter, or Doomsday Book, commenced by Alfred, after the model of the Psalter of *Tara*, he had carefully transcribed in the Latin language, which compilation contains the great landmarks of the British constitution. It is that work to which constitutional lawyers are prone to refer, for precedents of social regulations. He built many churches in England, amongst others, Westminster Abbey, demolished by Henry the Third, but since rebuilt. He reigned twenty-three years; and at his death, 1066, the crown of England was claimed by Harold, son of the Danish *Earl Godwin*.

This claim was contested by *Tosti*, assisted by Harold's brother, who met Harold with their respective forces on the plains near Stanford bridge, when a great carnage took place, the field being whitened, for fifty years after, by the bones of the slain. At this battle, Harold was victorious; but, in four days after it was fought, William, duke of Normandy, landed on the Sussex coast, with a powerful army. *Harold* at the time was seated at a banquet, in York, surrounded by his thanes, when news was brought of the arrival of a formidable competitor for the crown. They met at the celebrated field of Hastings, where *Harold's* forces were cut to pieces, himself slain, and William proclaimed king.

This took place on the 3d of October, 1066. That great victory, and the final triumph of William of Normandy, has been called the *Norman conquest*, by which England came under the rule of a new dynasty. \*

William claimed the crown of England, under the pretence of a promise of it made to him by Edward the Confessor, which claim he supported and established in the field. William the Conqueror proved a terrible scourge to England. He carried fire and sword into every part, and spared neither age nor sex, young nor old. Several risings were attempted in the course of his reign, but these he suppressed with great cruelty. He affected to hold England as a tributary province to Nor-

mandy ; and yet the man who got all this power was the illegitimate son of Robert, duke of Normandy, by the daughter of a tanner.

Speaking of his irruption into the north of England, *William*, the *Abbot of Malmesbury*, writing sixty years after the conquest, says, "From York to Durham, not an inhabited village remained ; fire, slaughter, and desolation, made it a vast wilderness, which it continues to this day."

William introduced the curfew law into England, which compelled the nation to put out their fires and candles at eight o'clock every night.

"It would be difficult to find in history," says an English writer, "a revolution more destructive, or attended with a more complete subjection of the ancient inhabitants. Contumely was added to oppression, and the unfortunate natives were universally reduced to such a state of servility, meanness, and poverty, *that, for ages, the English name became a term of reproach!*"\* And several generations passed away before one single family of Saxon pedigree was raised to any honor, or could attain the rank of baron, in the state.

The English language was abolished in the court of the king, and in those of law, and the French language substituted ; at length, William would suffer the youth of the nation to be instructed in no other than the French tongue. The English language was proclaimed and cried down by public and private act, in the same manner that the good Queen Bess tried to extinguish the Irish language, in the sixteenth century, which, however, has outlived her persecutions, and will outlive the power and dynasty of her tyrant successors. The pleadings in the law courts, from this time to the time of Edward the Third, anno 1340, and the acts of Parliament, were all written in the French language. Those Saxons, who wished to curry favor at court, helped to run down their native tongue, and bring it into contempt. Even so is it with some of the Irish at present, in reference to the language and customs of their native land.

"We'd think no slaves lived in the ancient reign,  
Did not some plain examples still remain."

The organic changes effected by this tyrant are beyond my limited space to even compress into a short recital. He demolished churches in every part of England, taking possession of their lands, which he appropriated to his hungry followers — a practice afterwards followed by his descendant, the rival monster, Henry the Eighth. He disarmed the

\* Wade.

English militia, and broke them up; he took possession of all the lands of England, which he divided into baronies, reserving fourteen hundred manors and estates to himself; the remainder he conveyed to about seven hundred of his followers, whom he honored by the title of *barons*.

The baronies were again let out to knights, or vassals, who paid the baron the same submission in peace or war which the baron paid to the king. The whole kingdom was put into the hands of about seven hundred chief tenants, and sixty thousand "knights' fees." None of the natives were admitted into the first class, but were glad to be admitted into the second, and be the willing vassal of some Norman master. The military of the kingdom was maintained by each of those chiefs as the first charge on their lands; and this is the origin of primogeniture in England, by which all the lands of that country were held after the conquest.

A curious piece of antique embroidered tapestry is yet preserved in the cathedral of *Bayeux*, in France. It is a piece of linen, four hundred and twenty feet long, and two feet wide, on which is worked the principal figures and most striking scenes of the Norman conquest; it was worked by women, chosen by Matilda, the conqueror's wife; and it accurately describes the dress of the heroes of that age. None of them wore stockings, and all wore wooden shoes. Wooden shoes were then worn by the greatest of the European princes.

About this time, the celebrated *Macbeth*, the hero of Shakspeare's tragedy, murdered Duncan, the king of Scotland, and usurped the crown. He was deposed by Malcolm, aided by Seward, earl of Northumberland. About the same period, Griffith ap Cynan, who was educated in Ireland, reigned king of the Welsh.

In this age began that remarkable movement, known as the "crusades," to which I have elsewhere alluded.

Such was the general state of Europe, of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, at the important epoch in Irish history which we are approaching.

We have now arrived at the year 1150, and we find Turlogh O'Connor, of the Connaught line, monarch of Meath, and the west and south of Ireland. From the events of his reign, the historians have drawn of this prince a high character. He was not only a great general, but a profound and accomplished politician; he protected trade, manufactures, letters, and religion; he had a strong passion for architecture, and built many great churches, castles, and bridges; he rebuilt

several causeys, and repaired and made many roads; he threw two spacious bridges across the River Shannon, one at Athlone, the other at Achochtha; he also established a new mint, and had money coined at *Cluon Macknoise*, — repaired the cathedral of Tuam, founded there a great priory; he punished crime severely; even his own son was loaded with irons for twelve months for some unstated crime; he founded and endowed several universities throughout Ireland; and left great wealth, by his will, to the churches and colleges.

About this time also were held several ecclesiastical synods in Ireland; the proceedings of which are more interesting to the priesthood than to the general reader, as they related to mere matters of discipline; they will be found detailed at copious length in Lannigan, Carew, or Gahan's *Ecclesiastical Histories*.

It may be proper here to take a glance at the manufacturing powers of Ireland and Europe about this period.

I have already shown that the people of Ireland manufactured the materials furnished by their mines, forests, flocks, and herds, into every necessary for their own use. I have adduced the holding of several fairs throughout Ireland, at which woollens, serges, flannels, and other textile fabrics, were brought forward for sale. I have shown the immense quantities of *iron* which were paid as revenue to their various kings: their gold and silver articles of ornament and use were of the highest finish, and display the proficiency of the workmen even to this day. We have heard of the beautiful colors imparted to their manufactures by the use of the marine insect called *buccani purpura*. This was known in Ireland five hundred years before the Christian era. We have seen that they manufactured silk for their chieftains' dresses, which are frequently described by the bards with remarkable precision. Amongst the articles of dress is noted the *silken shirt*.

In looking back upon those ages, if we see more attention given to the polite arts than to trade and manufactures, we must attribute this bias in the public mind to the universal spirit of chivalry which pervaded, in those times, every nation of Europe. It was then deemed mean to trade or traffic in articles of manufacture; such was then the prevalent feeling of Europe.

The celebrated *De Witt*, of Holland, writing of those ages, says, "Before this period, [*the tenth century*,] there were no merchants in all Europe, excepting a few in the republics of Italy, who traded with the Indian caravans of the Levant; or possibly there might have been found some merchants elsewhere, though but in few places, that carried



on an inland trade, so that each nation, to the northward and eastward, was forced to sow, build, and weave for itself; wherefore, in case of a superfluity of their people, they were compelled, by force of arms, (for want of provisions, and to prevent the effects of bad seasons, or hunger,) to conquer more land. Such circumstances produced the irruptions of the Celtæ, Cimbri, Scythians, Goths, Vandals, Huns, Franks, Burgundians, Normans, &c., who, till about the year 1000, were in their greatest strength; all which people, and, in a word, all that spoke Dutch or German, exchanged their superfluities, not for money, but, as it is related, thus — viz., two hens for a goose, two geese for a hog, three lambs for a sheep, three calves for a cow, so much oats for barley, so much barley for wheat, &c.; so that, excepting for eatables, there was neither barter nor traffic. The Flemings, lying nearest to France, were the first that began to earn their living by weaving, and sold the same in that fruitful land, where the inhabitants were not only able to feed themselves, but also, by the superfluous growth of their country, would put themselves into good apparel; which Baldwin, the count of Flanders, considered, about the year 960, considerably improved by establishing yearly fairs in several places without laying on any toll."

Such were the commerce and traffic of Europe in those ages. I have shown that Ireland had her great annual fairs ever since the days of Cormac, in the third century, and probably since the first settlement of the country by the Phœnicians; for it was, as I have shown under the head of "Architecture," the practice of the citizens of Tyre to hold frequently those great fairs, in which woollen cloth, serges, flannels, silks, and linens, were sold, also gold and silver ornaments, &c. Those "fairs" continue in Ireland to the present day. Fairs were not established generally in Europe until the ninth century. Somewhat later than the tenth century, the Flemings likewise supplied Germany with their draperies, and, later still, the countries more northerly.

England had no foreign commerce for many centuries after this period. The great bulk of her foreign trade was, for two hundred years, engrossed by the German merchants, who kept, in London, the celebrated Steelyard; and these Germans conducted all their traffic also in their own shipping. The British had not then either merchants or shipping, until the inhabitants of the cinque ports, lying opposite to France and Flanders, began, by degrees, to build ships of their own. About the middle of the fourteenth century, the English began to build ships, which Edward the Third very much encouraged. The great monarchs of Christendom concerned themselves, for many centuries,

only in the trade of war, and left the business of traffic altogether to smaller states.

I shall now, having given the reader a glance at the general state of Europe, come back to the affairs of Ireland, which country, at this time, was far ahead of the continental nations of Europe, in arts, sciences, letters, laws, religion, traffic.

In the year 1166, Roderick O'Connor, son to Turlogh the Great, assumed the title, and was saluted monarch of Ireland. He marched through the several provinces of the kingdom, and received the hostages and formal submission of its chiefs. And now took place that incident in our history that led to all the misfortunes which Ireland has endured from that day to the present.

Dermot M'Murrough O'Kavenagh, king of Leinster, nursed a passion for *Deargorville*, daughter of the king of Meath, and, though she was subsequently married to O'Ruark, prince of *Breffny*, or West Meath, yet their mutual affection was not extinguished by the separation consequent thereon. At length an opportunity offered which brought matters to a crisis. It was the practice, in those ages, for princes to go on long journeys to holy retreats in the performance of religious pilgrimages. O'Ruark had gone to Lough Dherg, a religious retreat in the north of Ireland, which was consecrated by St. Patrick, and which was frequented, for several centuries, by greater numbers than even the holy see itself. In the absence of *O'Ruark*, M'Murrough, the Leinster prince, carried off *Deargorville* to his own castle of Ferns, in Leinster. On the injured husband's return, his feelings, and those of his friends, were worked up to a high pitch of anger. His first act was to complain to the monarch Roderick. This he did in the following letter, translated by O'Halloran: —

*“ O'Ruark to Roderick the Monarch, health.*

“ Though I am sensible, most illustrious prince, that human adversities should be always supported with firmness and equanimity, and that a virtuous man ought not to distress or afflict himself on account of the levity, or inconstancy, of an imprudent female, yet, as this most horrible crime (of which I am fully satisfied) must have reached your ears before the receipt of my letters, and as it is a crime hitherto so unheard-of, as far as I can recollect, as never to be attempted against any king of Ireland, — severity impels me to seek justice, whilst charity admonishes me to forgive the injury. If you consider only the *dishonor*,

—*that*, I confess, is mine alone; if you reflect on the cause, it is common to us both; for what confidence can we place in our subjects, who are bound unto us by royal authority, if this lascivious destroyer of chastity shall escape unpunished after the commission of so flagitious a crime? The outrages of princes, so publicly and notoriously committed, if not corrected, become precedents of pernicious example to the people; in a word, you are thoroughly convinced of my affection and attachment to you; you behold me wounded with the shafts of fortune, and sorely distressed with the greatest afflictions: it only remains for me to request, as I am entirely devoted to you, that you will not only with your counsels assist, but with your arms revenge, these injuries, which torment and distract me. This, when you will, and as you will, I not only demand, but *require*, at your hands. Farewell!

“O’RUARK.”

Mr. Moore thinks that the outrage upon O’Ruark took place ten years before Roderick O’Connor came to the throne, and that Magloughlin, the monarch at that time, refused to take up his quarrel. Be that as it may, all the historians agree that Roderick O’Connor, in consequence of this appeal from O’Ruark, immediately called a national council, at which it was decreed that M’Murrough, for various crimes and enormities, was unworthy to reign longer over Leinster. An army was fitted out, and the command of it given to O’Ruark. He marched to the territories of M’Murrough, who made some feeble resistance; but, his friends and followers every where abandoning him, he sought safety in flight, and embarked, with about sixty followers, for Bristol. The unfortunate lady, the cause of all this war, flew to St. Bridget’s nunnery, in Kildare, where she passed the rest of her life in penitence.

The territories of *M’Murrough* were divided between the princes of *Ossory* and *Murcha*. The royal army returned, and proceeded to quell some rising in the north: that army amounted, we are told, to thirty-nine thousand foot and fourteen thousand horse.

King Roderick, who accompanied the expedition, returned to Tara, held a parliament there, and also the fair of Taltean, which lasted for a month, and which was surrounded with unusual splendor.

But while the Irish nation were thus enjoying the blessings of peace, they little suspected that a plot was hatching to disturb their tranquillity, and destroy their independence.

The exiled *M’Murrough*, after remaining some time in Bristol, repaired to Normandy, in the north of France, where Henry the Second,

king of England, then was sojourning. Henry was the fourth Norman king of England, after William the Conqueror. Between him and the Conqueror, there were William the Second, called *Rufus*, on account of his red hair, Henry the First, and Stephen.

*MMurrough* sought assistance from the English monarch to regain his lost dominion. Henry the Second gave him a favorable reception, heard his tale, but excused himself from, at present, engaging in his cause. *MMurrough* requested, at least, his permission to raise such volunteers amongst his subjects as he could procure. To this *Henry* consented, and issued in his favor the following proclamation, addressed to all his subjects of England, Wales, and Normandy : —

“Whereas Dermot, king of Leinster, most wrongfully, (as he informeth,) banished out of his own country, hath craved our aid, therefore, forasmuch as we have received him into our protection, grace, and favor, whoever, within our realms, subject unto our command, will aid and help him, whom we have embraced as our trusty friend, for the recovery of his land, let him be assured of our grace and favor.”

*MMurrough*, by sound of trumpet, had this proclamation frequently read in Bristol and some adjoining cities. He offered great rewards to such as would enlist under his banners ; but his progress was not encouraging. He then passed over to Wales, and applied to Richard, Earl of Strigul, commonly called *Strongbow*. He made considerable offers of lands in Ireland to the Welsh Norman chieftain, also offered him his daughter *Eva* in marriage, and the reversion of his kingdom, on his death, if, by his means and those of his friends, he should be restored to his dominions. This treaty was accepted by *Strongbow*, signed and sworn to on both sides, and *MMurrough* bound himself by oath, to give him, at a proper time, his daughter *Eva* in marriage ; but the exiled prince had not the power, by the Irish constitution, to will his kingdom to alien blood, or to any chief, contrary to the will of his people.

Two other Welsh chieftains, Robert Fitzstephen and Maurice Fitzgerald, entered into the project : one of these was promised the town of Wexford. With such forces as he could collect, *MMurrough* landed suddenly on the Irish coast, and seized on a portion of his old territories. *O'Ruark*, his mortal enemy, had notice of this, and was soon in arms to expel him, with the approbation of the monarch, Roderick O'Connor.

*MMurrough* then had recourse to negotiation. He made the most abject submission to King Roderick, and besought him to interpose his



good offices to appease the vengeance of O'Ruark, whom he confessed he had greatly injured ; and as the unhappy lady had long become a penitent sister of the holy nuns of Kildare, he begged for the enjoyment of a portion or pittance of his former patrimony.

His appeal, which was made through an eloquent ecclesiastic, was heard favorably, (unfortunately for Ireland.) He was allowed a large breadth of the lands of Wexford ; he delivered up seven hostages to the monarch, and presented O'Ruark with one hundred ounces of pure gold. Thus every thing appeared settled ; but alas for Ireland, that gave birth to such a traitor as *M'Murrough* !

Having now artfully gained a settlement and reëstablishment in his native country, forgetful of his oaths, or hostages, to the Irish monarch, he turned his whole energies and cunning to the base object of binding that native country in the toils of the stranger. He sent his private secretary, O'Regan, to Wales, to remind his friends of their promises and engagements, and to say that he was ready to receive them with open arms. He directed him to send over small squadrons, so as not to alarm his enemies, and to be ready to land a considerable force in the spring. O'Regan was directed to get as many recruits, for the enterprise, as he could, and make the most flattering promises of land and wealth to the adventurers.

*M'Murrough* was busy and incessant throughout that winter, and increased his partisans and followers without letting them know his deep intent ; and, by appointment with his Welsh associates, there landed, in May, 1169, in five small vessels from Wales, Fitzstephen, Fitzgerald, Barry, Hervey, and some other chiefs, together with about thirty knights, sixty esquires, and three hundred archers, with Maurice Prendergast at the head of ten knights and two hundred archers, forming not more than seven hundred foreigners altogether. On their arrival, on the 11th May, 1169, they despatched a letter to *M'Murrough*, announcing their presence in the country. He immediately sent his son, at the head of five hundred horse, to meet them ; he followed himself, at the head of two thousand infantry ; and they soon concerted a plan of military operations. Wexford being nearest them, they resolved to attack it first, which they did with great fury. Fitzstephen and Barry led on the troops to the assault ; they soon filled the ditches, and reared their ladders against the walls ; but the Irish, regardless of their shining armor, in which all the adventurers were incased, hurled them from the walls with great slaughter ; and, after the loss of many gallant knights and soldiers, the invaders sounded a retreat.

This repulse greatly dispirited them; and Fitzstephen, fearing that his followers would fly to their ships and return, had them burnt before their eyes, that no mode of escape might lie open, and to convince them that death or victory was the only choice before them. For three successive days did they renew the attack, but with no better success.

At length the bishop and clergy of Wexford, in order to save the effusion of Christian blood, — both the invaders and invaded were of one faith then, — offered their mediation to bring about terms of peace. This was listened to, and the result was, the citizens returned in their allegiance to *M'Murrough*, putting hostages into his hands for this agreement. But they little thought he had conveyed over, by a sort of mortgage, the city and liberties of Wexford to the strangers. No sooner did he get possession of the town, than he resigned his authority and rights over it to Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald.

This triumph, obtained by stratagem, over Wexford, raised the name of *M'Murrough*, and exaggerated the numbers of his foreign auxiliaries. Numbers of his countrymen flocked to his standard, thinking they were supporting their chief and prince, and, without a single additional soldier from England, he invaded the territories of the neighboring chiefs, and subdued and plundered them.

All this took place in Wexford without exciting any alarm throughout the other provinces of Ireland. It was, unfortunately, too much the practice, in those days, for provincial princes to make war upon each other, and retaliate, on each side, by spoils and hostages, without calling for the interference of any other power. The progress of this handful of adventurers, in support of the efforts of one of their own princes, to recover his territories, excited too little jealousy, and it seems not more than the ordinary curiosity consequent upon border warfare.

*M'Murrough*, however, refusing to pay his annual tribute to *Roderick*, the monarch, the latter felt justly alarmed at such manifestation of independence, which he truly attributed to the presence and advice of the strangers. He thereupon called a council of the estates, when it was resolved that *M'Murrough* should dismiss the strangers from his dominion, compensating them for their services, and the king, *Roderick*, undertook to provide them with ships, to take them back to their own country; but as Fitzstephen had been taken out of jail, and the majority of those adventurers were outlaws and runaways from the justice of their own country, the offer was not at all palatable, though any other terms, short of quitting Ireland, would have been gladly accepted. They

counselled M'Murrough, therefore, not to yield. But the Irish monarch, at the head of twenty thousand men, marched into Leinster, and would have exterminated the invaders, but for, unluckily again, the interference of the clergy, who were authorized by the wily M'Murrough to offer a complete submission to Roderick, on the part of himself, and to dismiss all the foreigners, with proper rewards for their trouble. And this agreement, being accepted, was ratified by the oath of *M'Murrough*, before the great altar of the church of *St. Maidog*, at Ferns. The undertaking was joined in, besides, by several of the clergy, to increase the solemnity and guaranty of the contract.

In this year, Maidog, third son to Owen Gwinneth, of North Wales, by an Irish lady, born in Clochran, in Connaught, and who was much addicted to maritime affairs, fitted out some ships to explore towards the north, but was driven to the American coast, where, according to *Stow* and *Clin*, he landed at New Spain, now Florida. He returned to Ireland, and fitted out a second expedition; but of this last no accounts ever were received. It is said that a portion of this small colony penetrated into Mexico, and founded tribes in that extraordinary and fertile region.

To return: *M'Murrough* kept up an active correspondence with Strongbow; and, finally, that chief, at the head of a considerable force, landed at Waterford, in 1170, where being joined by *M'Murrough*, they soon attacked the city, but were bravely repulsed. Next day they returned to the assault, but were again unsuccessful. *Raymond Le Gros*, one of the foreigners, hit upon an unthought-of expedient for entering the town: observing a projecting house, built on the city walls, one side of which rested on a few wooden piles, — these he pulled from under the house, when it tumbled; and thus, (in the night,) opening a pass, the besiegers rushed in, and fell upon the inhabitants, sword in hand, committing the greatest carnage and the most atrocious acts of cruelty, sparing neither age nor sex. The city, by this stratagem, fell into their hands, and its vast wealth became their spoil.

The fiendish *M'Murrough* then sent for his daughter to the castle of Ferns, and had her married on the spot, in the midst of the shocking carnage, to Strongbow. *M'Murrough* and his allies, now having Waterford and Wexford at their command, — in the harbors of which they kept ships, to secure a retreat, — looked to more extensive conquest, and prepared a considerable force to move on Dublin. They provided their army with every necessary for the march on Dublin, of which the monarch, Roderick, was apprized, and to frustrate which he had all the roads guarded. *M'Murrough* and his associates got to Dublin by un-

frequented paths, over the wild mountains of Glendelough, in the County Wicklow, and thus evaded the royal army, arriving before Dublin ere the king was aware that they had begun to move.

They called on the citizens to surrender, but this was obstinately refused; and here again the interference of the clergy, who wished to avoid the shedding of human blood, was the cause of the loss of this important garrison to the Irish.

St. Lawrence O'Toole, the archbishop of Dublin, one of the most learned men of Europe at this period, proposed a negotiation between the besieged and besiegers. A deputation of the citizens, with that most venerable prelate at their head, met *M'Murrough* and *Strongbow* at their camp; but, during this negotiation, *Raymond Le Gros* and *Miles Cogan* were examining the city walls, and, having found the weakest and least defended part, they returned to their camp, and, ere yet the negotiation ended, rushed, at the head of one thousand picked men, to those weak points of the city, which they entered with great fury, sword in hand, and butchered old and young, male and female, committing the most revolting acts of violation on the ladies, in presence of their dying husbands, brothers, and relatives. Pillage and slaughter were the order of the hour, in the midst of which *M'Murrough* and *Strongbow* entered the city in triumph, and *Cogan*, for this treacherous and unsoldierlike act, was installed governor of Dublin.

The twenty-first of September, 1170, was the day of this dreadful massacre. The treachery, perfidy, and cruelty, of those new invaders, astonished and terrified the whole nation. The Irish princes, when they fought with each other, appointed the time and place of battle; and when the conflict was over, the victors were excessive in their kindness to the vanquished, treaties of peace and oaths were kept religiously, property was not violated, nor the sacred shrine of female honor invaded. But these miscreants introduced a new system of warfare; they exhibited nought but savage treachery, blood-thirstiness, and beastly ferocity.

When these misfortunes had fallen on the Irish people, they were greatly grieved and subdued in spirit, and, wondering one to another at the change in their fortunes, held a solemn meeting of the clergy and chief men at Armagh, to consider their present condition, and such parts of their conduct as might be deemed most offensive by the Almighty, who had evidently sent these invaders as a scourge. It appeared, at that meeting, that it was the custom of Englishmen to expose their children for sale, and the Irish speculators of the day bought and sold them from



one to another, like any other articles of merchandise. The synod of Armagh, therefore, entered into a most solemn vow to discontinue forever this traffic in their fellow-creatures. All the English, in bondage in Ireland, were thereupon set at liberty. — See *Cambrensis* and Dr. *Warner*.

Upon this crisis in the fate of Ireland, the Abbé M'Geoghagan makes the following comment: "The reign of Roderick O'Connor is memorable for a revolution, which forms an epoch fatal to Ireland. An invasion of the English, which, in its beginning, would not have alarmed even the petty republic of Ragusa, became, from its having been neglected at first, so serious, that the liberty of a powerful nation became its victim, and a monarchy which had lasted for more than two thousand years was overthrown.

"Politicians endeavor to account for the fall of empires. By some it is ascribed to the weakness of those rulers who introduce a bad system in the administration of their laws, and by some to exterior causes; while others, with more reason, assign it to the will of the Supreme Being, who has drawn all things out of nothing, who governs all, and sets bounds to the duration of all created objects. Besides this, however, I think we may examine the connection that exists between natural and secondary causes, which are the instruments made use of by the Divinity.

"With respect to Ireland, the source of her destruction can be discovered within her own bosom. This kingdom was, from the settlement of the Milesians in the island, governed by one king, till the reign of Eocha the Ninth, who erected the four provinces into as many kingdoms, independent of each other, some time before the Christian era: they were, however, dependent on the monarch, as those electors and princes are who hold their states of the emperor of Germany. This was the first blow which the constitution of Ireland received. It suffered again, in the first century, by the revolt of the plebeians, and the massacre of the princes and nobles of the country by these barbarians, who seized upon the government. Towards the end of the second century, a war also, which Modha-Nuagat, king of Munster, carried on against Con, the monarch, (the result of which was the division of the island between the contending parties,) produced new disasters to the kingdom.

"Notwithstanding these convulsions in the state, and the violent attacks of the Normans, during two centuries, the Irish monarchy still maintained itself till the reign of Malachi the Second, in the beginning of the eleventh century, when the sceptre, which had been for six or

seven hundred years hereditary in the same family, passed into other hands. Factions increased in proportion to the number of claimants to the crown, and the government was, in consequence, rendered weak and enfeebled.

“The fall of monarchies seldom occurs suddenly. The change takes place by degrees, and from a chain of events which imperceptibly undermine the constitution of the state, (as sickness enervates the body,) till it requires but a slight shock or stroke to complete their destruction. The Irish monarchy received this fatal blow, in the twelfth century, through the debauchery and boundless ambition of one of its princes.”

While Strongbow was carrying on his conquests, King Henry the Second became alarmed lest he might assume a sovereignty in Ireland independent of his royal power. He therefore issued a proclamation, forbidding any of his subjects, on pain of death and forfeiture of their lands, to give further aid to Strongbow. This seriously paralysed the invader, for many of his troops returned affrighted to England. At this nick of time the Irish had it completely in their power to prostrate the forces of the invader; but fate ruled it otherwise. Instead of uniting to drive off the common enemy, they wasted their energies in fighting with each other, chieftain against chieftain, about some petty privilege or tribute. Strongbow, in the mean time, sent his brother-in-law, Raymond Le Gros, to King Henry, who was then in Normandy, to formally surrender all the lands he had acquired in Ireland to his majesty, and assure him of the speedy conquest of the whole kingdom, if only a moderate army, under the command of his majesty in person, were to land in the country. It appears the king refused to listen to the suggestion, and returned a most discouraging answer to Strongbow; whereupon that daring chief now resolved to act for himself.

In the mean time, St. Lawrence O'Toole, the archbishop of Dublin, proved himself a pure patriot. Seeing an opportunity so favorable for the utter extermination of the invaders of his country, he flew from province to province, endeavoring to unite the chiefs and princes; but their foolish animosities between each other prevailed. They refused to unite under Roderick O'Connor, who appeared not to have had the confidence of the northern province. Besides, the insignificance of the Anglo-Norman force in Ireland, and the reported refusal of Henry the Second to abet his countrymen, tended to spread a dangerous security. At length, however, the Irish chiefs were roused and rallied, so far as to surround Dublin with a considerable force, under the command of King Roderick O'Connor. But, instead of proceeding to capture the city,

they foolishly lay two months around it, listening to negotiations from the wily intruders, when at length the English, in a state of madness and despair, rushed out at night, and, though only a handful, so terrorized the unprepared Irish, that they fled: the king, being at the time in a bath, had barely an opportunity to escape.

Strongbow, having now established his power over Leinster, repaired in person to the presence of Henry the Second, and the result was the formal invasion of Ireland by that monarch, with a force of four thousand five hundred men, brought to Ireland in four hundred small ships. They landed near Waterford, on St. Luke's day, 18th October, 1171. At that very moment a fierce war was raging, in the heart of Ulster, between the native chieftains, the forces of any of whom would have been sufficient to defeat the king of England.

*Strongbow* formally gave up to King Henry, Waterford, Wexford, and Dublin, which, together with the imposing presence of the king, and his glittering retinue of armed knights, on their shores, paralyzed the courage of the southern chiefs very materially. But that which more than any thing else intimidated them, was the report, industriously circulated previous to Henry's arrival, that Pope *Adrian* had conferred the sovereignty of Ireland on the English monarch.

It was the custom of princes in those days, for the greater security of their dominions, to make them over to the head of the Christian church, and receive them back as ecclesiastical grants; for so sacred were the possessions of the church then regarded, that none were found throughout the Christian world so bold as to invade them.

It was pretended by King Henry, that *Adrian the Fourth* had made over the whole of Ireland to him. He lost no time, therefore, on his arrival, in inviting the clergy of the south and the west to a grand conference, at the ancient seat of legislation, in Cashell. The pretended bull of *Adrian*, who had then been dead eighteen years, was produced. It set forth the anxieties of the holy see to have virtue and religion cultivated in Ireland, and the chief pastors obedient and submissive to the sovereign pontiff; and the better to insure this object, the clergy and people of Ireland were called upon to receive Henry the Second of England as their king. A second bull, confirming the foregoing, purporting to be from *Alexander the Third*, was also read; and though this one also has since been proved a forgery, yet it had an astounding effect on the assembly.

Each man looked at his neighbor, not knowing what decision to make. The ecclesiastics were seized with panic and indecision. Some

of the clergy inclined to the admonitions of the pope, and submitted to Henry, whilst others went their ways to their respective provinces as much in grief as in anger. Some of the secondary chiefs of the south gave up their territories to Henry, receiving the same back, to hold as his vassals; and as this act of submission appeared not humiliating, owing to the acquiescence of many of the clergy in the ordinance of the see of Rome, Henry obtained the adherence of seven counties without striking a blow.

In this famous synod, some unimportant alterations were made in reference to church affairs, which embraced only the better payment of tithes, and the relief of the church lands from the quarterly tributes demanded by chiefs, together with some regulations about marriages. These things were sanctioned by Henry the more heartily, for he was crafty, and lost no opportunity of gaining the clergy to his interests. It is also alleged by English writers, that Henry, at this first convention, gave the *benefit* of English laws to the Irish. If so, the Irish were so unconscious of *the benefit*, that, outside of the English pale, they never as much as adopted one of them; and, still more, the English within the pale could not be prevented, even by the most rigorous laws of England, adopting the Irish laws, language, customs, and even the Milesian names.

To whatsoever extent the English writers may claim a sovereignty over Ireland by the submission to Henry of *some* of the southern princes, and even that of the paltry Roderick of Connaught, they must admit that the great north and north-west of the country never, even formally, submitted to this newly-assumed power, and that, for two hundred and fifty years from this period, it gradually melted away, until, as we shall prove, the power of England in Ireland was represented by forty horsemen and eighty archers on foot.

Henry was soon called back to England, to answer the charge of having procured the assassination of Thomas à Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, afterwards canonized as St. Thomas of Canterbury, which there is no doubt but he did cause, promote, and had accomplished.

The Abbé M'Geoghegan, in proving those bulls forgeries, asks, "Is it likely any pope would select such a monster as Henry the Second to effect a reformation of a nation's morals?" and then draws the character of Henry from Cambrensis, and other historians, thus:—

"The bull of Alexander the Third must appear a paradox to all those who strictly investigate the morals of Henry, and his behavior to



the court of Rome. A bad Christian makes a bad apostle. What was Henry the Second? A man who, in private life, forgot the essential duties of religion, and frequently those of nature; a superstitious man, who, under the veil of religion, joined the most holy practices to the most flagrant vices; regardless of his word, when, to promote his own interest, he broke the most solemn treaties with the king of France; he considered principle as nothing, when the sacrifice of it promised to produce him a benefit. It is well known, that, without any scruple, he married Eleanor of Aquitaine, so famous for her debaucheries, and branded by her divorce from Louis the Seventh. He ungratefully confined this very woman in chains, though she had brought him one fourth of France as her marriage portion. He was a bad father, quarrelled with all his children, and became engaged in wars on every side. As a king, he tyrannized over his nobles, and took pleasure in confounding all their privileges; like his predecessors, he was the sworn enemy of the popes; he attacked their rights, persecuted their adherents, sent back their legates with contempt, encroached upon the privileges and immunities of the church, and gloried in supporting the most unjust usurpers of them; which led to the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Again, his debaucheries are admitted by every historian. No one is ignorant that he went so far as to seduce the young Alix, who had been betrothed to his son Richard, and that all the misfortunes which filled the latter part of his life with affliction, were caused by this passion, as obstinate as it was criminal and base. Behold the apostle, the reformer, whom the holy see would have chosen to convert Ireland! The witnesses, we here bring forth, are not to be suspected. Cambrensis himself, whose opinions I have elsewhere refuted, is the first to acknowledge the irregularities of Henry the Second."

"The pope refused either to see or hear the ambassadors, whom Henry had sent to exculpate himself from the murder of Thomas of Canterbury; but the Roman court cried out, 'Desist, desist,' as if it were impious for the pope to hear the name of Henry, who had sent them. By the general advice of the council, the pope dispensed with expressly mentioning the name of the king, and the country beyond the sea." — *Hoveden*, p. 526.

"These bulls have, in fact, all the appearance of forgery. They are not to be met with in any collection. It appears, also, that Henry the Second considered them so insufficient to strengthen his dominion in Ireland, that he solicited Pope Lucius the Third, who succeeded

Alexander, to confirm them ; but that pope was too just to authorize his usurpation, and paid no regard to a considerable sum of money which the king sent to him."

Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, has given it as his opinion, that these bulls were forgeries.

The Irish princes did not act, unfortunately, that independent part which became men who lived in this crisis of their country's affairs. Divided among themselves, and submissive to the ordinances of the church, while we revere their feelings as Christians, we cannot but deplore their conduct and tame submission as freemen. That this was the true cause of Ireland's unaccountable toleration of the invaders on her soil may be gathered from the letter, written by the great O'Neill, king of Ulster, in 1330, and presented to John the Twenty-second, pope of Rome, in the name of the Irish nation, which I have published at length towards the conclusion of this lecture. "During the course of so many ages, our sovereigns preserved the independency of their country," says O'Neill: "attacked more than once by foreign powers, they wanted neither force nor courage to repel the bold invaders ; but that which they dared to do against force, *they could not attempt to do against the simple decree of one of your predecessors, ADRIAN.*"

Such were the causes of the subjection of a portion of Ireland to English jurisdiction.

Those who followed Henry the Second to Ireland were the descendants of the Norman conquerors, who were again the progeny of the Danish barbarians that settled in France, and founded the kingdom of Normandy. Neither their association with the French, nor with the Anglo-Saxons since their arrival in England, tended to diminish their ferocity. During the century that preceded the invasion of Ireland, they were continually under arms, either to crush the rebellious Saxons, battle with the Scots, or subjugate the Welsh. And these are the people who, Cambrensis says, introduced civilization into Ireland.

The infamous *M'Murrough*, or *Dermot*, as he is sometimes called, died in the midst of the desolations he had called down upon his country. This execrable wretch died a shocking spectacle ; his body was covered with a hideous leprosy, and he expired in the greatest misery, without friends, pity, or spiritual comfort.

Previous to Henry's arrival, I should have told that the valiant O'Ruark, at the head of his own knights, made one more brave effort to free his native land. He attacked Dublin sword in hand, and, having drawn Miles Cogan, the governor, and his garrison, outside of the

fortifications, a bloody battle was fought between them, which produced no other effect than the loss of many lives. The son of O'Ruark, having signalized himself by his valor in the thick of the battle, was mortally wounded, with several of his followers, who sold their lives dearly to the English, of whom also a great number fell on the field of battle.

Subsequently a conference was held between O'Ruark and De Lacy to make a peace, which was proposed by the English, and, while the negotiation was proceeding on the hill of Tara, between both leaders, who left their armies in the valleys, and ascended with their interpreters to the hill, seven English knights went up its side, tilting in 'jest, — they soon fell upon O'Ruark; and, in the presence of both armies, the valiant hero was stabbed to the heart, upon which his followers were rushed upon, at the moment of panic, and cut to pieces or dispersed.

It cannot but gratify every Irishman, in America and Ireland, to learn that the philosopher, statesman, and *littérateur* of America, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, has written a beautiful poem, founded on the unfortunate affairs in the history of Ireland, brought on by the traitor De Lacy. I take leave to insert a dozen stanzas selected at random, and to notice that, in his able preface, Mr. Adams justly reproves the moral veracity of *Hume*, who painted Henry the Second as a hero:—

“So much for Hume's philosophy, teaching by the example of Henry the Second. If there be, in the annals of the human race, a transaction of deeper and more melancholy depravity than the conquest of Ireland by Henry the Second, it has not fallen under my notice. It would seem as if it could not be accomplished but by a complication of the most odious crimes, public and private.”—

“Among those kings, there rose, from time to time,  
 One braver or more skilful than the rest,  
 With brighter parts, and genius more sublime,  
 Who bore among them all a loftier crest:  
 His power, while in the vigor of his prime,  
 O'er the whole island was at once impressed;  
 And at the time precise of which I sing,  
 Roderick O'Connor was fair Erin's king.

“And then the people were, as they are now,  
 A careless, thoughtless, brave, kind-hearted race,  
 With boiling bosom, and with dauntless brow,  
 With shrewdest humor, and with laughing face;

Their women, purer than the virgin's vow,  
 Blooming in beauty, and adorned with grace;  
 But some exceptions, I must own, were there,  
 As in all ages may be found elsewhere.

"Christians they had been from St. Patrick's day;  
 Their priests for learning had been long renowned;  
 Though not accustomed Peter's pence to pay,  
 Nor tithes unto the pontiff triple-crowned.  
 Music they loved; they loved the minstrel's lay;  
 Their hearts were tuned to harmony of sound;  
*As if from heaven's most hallowed notes it stole,*  
*The harp of Erin searched the inmost soul."*

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ON DERMOT'S PRESENTING HIS DAUGHTER TO STRONGBOW, THE INVADER.

"And Dermot promised him fair Eva's hand;  
 And thus his country and his daughter sold:  
 O! who can read the record of that land,  
 And mark her miseries, with bosom cold?  
 If it must boil to see before us stand  
 A wretch who barter liberty for gold,  
 To see one, with what anguish must it swell,  
 At once himself, his child, his country sell?"

\* \* \* \* \*

#### ON THE FIRST SKIRMISHES WITH THE INVADERS.

"But let not Erin suffer in your mind;  
 If her brave children once were known to flee,—  
 Consult Columbia's annals, you shall find  
 The same with those who sought to make her free.  
 In 'sooth, militia-men you cannot bind  
 To serve for six months when engaged for three;—  
 Whence you may come to this conclusion just,  
 On raw militia not too much to trust."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### HENRY'S MOCK SYNOD.

"At Cashell now a synod was convened  
 Of all the holy prelates of the land;  
 And not a sin or frailty could be gleaned,  
 But stood exposed before that sacred band.  
 No crime was sheltered, not a vice was screened,



Of all that called for the reforming hand;  
 And what the sins were, would the reader learn,  
 From the proposed reforms he shall discern.

“First, wedlock never must be solemnized,  
 Of kin within canonical degrees;  
 And children must *in public* be baptized,  
 And taught to know at least the church’s fees;  
 And lands and tenements should be devised  
 To wives and children as the sire should please;  
 The dead in churchyards only buried be;  
 And all the church’s lands from taxes free.

“THIS was the searching process of reform,  
 A precious model for all after times;  
 THIS was to justify invasion’s storm,  
 And Strongbow’s robberies and Dermot’s crimes.  
 One vice suppressed will sometimes breed a swarm,  
 As has been witnessed since, in other climes;  
 But when, O when, did Conquest ever dare  
 Unveil her Gorgon face, with snakes so rare?”

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE DEATH OF DERMOT.

“And to his wildered senses, Erin’s saints  
 Appear with lighted torches in their hands,  
 Applying scorpion scourges till he faints,  
 And then reviving him with blazing brands;  
 While o’er his head a frowning Fury paints,  
 In letters which he reads and understands,  
 ‘Expect no mercy from thy Maker’s hand!  
 THOU HADST NO MERCY ON THY NATIVE LAND.’

“And to the shades the indignant spirit fled,  
 And THUS was Erin’s conquest first achieved;  
 THUS Albion’s monarch first became her head;  
 And now her freedom shall be soon retrieved,  
 For (mark the Muse — if rightly she has read,  
 Let this her voice prophetic be believed,)  
 Soon, soon shall dawn the day, as dawn it must,  
 When Erin’s sceptre shall be Erin’s trust.”

I have shown that the English first obtained a footing by stratagem and treachery, coupled with the baseness of Dermot, than whom Ireland, nor no other country, ever gave birth to a greater villain. I have

shown that these foreigners, on the approach of Roderick, the Irish monarch, at the head of an Irish army many times more than sufficient to exterminate them, swore, on the altar of Wexford, to quit the country forthwith, — instead of which, when their lives were spared, they invited over more adventurers. I have shown that the forged bull of Pope *Adrian*, who was an Englishman, conferred on Henry the Second the government of Ireland, and that such was the deference paid by the clergy, and the great body of the people of Ireland, to this mandate of the holy see, that it neutralized that resistance which the Irish would otherwise have offered to the handful of invaders, who landed in the train of the English king. But Henry never exercised any authority over any part of Ireland, save the seven counties on the eastern coast, known for many centuries as the English *Pale*, which diminished at length to four counties, at which limit it was found on the accession of Henry the Eighth. An agreement was finally made between Roderick, king of Connaught, and Henry the Second, that Roderick should remain king of the *Irish*, who were to be governed as usual by Irish laws, and that the English settlers within the *Pale* should be subject to English laws, and to the English king. This is recorded by the learned Irish historian, *Gratianus Lucius*, (Lynch.) He says, “*Catholicus O’Dubhthy* returned from England, with peace agreed to, on these conditions with the king of England, — that Roderick should be *king of the Irish*, and that the provinces should be governed by their kings as usual, subject to chiefry to Roderick, he paying tribute to Henry, at the rate of one hide for every ten oxen killed in his territory.”

English writers are prone to construe this peace, entered into with the English monarch, as a *submission*; but such it never was. Neither the laws of England, nor the mandates of the king of England, ever penetrated farther into Ireland, for four hundred years after this period, than the semicircle I have described as the *Pale*. How, then, can the English claim power in Ireland, by virtue of *this pretended conquest*? Let it be well remembered, that the laws and authority of England were acknowledged only amongst the English settlers of the *Pale* for that long period. The *Pale*, be it also noted, did not extend to the one eighth of the kingdom.

Certain it is that the English, by marriage with the old Irish families in the interior, by intrigue, by border battles and acts of treachery, obtained some property and power, in the long course of four hundred years, in different parts of Ireland. But this property

and this power they held and exercised as IRISH PRINCES, subject to the old Irish laws and customs, to which they every where gave a preference, not only because they were in their nature very equitable and very just, but because the common people revered these old laws as celestial judgments, and the new comers were too crafty to alarm the people by introducing any English laws, at variance with the received notions of justice, which time had consecrated in the minds of the nation.

That Henry the Second did not conquer Ireland, as is affected by some, we have the authority of Sir John Davies, the English attorney-general of King James the First of England. He says, "Henry departed out of Ireland without striking one blow, or building one castle, or planting one garrison among the Irish, neither left behind him one true subject more than those he found there at his first coming over, which were only the English adventurers spoken of before, who had gained some port towns in Leinster and Munster, and possessed some scopes of land thereunto adjoining." And this is that conquest of King Henry the Second, so much spoken of by so many writers.

And Plowden, another English historian, remarks on this pretended conquest as follows: —

"Notwithstanding the nominal or pretended conquest of the whole kingdom of Ireland by Henry the Second, and the grant and confirmation thereof by the Popes Adrian and Alexander, the truth is, that the English power and authority, during the reign of Henry the Second, was confined, and *it so continued* for above four hundred years, to a certain district afterwards called the *Pale*. This district comprised the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and *Uriel*, with the seaport cities of Waterford, Cork, and Limerick, and the lands *immediately* surrounding them. Over the other parts of the kingdom, which were *without* the *Pale*, comprising twenty-seven counties, neither Henry the Second, nor *any* of his successors, until the reign of James the First, either had, or even pretended to claim, more than a naked, or nominal and empty title; insomuch, that Sir John Davies says, that England never sent over either numbers of men, or quantities of treasure, sufficient to defend the small territory of the *Pale*, much less to reduce that which was lost.

"Accordingly," continues Plowden, "the English adventurers governed their district by their own model. The native chiefs, owning by far the greatest part of Ireland, acted independently of the English government, made war and peace, entered into

leagues and treaties, not only amongst each other, but with foreign powers, and punished malefactors by their own laws, customs, and constitutions."

Having shown by what foul means the inhabitants of England first obtained power in Ireland, I must inform the reader that it is my intention to pass rapidly over the affairs of the English colony in Ireland for a period of three hundred years. Their story is told by their own historians, who were the hired traducers of the "Irish enemy;" and as safely might the present history of Ireland be taken from the London Times, as from Cambrensis, Cox, Leland, Carte, and other such writers, from whom Mr. Moore principally draws his miserable History.

Few manuscript accounts of those black times, written by the Irish themselves, have come to our hands. The chiefs kept their bards, who wrote the family registers, till the period of the reformation, when all the family observances, with law and justice, were swamped in one common gulf.

For three centuries, the government and affairs of the English colony in Ireland were so totally distinct from the Irish nation which surrounded that colony on every side, and it was kept so exclusively English by enactments, interests, prejudices, and the commands of the master government in England, that its affairs are of no more interest to the *Irishman* of the present day, than those of France, Norway, or any other nation of Europe.

During all this time, the Irish princes, in three fourths of Ireland, were perfectly independent of England, and of each other. The only change wrought by the English invasion in their general condition, was merely the abolition of a supreme monarch in the country. We have many, very many instances of the English within the *Pale* submitting to pay tribute to the Irish princes, who reigned outside it, and *vice versa*. I have no desire to swell my book to inconvenient dimensions with the unpleasant history of those border battles, attended sometimes with unusual barbarity on both sides, and in which the quarrels of the English with each other are as conspicuous as those of the Irish. Let some other pen indulge in the disagreeable work. I care not either to read about them, or write about them.

There are certain general outlines, however, that, to preserve the necessary connection of history, I am bound to sketch, which I shall contract as much as I possibly can.

In some time after Henry the Second's return to England, he



assembled a council at Oxford, Anno Domini 1177, and there conferred upon his son John the title of "Lord of Ireland." William Fitzaldelm was the first English deputy appointed to rule Ireland, who was sent, in 1178, by Henry the Second; and from that appointment to the present, the entire history of the lord lieutenants of Ireland is nearly the same throughout — pervaded with jobbing, favoritism, treachery, alternately towards English and Irish, seeking whom among the Irish they may safely rob, seeking whom among their own they may, with the greatest personal eclat, promote.

On the young Prince John's arrival in Ireland, his petulant and supercilious manner towards the Irish, drove into rebellion many of those who were won or coaxed into obedience by his father. Prince John lost nearly his entire army in his conflicts with the natives; and here again, had they been but unanimous, and submitted to one brave man, they might have reëstablished the independence of their country; but fate seemed to work against them! Prince John was soon recalled, and all the powers of government placed in the hands of De Courcy.

De Courcy entered Connaught in great force, but was met there by the combined arms of Limerick and Connaught, and quickly put to flight. He subsequently sallied into the north, and, with only a handful of picked and well-armed men, defeated the unprepared natives, and seized upon a wide territory.

The Irish now began to feel the pulsations of men; and, had they placed Donald O'Brien at their head, there is not the slightest doubt but they would have driven every invader out of their kingdom; but the northern chieftains wasted their strength in petty battles, instead of uniting to free the land from the common foe.

Geraldus Cambrensis, who wrote the first lying history of Ireland, attempted, in the presence of Maurice, archbishop of Cashell, to disparage the Irish clergy, by charging on them, amongst other things, that, from the days of St. Patrick, they had not a single martyr amongst them: — "True," said Maurice, "but there are those now amongst us who have made martyrs in their own country, and who have been accustomed to make martyrs. From henceforth Ireland will have her martyrs in abundance!"

Roderick O'Connor, who had, for some time, retired from the throne to a monastery, saw, from his retreat, his kingdom of Connaught torn to pieces by his sons. On every side were to be seen either the battles of chieftains or the advancing armies of the invaders.

Henry the Second died in Normandy, 1189, cursing his children, all of whom attempted in turn to have him murdered.

At King Henry's death, he was succeeded by his son Richard, and, on his death, by *John*, from whom the charter of liberty, known as *Magna Charta*, was wrung by the *barons* and clergy on the field of Runnymede. This Great Charter was not so much an introduction of any new law as it was a recognition of the old customs, observed and in force before the conquest — customs, be it observed, the majority of which had their origin in Ireland, and were transplanted by Alfred, in the tenth century, to England.

*Magna Charta* — the birthright of Englishmen — ordains that all freemen shall be allowed to go out of the kingdom and return to it at pleasure; one weight and one measure shall be established throughout the entire kingdom; courts of justice shall be stationary, and not ambulatory, with the king. (Previous to this, the king went his rounds, administering justice in person, and by assistants.) Circuits were to be held regularly every year; and justice no longer to be sold, refused, or delayed; merchants allowed to transact all business without being exposed to tolls and impositions; no freeman to be taken, or imprisoned, or dispossessed of his free tenement or liberties, or outlawed, or banished, or any wise hurt or injured, unless by the legal judgment of his peers and the law of the land. Lastly, there was a stipulation in favor of the villains, a sort of slave or serf class, attached to the great man's estate. This class, though the most numerous of all, were not before this deemed worthy of legislative notice. It was ordained that they should not be deprived by a fine of their carts, and their ploughs, and implements of industry.

This Great Charter was ratified four times by Henry the Third; twice by Edward the First; fifteen times by Edward the Third; seven times by Richard the Second; six times by Henry the Fourth; and once by Henry the Fifth: but was trampled under foot by Henry the Eighth; revived by Queen Mary; subverted again by Elizabeth; and has never since been fairly allowed to operate in England or Ireland. Lord Castlereagh's Six Acts, and Alphabet Smith's mode of packing a jury, have completely subverted it in our days.

In these times, the language in common use in England was, — in the church and professions, *Latin*; at court, *French*; and among the common people, *old Saxon*. It was usual to have public documents and addresses published and read in three different languages. For

three or four centuries, great confusion of tongues prevailed in England. In Ireland, the language of the great body of the people remained Irish, and in ecclesiastical offices, Latin. The language of the English Pale, amongst the gentry class, was Latin, with a little French; but the majority of the English spoke the Irish language in common affairs. The English language had yet no regular existence; and finally it was compounded, by the action of time, into that dialect which exists at this day, of French, Latin, old Saxon, and Irish, called the "English language."

It is recorded that, in this reign, a French champion came over to England to fight any one who should assert that Philip, king of France, had done wrong to King John. Great was the consternation of the courtiers of John at this threat, for, in those days, matters of the highest import were submitted to personal combat; and such was the renown of the French champion, that none in England dared to face him. At length it was suggested to the king, that there was an Irish chief, of great bodily strength and personal bravery, confined in the Tower, as a state prisoner, who was taken in the late Irish wars. This brave captive was offered his freedom on condition of encountering the French bravo. On the day fixed for the encounter, the Frenchman was not forthcoming; he had stolen off to Spain, not daring for shame to return to France. The English monarch wished for some exhibition of his champion's strength, before the assembled thousands who came to witness the encounter. Upon this, there was a post, or trunk of a tree, set in the earth, and on it was fixed a steel helmet. At the first blow of his sword, the Irish champion cut the helmet in two; and at the second blow, buried his sword so deeply in the tree, that seven of the strongest of the by-standers could not draw it out; it was removed only by himself. This fact is related by *Wade*, in his *Recent History of England*. King John, having partly conquered Scotland, made another descent on Ireland, with a great army. On this occasion, he received homage from eleven Irish chiefs, or lords, but was obliged to return to England, where he soon after died.

Henry the Third came to the throne of England, but his wars with the Welsh occupied his attention and forces; and it is a little remarkable that, even thus early in the career of England, the king's chief force, in his movement on Wales, was made up of Irish conscripts, which he compelled into his ranks. We find also, in this reign, divisions growing up between the English chiefs in Ireland. The Irish now assumed

more courage, and reconquered from the invaders a considerable portion of their lost territory.

*Edward the First* came to the English throne 1272. In 1300, he held the first assembly in England called a parliament, a shadow of which was soon after held in the English colony in Ireland. Amongst the very first acts of this shadow was the institution of a tax on the estates of Irish absentees for the maintenance of the king's army.

It seems that, in the parliament held in Kilkenny, 1309, the murder of an Irishman was declared a crime not punishable by law, nor the violation of chastity, if on an Irish woman, a crime. See the cases referred to by Lynch, in Moore, 324. In 1317, on petition to the king, a parliament was ordained to be holden in Dublin every year.

Several battles were fought, during this reign, between the Irish and the invaders, during which the natives gained considerable advantages, having captured one lord lieutenant and killed another; which successes, if only followed up with unity, would have completely reëstablished Ireland in her independence.

In this reign, the ancient and independent kingdom of Wales was annexed to the crown of England. The celebrated *Llewellyn*, the last Welsh king, having fallen in the field of battle, his forces fled. But the crafty Edward, having offered terms of peace to the Welsh, invited a grand convocation of all their bards, who were collected together with great industry, by a certain day, when the king had them surrounded, and barbarously butchered. By this means he put it out of the power of the Welsh leaders to reanimate their countrymen by the songs and music of their favorite bards, for there was hardly one left alive in all Wales. The same king marched into Scotland, took *Baliol*, the king, and several of the nobility, prisoners, and carried to London the celebrated Stone of Destiny, which had been sent over from Ireland with *Feergus*, the Irish prince, eight hundred years previously. On this celebrated stone, as I have already noticed at length, were the kings of Ireland crowned for many ages. It has remained in Westminster Abbey since that time. On it is engraved, in Irish lines, —

“Or Fate’s deceived, and Heaven decrees in vain,  
Or where they find this stone the Scots shall reign.”

It was in this reign that the celebrated *Wallace*, of Scotland, rose against the English power. His brave followers were defeated, and ten thousand of them slain in one engagement. He was himself taken



prisoner, and executed. But he was succeeded by the celebrated *Robert Bruce*, who defeated the English in several battles. When King Edward summoned the Irish to aid him in his wars against the valiant Bruce, *not one of them, thank God, responded*. It is a shining ray upon their fame ! Finally, the king of England suddenly dying, Scotland reassumed her kingly powers.

About this time, clocks were first used in England. Coal was discovered in Newcastle. The use of the magnetic needle, which had been lost to the world from the time of the Phœnicians, was now rediscovered. About the same year, the use of spectacles was introduced by a monk of Pisa. Matthew Paris, the celebrated historian of England, died ; he was a Benedictine monk. Tin was now first discovered in Germany : before that time, none was heard of out of England.

At the same time, gunpowder was invented by a monk of Cologne ; and in the course of fifteen years from its invention, viz., 1346, cannon were first used by *Edward the Third*, with great effect, at the battle of Cressy, in France.

In the troubled reign of Edward the Second, about 1315, the Irish, taking courage, and observing the success of the Scots, resolved on doing something worthy of their former fame.

After the glorious battle of Bannockburn, Bruce was invited by the Irish to be their king : in this instance, the common lineage, language, customs, and laws, of both people were dwelt on as a ground for their friendship. Bruce sent his brother *Edward* to Ireland, who was evidently an inferior commander. He landed in the north, 1315, with six thousand men, and, being joined by vast numbers of the Irish, suddenly overran the whole of Ulster, and approached Dublin. Robert Bruce himself soon after joined him, and both armies marched through the country towards Limerick, but evidently with no other intent than laying waste and burning every thing in their way. Edward, in the course of three years, encountered the English in eighteen battles in Ireland, in every one of which he had been victorious ; but was killed in a battle, solely by the desperate valor of one John Mampus, who rushed in among the Scots and Irish, and stabbed Bruce to the heart ; and though Mampus was instantly killed, the Scots were routed. Upon this occasion, the Connaught chiefs came boldly forward, giving the English battle : however, ten thousand Irish were killed on the field, together with Bruce, and the very flower of the Irish chiefs ; insomuch that hardly one of the O'Connor name was left alive ; after which Robert Bruce returned to Scotland. This effort, though

not successful, had the effect of driving the English into their fortified towns; and we are told by *Ware* and others that the English king's laws were not, for a long time after this, obeyed twenty miles from the city of Dublin.

During the first and second Edward's time, the power of the English in Ireland had considerably declined from what it was in the time of Henry the Second, or King John.

The Pale was now (in the time of Edward the Third) parcelled out among nine lords, who exercised the functions of kings over their own people. King Edward sent over his mandate to establish the English laws throughout all Ireland, but the great men interposed, and baffled his intention. To show how small was the power of some of these English earls, it is enough to record, that, when Edward the Third wrote to the Earl of Kildare, to assist him at the siege of Calais, the earl went promptly, bringing to his majesty's assistance *thirty* men at arms, and *forty hobblers*, for which the earl received the honor of knighthood from the king.

During Edward's reign, (who seemed disposed to do all that an English monarch could do to distribute justice amongst the Irish,) an ordinance was passed giving the Irish parliament full cognizance over the courts of law in Ireland, and putting an *end to appeals to the English courts* — a most important measure.

The ancestors of the present Clanrickard and Lord Mayo were Englishmen. The De Burghs, or *Burkes*, who obtained territory in the west of Ireland, to ingratiate themselves with the Irish, not only assumed their dress, language, and habits, but absolutely assumed the distinction *Mac*. The first called himself *M'William Eighth*, and the second *M'William Oughter*. This example was followed by many. The Birminghams took the name of M'Yoris; Dexecester, that of M'Jordan; Nangle, or De Angulo, that of M'Costelloe. Like changes took place among some branches of the Fitzgeralds, in Munster. The chief of the house of Lixnaw was called M'Maurice; another was known by the name of M'Gibbon. These are at present called Fitzmaurice and Fitzgibbon, the articles *Mac* and *Fitz* being of the same signification, namely, *son of such a one*.\* The Butlers of Dunboyne took the name of M'Pheris; the Condons of Waterford were called M'Maioge; and in the same way many others. It appears that the new colonies, which were sent, under different reigns, from England to Ireland, were always careful to sow discord between the *new and old Irish, who gener-*

\* It must be noted that *Fitz* originally implied a *bastard* son.

ally *lived in harmony with each other*. This unity became a source of uneasiness to the English, and gave rise to the celebrated statute of Kilkenny, above alluded to, which is still preserved, in French, in the library of Lambeth. By this law, the English by descent, who had settled in Ireland, were prohibited, under the penalties of high treason, from having any intercourse with the ancient Irish, — to form alliances with them by marriage, to speak their language, to imitate their mode of dress, to adopt their names, to confer livings on them, or admit them into monasteries or religious houses, &c. This law was revived afterwards, and confirmed in a parliament held at Drogheda, under Henry the Seventh; and from thenceforward there were “English rebels” to the king of England’s authority, and *Irish enemies*.

The Lansdowne, Desmond, and Leinster families have trailed down to us from *Raymond Le Gros*, who was the most daring commander that followed Strongbow into Ireland.

The ancient patrimony of the O’Connells, one of the territories obtained by the ancestors of the Earl of Desmond, was that of *O’Konayl*, now called the barony of *Connelloe*, in the county of Limerick. This tract, amounting to one hundred thousand acres, was ceded to the Desmonds, by the native chieftain, in exchange for other tracts received from them in the counties of Clare and Kerry, where branches of the O’Connell family continue to the present day, the chief of whom is Daniel O’Connell, the Liberator. By a petition from the great lords and clergy to the king, dated in this reign, it appears that the Irish had conquered back more than one third of the lands previously seized by the English; in consequence of which his liege English subjects were *in want of provisions*.

In Edward the Third’s reign, many noble widows, who drew large incomes from Ireland, were compelled to contribute, as “absentees,” to the king’s exchequer, and for the protection of their estates in Ireland. At the memorable parliament, called by his son, the Duke of Clarence, at Kilkenny, in 1367, the celebrated penal laws were passed against the Irish, “that intermarriages with the natives, or any connection with them, in the way of fostering or gossipred, should be considered and punished as high treason; that any man, of English race, assuming an Irish name, or using the Irish language, apparel, or customs, should forfeit all his lands and tenements; that to adopt or submit to the *brehon* law was treason; that the English should not permit the Irish to pasture or graze upon their lands, nor admit them to any ecclesias-

tical benefices or religious houses, nor entertain their minstrels, rhymers, or news-tellers." Thus, while all the lower classes of Irish were prohibited from pasturage within English limits, all the better ranks were excluded from the great road to wealth and honor, the church, — *all* put under the ban of exclusion, as unworthy to live with their fellow-men.

At the parliament of the Little Pale, held in Trim, in the reign of Edward the Fourth, 1465, it was enacted that all persons suspected of *going* or *coming* to rob, by day or by night, having no man dressed in English apparel in their company, might be seized by any liegeman or subject of the king of England, and be put to death. A premium was offered to those who would bring in the heads of all such to the town of Trim, where such heads were affixed on stakes ; and a fine of twopence on every ploughland in the county, levied by statute to recompense the captor. Thus was there, in fact, a price set on the head of every Irishman ; and the English of the Pale, supported by the power of their countrymen in England, were, by these means, encouraged, taught, and incited to acts of the most cruel depredation upon such defenceless natives as fell in their way.

On this head Plowden, quoting Sir John Davies, says, "Imagination can scarcely devise an extreme of antipathy, hatred, and revenge, to which this code of aggravation was not calculated to provoke both nations. Wherever the English lords obtained a footing by petty conquest, they quartered their soldiers on the inhabitants." "And when the husbandman had labored all the year, the soldiers," says Sir John Davies, "did consume, in one night, all the fruits of his labor, which produced two notorious effects — first, it made the land waste, and next it made the people idle ; lastly, it did force and necessarily make the Irish a crafty people."

Yet, notwithstanding all this harshness, so generally had the Irish reconquered their hereditary lands from the invaders, that, in this reign, not more than *four* counties in thirty-two remained under the authority of the crown of England. Many of the English petitioned the king to be relieved from paying soccage on lands long since captured back from them by the Irish. The entire revenue raised by the king of England, in Ireland, did not equal ten thousand pounds a year.

On the death of this prince, the crown of England fell to *Richard the Second*, anno 1377.

In 1379, in consequence of a petition from Ireland, an act was passed



in the English parliament against *Irish absentees*. It was ordained that all who possessed lands, rents, or offices, in that kingdom, should forthwith repair thither, and become residents, for the purpose of watching and defending the same, otherwise forfeit two thirds of their income towards the defence of the country. Some exceptions were made in favor of persons temporarily absent on business, — in the universities, or in the service of the king. But, even *from those*, one-third of their income was deducted.

Such was the opposition of the Irish to the English invaders, during the whole of this reign, that, upon the opening of *every* English parliament, the king found it necessary to apply for money and men, to “carry on the war in Ireland,” though at this time the invaders had been two centuries in the country.

Richard himself embarked for Ireland, with thirty-five thousand men, determined to reduce the entire country. Several of the Irish chieftains did him homage; and, upon his proposal to knight them, they declined that honor, answering they had been knighted since they were seven years of age, when lances had been put into their hands, with which they tilted against shields.

The king being suddenly recalled by the bishops to quell some disturbances at home, the Irish chiefs again invaded the Pale, and killed the lord lieutenant in battle. In five years after this, King Richard reëntered Ireland with *all the forces he could collect throughout his dominions from sea to sea*. Impressments for the fleet were every where made; large sums were levied; even the bishops and clergy of England gave their thousand pounds apiece to the king’s fund for the conquest of Ireland. The king’s forces, on this occasion, are estimated variously from forty to fifty thousand men. On his approach, some of the Irish chieftains again submitted; but *M’Murrough*, the hereditary prince of Leinster, as if anxious to retrieve the fallen honor of his house, retired to his woods, and, with only three thousand brave men, bade defiance to the king of England and all his forces. The royal army surrounded the woods, but *M’Murrough* refused to come out, while every effort to dislodge him was attended with certain loss to the king’s troops. At length his majesty prepared to cut his way into the woods; but this did not better his chances, for, at each new step, his men and officers fell in small parties by the hands of the Irish, who are described by the chroniclers as nimble and active. A message was at length sent to this noble chieftain by King Richard, to ascertain what terms he demanded as the

price of his submission to England; to which he replied, "Not all the gold in the world would tempt me into submission." King Richard's army being now in want of provisions, his majesty was obliged to return to Dublin, the Irish hanging all the way upon his rear, and cutting off hundreds of his dispirited followers.

Albemarle now arrived from England with reënforcements, and the king determined to return upon M'Murrough, and exterminate him and all his followers; however, the celebrated Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster, had organized a rebellion in England, and was in the field with great numbers of knights and bowmen, to usurp the crown of England. This called Richard hastily back from Ireland, according to Davies and Froissart, with little advantage, and without realizing any. Although he had expended enormous sums in conveying his army to Ireland, he did not add a pound to his revenue, nor extend the frontiers of his English province one acre. The courts of law were still confined within the boundaries of the colony, where they had been acknowledged before his arrival in Ireland. His crown, however, was now on the head of his rival, who was elected by the parliament king of England, by the title of Henry the Fourth, A. D. 1395; and *Ireland remained still unconquered.*

Now began the wars of the White and Red Roses in England, between the two great houses of York and Lancaster. During these wars, the colony of the English invaders, in Ireland, was governed by some wretched deputy, who called around him, in Dublin Castle, his little parliament of English lords, magnates, bishops, and judges, and made such regulations for their own small territory of four counties as they judged best. As an evidence of the *high* state of civilization of the members of this parliament, it is recorded that Bartholomew Vernon, and three other Englishmen, members of that body, attacked the sheriff of Meath, in the house, while it was sitting, and murdered him, and, though imprisoned, were ultimately pardoned by the king.

These were a sample of the men who came to civilize the "wild Irish."

The chief, M'Murrough, in 1407, after remaining a long time quiet, was vanquished in a noble battle, in which, for several hours of the day, the Irish maintained a decided ascendancy in the field.

In 1408, the statutes of Kilkenny and Dublin were confirmed in a parliament, held in Dublin, when the clauses against *absentees* were strictly enforced.

The O'Byrnes of Wicklow were the most troublesome chieftains which the English invaders encountered in this reign, and it proves, better than all the histories ever written by scoundrels, either English or Irish, that the latter remained at this time unconquered, even within sight of the walls of Dublin. In the following year, (1409,) say the annals, "A parliament was held at Dublin by the acting lord lieutenant of Ireland, (viz., Thomas Butler, prior of Kilmainham,) who, having *imprudently ventured*, with about fifteen hundred infantry, to invade the O'Byrnes country, one half of his followers deserted to the enemy, and he narrowly escaped a serious and disgraceful defeat." It is probable his defeat was most serious, for he did not, during the remainder of his administration, renew the attack on the O'Byrnes. When we remember that the "O'Byrnes country" is located in the valley of the Wicklow Mountains, and plainly within view of the citizens of Dublin, we may then judge of the actual extent of British conquest, in Ireland, in the year 1410, two hundred and forty years after the landing of the first invaders.

At this time, the Pale was so hemmed in on every side, that leave was given, by the lord lieutenant, to any of the English lords, to make such terms of peace with the Irish enemy as they could, and to marry or trade with them, or let pastures to them; and finally things went so severe with the English, that they compromised with the Irish chiefs on their borders for peace by *paying them tribute as their vassals*, which was called the *black rent*. And in an address delivered about the same time by the speaker of the English house of commons, we find it openly admitted "that the greater part of the lordship of Ireland had, at this time, been conquered by the natives." — See *Lingard*.

*Henry the Fifth* arrived at the English throne anno 1416. He won victories in France, by a band of Irishmen, who were prisoners, and whom he compelled to fight, in his foreign armies, at the siege of Rouen, which they captured, and at Pontoise, where, owing to their bravery, the king's enemies were scattered. — See *Monstrelet's Account of the English Invasions of France*.

Various were the battles of the Lord Lieutenant Talbot, at this time, against the neighboring chiefs, M'Murrough, O'Dempsey, O'Moore, M'Mahon. The clergy, we are told, educated in *English* principles, prayed and offered masses for the success of the English arms, and even intercession was made with the pope to induce him to excommu-

nicate those Irish chiefs who refused to submit, with which, however, he does not seem to have complied. Irish law students, at the King's Inns, London, though born of English parents, were refused admission; Irish candidates for the priesthood, if *Irish*, were positively refused admission to the colleges, or ordination, and all this, be it never forgotten, when the religion of the two nations was alike; and it must be confessed that the influence of the kings of England became very potent at the court of Rome, for it appears the powers of the church were put forth, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, in behalf of the domination of Britain. It was in consequence of this, that the celebrated protest of the Irish to the pope was drawn up by Donald O'Neill, and signed by several leading chiefs, in 1315, which I shall present immediately.

In this reign, the great Earl of Desmond was attainted, at a parliament held in Drogheda, for having suffered some of his family to marry with the native Irish, and for such other anti-English practices was condemned and *beheaded*. At the same place and time, it was declared that any statute passed in England was binding on Ireland.

At this period, (1468,) so weakened was the English power in Ireland, that a few of the chief lords formed the military Society of St. George, with a view to their protection against the Irish; and this force, (the entire army of England in Ireland,) amounted to no more than two hundred men! Yet so madly infatuated were the native princes in their hostility to each other, that they never even thought of asserting the independence of their country, and seemed to have forgotten that they had any other enemies in it but each other.

About this time, an English heiress fell in love with and married the Irish chief, Art M'Murrough. It had a wonderful effect in superinducing marriages between the races, and in fact it began to be plain to England that the descendants of the first invaders were now become, by fosterage and marriage, and by imbibing the indomitable spirit of the nation, more Irish than the Irish themselves. It was in this reign, at the parliament held at Trim, that the famous enactment against Irish beards was passed, viz., 1447, — "Any man who does not keep his upper lip shaved may be treated as an Irish enemy." The clause was, it seems, repealed in the second year of Charles the First. It was to this act O'Connell so humorously alluded when he charged *Sibthorpe*, who is noted for his abuse of the Irish, with being himself a mere Irishman. *Sibthorpe* could not master his passion, when the member for Ireland coolly took up the statute-book, and pointed his attention to this enactment, which, on being read by the clerk, convulsed the house with laughter.



In 1483, the *Irish revenue* of the English invaders was reduced to so low an ebb, that a force of eighty archers, and forty horsemen called *spears*, constituted the entire military establishment of the English in Ireland; and, lest the sum of six hundred pounds, annually required for the maintenance of this small troop, might prove oppressive to the colonists, it was provided, should the *Pale* not be able to pay it, the sum was to be sent thither from England. In fact, the English paid tribute to the surrounding Irish chiefs as vassals to conquerors. Cox gives a list of these payments, which he calls scandalous, and of the districts which contributed their portions. The barony of Lecale paid O'Neill, of Clanneboy, twenty pounds a year; the county of Uriel, forty pounds to O'Neill; the county of Meath, sixty pounds to O'Connor; the county of Kildare, twenty pounds to O'Connor; the exchequer paid eighty marks a year to M'Murrough; the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, forty pounds to O'Carroll; the county of Limerick, forty pounds to O'Brien; and, lastly, the county of Cork paid forty pounds to M'Carty, of Muskerry.

It is perfectly well known to those who have looked into the general run of English writers upon Ireland, that there is a pervading effort eternally manifested by them, to make the Irish of the three centuries before the reformation, and, indeed, for all time previously, appear illiterate, lawless, semi-barbarous, &c. We can readily believe they were "*lawless*," seeing with what inextinguishable resolution every succeeding generation of Irishmen resisted the sway of England; and *barbarous*, from the frequent lessons taught them by their invaders, from the massacre of Dublin, pending a treaty, in 1170, by Cogan and Strongbow, to the massacre on the Rath of the Curragh of Kildare, 1798, under General Duff,—the number, perfidy, *treachery*, and *atrocities* of which are unparalleled in the whole history of mankind,—making humanity shudder for its name.

Their literary reputation, during the three or four centuries preceding the reformation, has been assailed; and—grieved I am to write it—*Moore*, their own Moore, is amongst the assailants! But, even with the aid of Moore, the calumniators of Ireland shall not have a victory.

We can readily imagine that men, whose houses had been eternally in danger of being fired, whose property and ease were continually invaded, whose lives were in perpetual danger from a nation of relentless and pillaging neighbors during several centuries, could have but trifling time for study. Yet, looking at them under all these disadvantageous circumstances, we cannot but feel surprised at their literary

acquirements, which, of course, must be considered relatively to the state of learning in other countries about the same ages.

That Ireland was the teacher of Europe for five hundred years after the fall of Rome, there are plenty of evidences placed on record in the previous pages of this book. On the irruption of the Danes in the ninth and tenth centuries, the studies of Europe, including Ireland herself, were disturbed, the libraries of Europe were destroyed, and the minds of the learned distracted. The wars of the crusades, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, called off the flower of Europe from the pursuit of knowledge to that of military glory. And the invasions of Ireland by England, and of France by the same power, together with the long and bloody civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, brought England, France, and Ireland, into a retrograde movement as respects the acquisition of knowledge. Scotland and Wales were no better. And those five nations were, generation after generation, gradually casting away the knowledge bequeathed by their forefathers.

There were many of the chief officers of cities in England and France who could not write even their own names. *Seals* were, therefore, cut, to affix the city or corporate authority to public documents.

When Charles the Fifth of France, about 1350, founded the Royal Library of Paris, he placed in it his entire stock of books, which numbered only *one hundred and twenty volumes*. During the reign of Elizabeth, literature was at a low ebb in England. Very few females could either read or write. Even the two daughters of the great *littérateur* of the age, William Shakspeare, *could not write*, — so says Sir Richard Phillips, their own countryman.

But, to shorten this controversy, we will place before the public two state letters of the fourteenth age, written both by princes, the first of Ireland, the second of England, and they will speak for themselves as to the literary powers and cultivation of their respective writers. The first, from Donald O'Neill, is a compact history of Ireland, to his own times, written, with equal brevity, beauty, and power, to his holiness John the Twenty-second, pope of Rome, which letter will be found in the *Scotic chronicle* of John of Fordun, vol. iii. p. 908, *et seq.*

“To our most holy father, John, by the grace of God, sovereign pontiff, we, his faithful children in Christ Jesus, Donald O'Neill, king of Ulster, and lawful heir to the throne of Ireland, the nobles and great men, with all the people of this kingdom, recommend and humbly cast ourselves at his feet, &c.

“The calumnies and false representations which have been heaped upon us by the English are too well known throughout the world not to have reached the ears of your holiness. We are persuaded, most holy father, that your intentions are most pure and upright; but, from not knowing the Irish except through the misrepresentation of their enemies, your holiness might be induced to look upon as truths those falsehoods which have been circulated, and to form an opinion contrary to what we merit, which would be to us a great misfortune. It is, therefore, to save our country against such imputations, that we have come to the resolution of giving to your holiness, in this letter, a faithful description, and a true and precise idea, of the real state at present of our monarchy, if this term can be still applied to the sad remains of a kingdom which has groaned so long beneath the tyranny of the kings of England, and that of their ministers and barons, — some of whom, though born in our island, continue to exercise over us the same extortions, rapine, and cruelties, as their ancestors before them have committed. We shall advance nothing but the truth, and we humbly hope that, attentive to its voice, your holiness will not delay to express your disapprobation against the authors of those crimes and outrages which shall be revealed. The country in which we live was uninhabited until the three sons of a Spanish prince, named Milesius, — according to others, Micellius, — landed in it with a fleet of thirty ships. They came here from Cantabria, a city on the Ebro, from which river they called the country to which Providence guided them, Ibernia, where they founded a monarchy that embraced the entire of the island. Their descendants, who never sullied the purity of their blood by a foreign alliance, have furnished one hundred and thirty kings, who, during the space of two thousand five hundred years and upwards, have successively filled the throne of Ireland till the time of King Legarius, from whom he, who has the honor of affirming these facts, is descended in a direct line. It was under the reign of this prince, in the year 435, that our patron and chief apostle, St. Patrick, was sent to us by Pope Celestinus, one of your predecessors; and since the conversion of the kingdom through the preaching of that great saint, we have had, till 1170, an uninterrupted succession of sixty-one kings, descended from the purest blood of Milesius, who, well instructed in the duties of their religion, and faithful to their God, have proved themselves fathers of their people, and have shown by their conduct that, although they depended, in a spiritual light, upon the holy apostolical see of Rome, they never acknowledged any temporal master upon earth. It is to those Milesian princes, and

not to the English or any other foreigners, that the church of Ireland is indebted for those lands, possessions, and high privileges, with which the pious liberality of our monarchs enriched it, and of which it has been almost stripped, through the sacrilegious cupidity of the English.

“ During the course of so many centuries, our sovereigns, jealous of their independence, preserved it unimpaired. Attacked more than once by foreign powers, they were never wanting in either courage or strength to repel the invaders, and secure their inheritance from insult. But that which they effected against force, they failed to accomplish in opposition to the will of the sovereign pontiff. His holiness Pope Adrian, to whose other great qualities we bear testimony, was by birth an Englishman, but still more in heart and disposition. The national prejudices he had early imbibed, blinded him to such a degree, that, on a most false and unjust statement, he determined to transfer the sovereignty of our country to Henry, king of England, under whom, and, perhaps, by whom, St. Thomas of Canterbury had been murdered for his zeal in defending the interests of the church. Instead of punishing this prince as his crime merited, and depriving him of his own territories, the complaisant pontiff has torn ours from us to gratify his countryman, Henry the Second; and, without pretext or offence on our part, or any apparent motive on his own, has stripped us, by the most flagrant injustice, of the rights of our crown, and left us a prey to men, or rather to monsters, who are unparalleled in cruelty. *More cunning than foxes, and more ravenous than wolves, they surprise and devour us*; and if sometimes we escape their fury, it is only to drag on, in the most disgraceful slavery, the wretched remains of a life more intolerable to us than death itself. When, in virtue of the donation which has been mentioned, the English appeared for the first time in this country, they exhibited every mark of zeal and piety; and, excelling as they did in every species of hypocrisy, they neglected nothing to supplant and undermine us imperceptibly.

“ Emboldened from their first successes, they soon removed the mask; and, without any right but that of power, they obliged us, by open force, to give up to them our houses and our lands, and to seek shelter, like wild beasts, upon the mountains, in woods, marshes, and caves. Even there, we have not been secure against their fury; they even envy us those dreary and terrible abodes; they are incessant and unremitting in their pursuits after us, endeavoring to chase us from among them; they lay claim to every place in which they can discover us, with unwarranted audacity and injustice; they allege that the whole kingdom



belongs to them of right, and that an Irishman has no longer a right to remain in his own country. From these causes arise the implacable hatred and dreadful animosity of the English and the Irish towards each other; that continued hostility, those bloody retaliations and innumerable massacres, in which, from the invasion of the English to the present time, more than fifty thousand lives have been lost on both sides, besides those who have fallen victims to hunger, to despair, and the rigors of captivity. Hence, also, spring all the pillaging, robbery, treachery, treason, and other disorders, which it is impossible for us to allay in the state of anarchy under which at present we live — an anarchy fatal not only to the state, but likewise to the church of Ireland, whose members are now, more than ever, exposed to the danger of losing the blessings of eternity, after being first deprived of those of this world. Behold, most holy father, a brief description of all that has reference to our origin, and the miserable condition to which your predecessor has brought us. We shall now inform your holiness of the manner in which we have been treated by the kings of England. The permission of entering this kingdom was granted by the holy see to Henry the Second and his successors, only on certain conditions, which were clearly expressed in the bull which was given them. According to the tenor of it, Henry engaged to increase the church revenues in Ireland; to maintain it in all its rights and privileges; to labor, by enacting good laws, in reforming the morals of the people, eradicating vice, and encouraging virtue; and, finally, to pay to the successors of St. Peter an annual tribute of one penny for each house. Such were the conditions of the bull. But the kings of England and their perfidious ministers, so far from observing them, have uniformly contrived to violate them in every way, and to act in direct opposition to them. First, as to the church lands, — instead of extending their boundaries, they have contracted, curtailed, and invaded them so generally and to such a degree, that some of our cathedrals have been deprived, by open force, of more than one half of their revenues. The persons of the clergy have been as little respected as their property. On every side, we behold bishops and prelates summoned, arrested, and imprisoned by the commissioners of the king of England; and so great is the oppression exercised over them, that they dare not give information of it to your holiness. However, as they are so dastardly as to conceal their misfortunes and those of the church, they do not merit that we should speak in their behalf.

“We once had our laws and institutions; the Irish were remarkable for their candor and simplicity; but the English have undertaken to

reform us, and have been unfortunately but too successful. Instead of being, like our ancestors, simple and candid, we have become, through our intercourse with the English, and the contagion of their example, artful and designing as themselves. *Our laws were written, and formed a body of right, according to which our country was governed.* However, with the exception of one alone, which they could not wrest from us, they have deprived us of those salutary laws, and have given us instead a code of their own making. Great God! such laws! If inhumanity and injustice were leagued together, none could have been devised more deadly and fatal to the Irish. The following will give your holiness some idea of their new code. They are the fundamental rules of English jurisdiction established in this kingdom:—

“1. Every man, who is not Irish, may, for any kind of crime, go to law with any Irishman, whilst neither layman nor ecclesiastic, who is Irish, (prelates excepted,) can, under any cause or provocation, resort to any legal measures against his English opponent.

“2. If an Englishman kill an Irishman perfidiously and falsely, as frequently occurs, of whatsoever rank or condition the Irishman may be, noble or plebeian, innocent or guilty, clergyman or layman, secular or regular, were he even a bishop, the crime is not punishable before an English tribunal; but, on the contrary, the more the sufferer has been distinguished among his countrymen, either for his virtue or his rank, the more the assassin is extolled and rewarded by the English, and that not only by the vulgar, but by the monks, bishops, and, what is more incredible, by the very magistrates, whose duty it is to punish and repress crime.

“3. If any Irishwoman whosoever, whether noble or plebeian, marry an Englishman, on the death of her husband she becomes deprived, from her being Irish, of a third of the property and possessions which he owned.

“4. If an Irishman fall beneath the blows of an Englishman, the latter can prevent the vanquished from making any testamentary deposition, and may likewise take possession of all his wealth. What can be more unjustifiable than a law which deprives the church of its rights, and reduces men, who had been free from time immemorial, to the rank of slaves?

“5. The same tribunal, with the coöperation and connivance of some English bishops, at which the Archbishop of Armagh presided, a man who was but little esteemed for his conduct, and still less for his learning, made the following regulations at Kilkenny, which are not less

absurd in their import than in their form. The court, say they, after deliberating together, prohibits all religious communities, in that part of Ireland of which the English are in peaceful possession, to admit any into them but a native of England, under a penalty of being treated by the king of England as having contemned his orders, and by the founders and administrators of the said communities as disobedient and refractory to the present regulation. This regulation was little needed; before, as well as since its enactment, the English Dominicans, Franciscans, Benedictines, regular canons, and all the other communities of their countrymen, observed the spirit of it but too faithfully. In the choice of their inmates, they have evinced a partiality the more shameful, as the houses for Benedictines and canons, where the Irish are now denied admittance, were intended by their founders to be asylums open to people of every nation indiscriminately. Vice was to be eradicated from amongst us, and the seeds of virtue sown. Our reformers have acted diametrically the opposite character; they have deprived us of our virtues, and have implanted their vices amongst us, &c. &c. &c.

“DONALD O'NEILL.”

This letter bears date 1315.

The sovereign pontiff, moved by the remonstrances of O'Neill, addressed a letter, quoted by Petrus Lombardus, p. 260, to Edward the Third, king of England, exhorting that prince to check the disorders and cruelty that were practised upon the Irish; but it did not avail.

We shall now present the letter of the Duke of York, Earl of March, and heir apparent to the crown of England, (in the reign of Henry the Sixth,) who was at the time lord lieutenant of Ireland, 1455.

The following copy is taken from Campion's history, in the Mazarin library in Paris, where it can be verified.

“Right worshipful, and, with all my heart, entirely beloved brother: I commend mee unto you as heartily as I can.

“Ande like it you to wit, that sith I wrote last unto the king, our sovereigne lord his highnes, the Irish enemy, that is to say, M'Geoghegan, and with him three or foure Irish captaines, associate with a great fellowship of English rebels, notwithstanding that they were within the king our sovereigne lord his power, of great malice, and against all truth, have maligned against their legiance, and vengeably have brent a great town of my inheritance, in Meth, called Ramore, and other villages thereabouts, and murdered and burnt both men, women, and children, without mercy, the which enemies be yet assembled in woods and

forts, wayting to doe the hurt and grievance to the king's subjects, that they can thinke or imagine for which cause I write at this time to the king's highnes, and beseech his good grace for to hasten my payment for this land, according to his letters of warrant, now late directed unto the treasurer of England to the intent I may wage men in sufficient number, for to resist the malice of the same enemys, and punish them in such wyse, that other, which would do the same, for lack of resistance in time, may take example, for, doubtlesse, but if my payment be had, in all haste, for to have men of war in defence and safeguard of this lande, my power cannot stretch to keepe it in the king's obeysance, and very necessity will compell me to come into England, to live there upon my poore livelode, for. I had lever be dead, than any inconvenience should fall thereunto in my default, for it shall never be chronicled, nor remain in scripture, by the grace of God, that Ireland was lost by my negligence ; and, therefore, I beseech you, right worshipful brother, that you will hold to your hands instantly, that my payment may be had at this time, in eschuing all inconveniences, for I have example in other places, more pity it is to dread shame, and for to acquite my truth unto the king's highnes, as my dutie is, and this I pray and exhort you, good brother, to shew unto his good grace, and that you will be so good, that this language may be enacted at this present parliament for my excuse in time to come, and that you will be good to my servant Roger Roe, the bearer hereof, &c.

“ Written at Divelin, the 15th Juin.

“ Your faithful true brother,

“ RICHARD YORK.”

I, for one, am content to allow an enlightened community to pronounce judgment on the literary merits of these authentic letters, the production of equals in English and Irish society.

After the decisive battle of Bosworth Field, in which the celebrated Richard the Third was slain, the crown, having been found in the field, was carried to the victorious Earl of Richmond, who was crowned on the battle-ground as *Henry the Seventh*. This successful prince, having married the heiress of the house of York, united on the throne the heads of the contending parties.

On the fall of Richard, the Plantagenet line became extinct. The Plantagenet family had enjoyed the crown of England for three hundred years. It now passed into the family of Tudor. In the previous fifty years, — from 1400 to 1450, — the Irish made wonderful ad-



vances towards the extinction of the English interest in Ireland. *Leland*, a writer on the English side, thus describes the relative bearings of the English and Irish power, in the beginning of the fifteenth century: "The Irish, in despite of transient, occasional, and inadequate attempts to subdue them, gradually advanced in power, and enlarged their borders. Although the English lords, by the statutes of their little parliament, prohibited the English settlers from trading with the native Irish, yet their most flourishing settlements and richest towns were so totally environed by the old natives, that the English could trade with none other, and were reduced by the legal restraints of their parliament to the danger of being utterly impoverished. The power of the ancient natives was every day extending and increasing: *what could not be effected by military operations*, was, on various occasions, [continues this writer, on the side of England,] *attempted by treaties and stipulations; and here the superior power of the enemy* [meaning the Irish] *dictated the terms.*" The English settlers on the border were driven to defend themselves from the incursions of the neighboring Irish, by bribes and pensions. "It doth not appear certain," continues this author, "at what precise time this dishonorable concession was first made; but, from the public records, the commencement of it was not much later than the present period," (viz., during the reign of Henry the Fifth of England, anno 1400.) "An annual stipend, afterwards well known by the name of *black rent*, was paid to the powerful Irish chieftains by the English settlers, to purchase their protection, whose pride was thus gratified by the recognition of their ancient sovereignty. The English subjects were still, by this time, reduced to a mortifying situation. The old native Irish considered the whole race as aliens and intruders — those, at least, who would not consent to adopt their language and manners." And by the 9th of Henry the Sixth, 1430, we find the limits of the English Pale set forth in the following words. It goes on, after a long preamble, to record, "that the enemies and rebels (the Irish) had conquered and put under their obeysance and tribute in the parts of Munster, and well nigh all the counties of Limerick, Tipperary, Kilkenny, and Wexford; and in the nether parts, well nigh all the counties of Limerick, Tipperary, Kilkenny, and Wexford; and well nigh all the counties of Carlow, Kildare, Meath, and Uriel; so that there is left unconquered and out of tribute little more than the *county of Dublin.*"

Such is the testimony of that memorable act of parliament to the great fact, that Ireland, up to this period, was *unconquered by England.*

It is to us of the present day astonishing—incomprehensible—that the Irish chieftains of that period did not combine together, and free themselves and their country totally from British power. They were, it seems, contented, in the distant quarters of the island, to rule their petty septs, to maintain their state and consequence against their neighbors, and to enjoy the honor and advantage of trifling victories. Some of them, indeed, united in the most cordial affection with the old English families, who had joined them in marriage and family interests. Had the Irish people been then led by a *Brien Boromhe*, or an O’Ruark, they would have instantly destroyed the English power in Ireland.

The reign of Henry the Seventh passed away without disturbing materially this general state of things. The Anglo-Irish having joined, either on the one side or the other, in the English civil wars, they were drawn off in great numbers, and appeared in arms against each other in England. From this also grew two parties among the native Irish,—called the *York* and *Lancaster* party,—and their animosities continued to be kept up between the great houses of Butler and Geraldine for many generations. *Crom-a-boo!* was the senseless war-cry of the Geraldines, or the *Kildare* family; and *Butler-a-boo!* that of the Butler or Ormond family;—and so of others. At length the king sent Sir Edward Poyning, with a thousand men, to settle the affairs, and to curb the aristocracy, of the Pale. He introduced the famous act, in Drogheda, called *Poyning’s Law*, which forbade the holding any parliament in Ireland without the king of England’s authority, or the proposing any law without its receiving his previous assent and that of his privy council. This was the law which Grattan succeeded in repealing in 1782. In the removal of several penal clauses against the Irish, passed at Kilkenny, that against speaking the Irish language was not renewed, for nearly all the English in Ireland had for a long time spoken in that tongue, and had dropped the use of their own; a thing, as remarked by Spenser, unprecedented in the case of a conquered country.

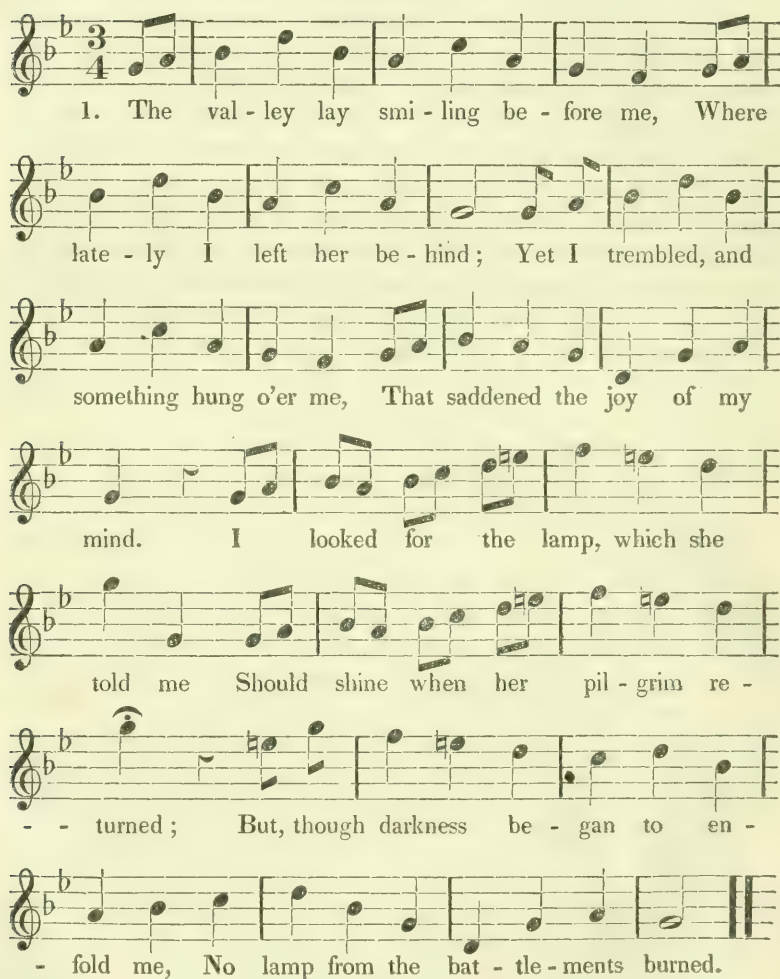
The higher clergy, in those days, exercised much power in the temporal affairs of society, both in England and Ireland. The office of lord chancellor had been filled by a dignitary of the church since the time of King Alfred, which was discontinued on the fall of Cardinal Wolsey, whose place was supplied by Sir Thomas More. Medicine was practised by the clergy, particularly the monks; and as they superintended all the public schools and universities, administered to all who were needy, wrote all the books then in use in schools and libraries,

besides being lords of one fifth of England, and nearly of a like proportion of Ireland, in right of their establishments, they possessed unbounded influence. They were, however, good, indulgent landlords, and the rents paid to them were all spent amongst the people.

This year [1492] was remarkable for the voyage of Christopher Columbus, and his discovery of the new world, which Seneca seems to have predicted in his *Medea*: “Ages will arise in after years, when the ocean will loose her chains, and the great globe will open; when the sea will develop new orbs, and that Thule will not be the extreme region of the earth.” Henry the Seventh, to whom Columbus first applied, neglected, it appears, both his own interest and glory, by refusing the offer which this great man made to him, in his projected voyage, and which Ferdinand of Castile contrived to turn to his own advantage. It was a discovery which gave a new impetus to the energies of the old world, and its effects are yet only in an infant state.

## THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

BY MOORE.



1. The val - ley lay smi - ling be - fore me, Where  
late - ly I left her be - hind; Yet I trembled, and  
something hung o'er me, That saddened the joy of my  
mind. I looked for the lamp, which she  
told me Should shine when her pil - grim re -  
- - turned; But, though darkness be - gan to en -  
- fold me, No lamp from the bat - tle - ments burned.

2.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely  
As if the loved tenant lay dead;  
Ah! would it were death, and death only—  
But, no! the false young one had fled!



And there hung the lute that could soften  
 My very worst pains into bliss;  
 While the hand that had waked it so often  
 Now throbbed to my proud rival's kiss.

## 3.

There *was* a time, falsest of women,  
 When Breffni's good sword would have sought  
 That man through a million of foemen,  
 Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought*!  
 While now—O degenerate daughter  
 Of Erin! how fallen is thy fame!  
 And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,  
 Thy country shall weep for thy shame.

## 4.

Already the curse is upon her,  
 And strangers her valleys profane;  
 They come to divide, to dishonor;  
 And tyrants they long will remain.  
 But, onward! the green banner bearing!  
 Go! flesh every brand to the hilt!  
 On *our* side is Virtue and Erin!  
 • On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt!

## CALLIEN DHAS CRUITHAN A BO.\*

(THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.)

*To be sung to the foregoing air.*

## 1.

One morning, when Sol was adorning  
 The dew-painted, fragrant rose,

\* Tradition informs us that this very ancient and very beautiful song grew out of the following historical incidents. Keating, (vol. i. page 125,) in conjunction with other authors, fully authenticates the following relation: We have undoubted authority to believe that Eithne Ollmhdd, daughter of O'Dowling, the son of

The larks sang their tunes melodious,  
 And flowers sweet odors disclosed;  
 It was near to the foot of a mountain,  
 Where cataracts rapidly flow,  
 I saw that fair artist of nature,  
 Called Callien dhas Cruithan a bo.

## 2.

The nightingale vied with the siren;  
 The linnet she sang in each spray;  
 The dove, with the sweetest allurements,  
 And lambs round the sweet one did play;  
 While Cupid sat there in his chariot,  
 Well armed with quiver and bow,  
 To wound all the hearts that came near to  
 This Callien dhas Cruithan a bo!

Eanaheadh, was mother to Carbre Liffenhair, the son of Cormac, the son of Art, the son of Cou of the Hundred Fights. This lady was fostered and educated by Buicoidh Boughach, a wealthy herdsman that lived in Leinster. Cormac, in one of his hunting excursions, became suddenly captivated with the lovely Eithne, a virgin of rare beauty, whom he by chance caught a glimpse of in passing through the lands of her foster-father, while she was employed milking a cow in company with her foster-sister and some domestics. The king inquired into the lineage of the lady, declared his passion, and ultimately made her his wife. This historical tradition is given to me by a learned and talented Irishman, as the origin of this beautiful air, which was composed, on the king's marriage, by his favorite bard. The two stanzas above given are, possibly, not the original words which were wedded to this air. I have heard a better version of this old song; and when I can possess myself of the words, it is likely I shall substitute them

## THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

BY MOORE.



1. The time I've lost in woo - ing, In



watching and pur - su - ing The light that lies In



woman's eyes, Has been my heart's un - do - ing.



Though wis - dom oft has sought me, I scorned the



lore she brought me; My on - ly books Were woman's



looks, And fol - ly's all they've taught me.

2.

On her smile, when beauty granted,

I hung with gaze enchanted,

Like him, the sprite

Whom maids by night

Oft meet in glen that's haunted.

Like him, too, beauty won me;

But while her eyes were on me,

If once their ray

Was turned away,

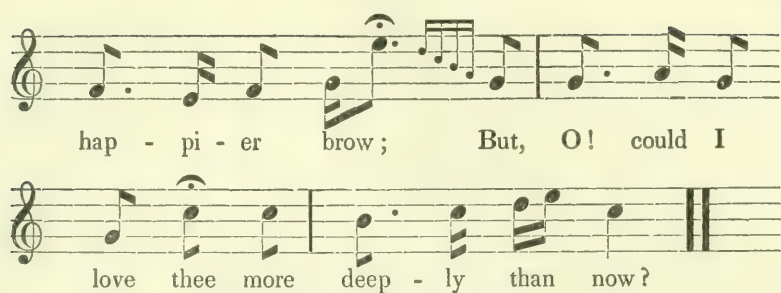
O! winds could not outrun me!

## REMEMBER THEE! YES.

BY MOORE.

1. Re - mem - ber thee! yes, while there's life in this  
heart, It shall nev er for - get thee, all  
lorn as thou art; More dear in thy sor - row, thy  
gloom, and thy showers, Than the rest of the  
world in their sun - ni - est hours. Wert thou  
all that I wish thee, great, glo - rious, and free, First  
flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,  
I might hail thee with proud - er, with





## 2.

No; thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,  
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,—  
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,  
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!  
Wert thou all that I wish thee, &c.

## KITTY OF COLERAINE.



## LECTURE XV.

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FROM A D. 1509 TO 1560.

Henry the Eighth. — Cardinal Wolsey. — Queen Catharine. — Anne Boleyn. — Henry breaks with the Pope. — Bishop Cranmer. — Sir Thomas More. — Bishop Fisher. — The subservient Parliament. — The Monasteries. — Their public Utility. — Opinion of the Quarterly Review. — King Henry's Design on the Monasteries — Thomas Cromwell. — His Commissions. — Cobbett's Opinion of them. — Seizure of three hundred and seventy-six Monasteries. — Distributed among the Pliant. — Further Confiscations. — Executions. — Invasion of the Shrines of the Dead. — Chaos in Laws, Morals, and Religion. — Catholics and Protestants burnt on the same Pile. — Monasteries legalized again in England. — Ireland under Henry. — The Kildare Family. — Beginning of the Reformation in Ireland. — Dissents and Opposition of the Clergy. — Persecution commenced. — Parliament of the Pale. — Confiscations of Irish Monasteries. — Bribery of the Irish Gentry. — King Henry's fifth Wife, Catharine Howard. — Execution of Cromwell. — Execution of the Queen. — Henry marries a sixth Wife. — His Death. — Reading of the Bible first suppressed by him. — Accession of Edward the Sixth. — Further Changes in Religion. — Insurrection in England. — Execution of Somerset. — Death of King Edward. — Intrigues of Northumberland. — Queen Mary proclaimed. — Rebellion. Grand Entry of Mary into London. — Restoration of the Laws, and of the Catholic Religion. — Pliancy of Parliament. — Marriage of the Queen to Philip of Spain. — The Parliament restore the Catholic Religion. — Why call Mary "Bloody"? — Ireland a Refuge for the Persecuted. — Massacre of Mullaghmast.

Anno 1509. WE are now about to enter on the eventful era of the reformation. This event is associated, in our minds, with the reign of King Henry the Eighth of England. As Ireland may date the beginning of her most grievous sufferings and sorrows from King Henry's time, every one will excuse me for going a little into the history of a cause which produced throughout Europe, as well as Ireland, such important changes.

It is not my vocation, nor have I capacity or acquirements, to enter the arena of theological controversy. I do not intend to treat this question in a sectarian spirit. Religion is a matter that lies between each man and his Creator. If, as I shall, for nearly the remainder of this work, be obliged to allude to the unfortunate differences in religion which this great change generated in Britain and Ireland, I hope to do

a most unpleasant duty without violence to the feelings of any. I shall not, if I can discover it, speak in a sectarian tone. In recounting the changes in the religious economy of the English government, I shall refer to them only in as far as they operated on the *political and social economy* of Ireland.

At the very threshold of this inquiry, I ask the kind forbearance and charitable interpretation of my readers, of every shade of opinion, while I unfold to them the incredible sufferings which Ireland has endured, in the name of religion, from the time of Henry the Eighth to the present hour.

King Henry the Eighth, of England, was the second son of Henry the Seventh, with whose reign I concluded my previous lecture. He was educated for the church; but Arthur, his eldest brother, dying at the age of fourteen, Henry became thereby the heir of the British crown; which, on the death of his father, [1509,] he assumed, while yet only eighteen years of age. He was handsome, accomplished, proud, and well educated. Immediately after coming to the throne, he married Catharine, the daughter of Philip, king of Spain. She was about three or four years older than himself. This lady had been nominally married, according to the custom of those times, to the king's brother, who, as I have just mentioned, died at the age of fourteen, and the marriage was therefore never consummated. But the lady's father took care to have a dispensation, or a *nullification* of that nominal marriage effected, by the pope, before the second marriage, with Henry the Eighth, was solemnized. The marriage with Henry therefore took place, with the full approbation of all the church authorities of England, Spain, and Rome.

King Henry had several children by his virtuous queen, one only of whom lived, namely, the princess *Mary*, afterwards queen of England. They lived happily and lovingly together for fourteen years, the queen proving herself, through all that time, a most virtuous and affectionate wife. The religion of England, Ireland, and all Europe, was then one and the same. It was Catholic, and in communion with the see of Rome.

The movement against the pope and the Catholic religion, which was begun in Europe by *Luther*, *Zuingle*, and *Calvin*, gave a new occupation to men's thoughts throughout the Christian world. In truth, this religious revolution, which had its beginning in the bosom of an offended monk, now mixed or attracted all elements into its vortex, in several of the continental kingdoms, opposition to the pope, opposition to princes, desire of the riches contained in the monasteries, impatience of ecclesi-

astical discipline, and doubtless the remembrance and existence of many petty acts of overstrained authority committed by prelates of the church, whose pride neither the monitions of the Christian tenets, the interests of religion, nor the fears of punishment, could restrain.

We find that, in many parts of Europe, mobs were excited to madness against the old church dignitaries. Churches and monasteries were broken up, and the rich contents distributed amongst the ringleaders. In the midst of this half-ecclesiastical, half-civil commotion, princes lost their diadems and principalities, which were seized upon by leaders who presented a new code of religion in one hand, and a new code of civil laws in the other.

Henry the Eighth distinguished himself amongst the theologians of Europe by the composition and publication of a book against *these reformers*. It was entitled the "Assertion of the Seven Sacraments," which he dedicated to Pope Leo the Tenth; and, in return, received from that distinguished father of the church the title *defender of the faith*, which was conferred on him in a special bull, signed by twenty-seven cardinals and bishops.

Such was Henry the Eighth at the commencement of the reformation in Germany. There is another distinguished person, to whom the reader must be introduced at this stage of the great drama. This is the celebrated *Cardinal Wolsey*. I know not if the whole history of the church offers to our view so proud a prelate. Originally of very humble parentage, he was educated for the church, and raised into importance by a train of fortunate circumstances. Having been selected by Henry the Seventh to go upon some mission of negotiation to the court of the Emperor Maximilian, he performed it so well and so quickly, that he won the approbation of the monarch, and was promoted to the deanery of Lincoln; and he subsequently made him his almoner, which office he held on the accession of Henry the Eighth, whose favor he secured so well that he was appointed a member of his council, and successively bishop of Tournay, Lincoln, archbishop of York, and lastly, cardinal and legate, chancellor of England, and bishop of Winchester. He was abbot of the convent of St. Alban's, and possessed likewise the revenues of the episcopal sees of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford, with several priories and other benefices. So great was the splendor to which he attained, that he kept an almost incredible number of officers and servants in his household; and when sent by the king as an ambassador to the court of France, he brought with him, in his train, twelve hundred horses, eighty chariots, sixty mules, and other parts of his retinue in



proportion. Splendor cannot be supported without wealth, and Wolsey was insatiable in the pursuit of it. Man generally possesses many passions ; but one usually preponderates, in which the others seem to centre. The cardinal's ruling passion was ambition. He aspired to nothing less than the papal chair, for which object he sought to obtain the friendship and influence of Charles the Fifth. This emperor, who looked upon him as necessary to aid him in carrying his plans into effect, began to display much regard towards him by a frequent correspondence, and in the letters which he wrote, he signed himself, "*Charles, your son and relation.*"

Such, condensed from the Abbé M'Geoghegan, is a glimpse at this celebrated man. It is not a little remarkable that the proud, unprincipled cardinal — for unprincipled he was — first set the example, in England, of suppressing monasteries. Wishing to do some signal thing, that would carry his name to remote posterity, he prevailed on the king to suppress forty monasteries, the revenues of which he assumed for the purpose of establishing and supporting two grand colleges, the one at Oxford, the other at Ipswich — an example which King Henry soon after followed, upon a more extended scale, though with somewhat less worthy motives actuating him.

When Henry had been about fourteen years married, he began to give vent to certain doubts, which troubled his conscience, as to the religious regularity of his marriage with Queen Catharine. These he communicated to Cardinal Wolsey, who, according to the authority of the Abbé M'Geoghegan, rather encouraged than subdued. Besides all this there was another impulse strongly working in favor of those doubts ; namely, a secret love for the beautiful *Anne Boleyn*, a maid of honor to his queen. These doubts at last broke openly out, and the king separated from the queen. An appeal was made by him to the pope, complaining that his marriage was unlawful, and requesting a trial, with a view to a divorce. The pope granted this trial, which was commenced before English commissioners, the legate from the holy see presiding. Queen Catharine refused to appear before this tribunal, inasmuch as it was composed of Englishmen, under the influence of the king ; and she, being a Spaniard, demanded a trial before the pope and cardinals. On this occasion the queen made a most eloquent appeal to the feelings of all present, in which she set forth her virtue, fidelity, and conjugal rights, and concluded by challenging her husband to say aught against her character since their union. The king said, "that he had no complaints to advance against her, that he was satisfied with her con-

duct, and that her virtue could not be sufficiently admired. He declared, likewise, that he would continue willingly to live with her if his conscience would permit him." The entire assembly, we are told, melted into tears. It broke up without doing any thing; but the royal pair did not come together again.

Time rolled on without bringing things to an issue. The divorce question was frequently debated without any thing being concluded on. The king, therefore, sent for the two cardinals, in order that they might induce the queen to leave the matter to his own decision. They immediately repaired to her, and found her working with her female attendants. When she heard Wolsey addressing her, and continuing to speak, "I see clearly," said she, "that you have come here to debate on matters which surpass my capacity." Then, showing a skein of silk which hung upon her neck, "Behold," she continued, "what I am capable of, and what is my sole occupation." Wolsey entreated her, through kindness for the king, not to await the result of a lawsuit, the issue of which could not be favorable to her. "I do not know," replied the queen, "who has advised the king to act as he is now doing. I confess, cardinal, that it is you whom I blame for it. Our parents, who were wise princes, had our marriage previously investigated, and obtained from the pope a dispensation for it, of which I hold the original. The king and I have lived for almost eighteen years together, during which no censure has been cast upon us. Your pride, however, I cannot approve of; your debaucheries, your tyranny, and insolence, I have spoken of. Through the influence of my nephew, the emperor, you have failed in being appointed pope, which is the source of all my misfortunes; since, in order to be revenged, you have not been content with kindling a war throughout all Europe, but have been likewise the secret spring and cause of all my misfortunes. Every thing that I suffer, cardinal, from this disgrace, is known to God, who will be your judge and mine." Wolsey wished to reply, but she would not hear him. Campeggio she treated with politeness, but protested that she never would acknowledge either one or the other as her judge, and would continue in the line of conduct she had adopted.

Some two or three years were now spent in negotiation between the courts of England and Rome. The question was discussed in the colleges of England, France, and Italy. Books were written pro and con, and the crafty king sent ambassadors to Rome, to tamper with the cardinals. He began, in the mean time, to manifest openly his partiality for Anne Boleyn. Having consented to submit the marriage to the college

of cardinals, under an erroneous supposition that he had gained many of them to his side, he was greatly mortified in finding that the entire college, with one exception, gave their votes confirmatory of the marriage. The pope acquiesced; and, after vainly trying to persuade Henry into an acquiescence, sent his ultimatum to the king, requesting him to take back his wife, and put away Anne Boleyn.

Henry had already, as it would appear, made up his mind to break with the pope, should the decision be against him; and it having been promulgated adversely, he kept his intention no longer a secret. In the mean time, having conceived a dislike for Cardinal Wolsey, he suddenly dismissed that powerful prelate from his various offices, and actually placed him under arrest. He advanced Sir Thomas More in his stead to the office of lord chancellor, who was the first layman that ever held that office in England. The celebrated Thomas Cranmer, a theological professor of Oxford, having written a book in favor of the divorce, was promoted to the archbishopric of Canterbury, in the place of Wolsey.

The king now influenced his parliament to pass an act declaring the power of the pope, in spiritual or temporal matters, at an end in his dominions. By his promise of rich rewards to the members of this parliament, he moulded them into most pliable courtiers. Any bill he wanted was carried through with rapidity. The archbishop, too, was equally willing to aid the king in all his important changes. The queen was soon divorced, in a court held by archbishop Cranmer. Anne Boleyn was married as quickly. Queen Catharine, in the course of a couple of years, died universally regretted. By Anne Boleyn he had a daughter, who was afterwards Queen Elizabeth.

The king now passed an act, through his parliament, making himself supreme head of the church, in all matters, throughout his dominions. He had another act passed, rendering it treason to his person, and punishable with *death*, to *deny* his supremacy. Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and many other most pious men, refused to take this oath. Their *refusal to admit* was deemed tantamount to a *denial*. For this they were both sent to prison. After remaining there some months, they were brought to the block and beheaded. Sir Thomas More was greatly regretted. He met his fate with a tranquil mind. As the executioner was about to lift the fatal axe, this remarkable man coolly removed his beard out of the way, observing that *it* had not offended his highness, the king. Thus died, says Sir James Mackintosh, one of the best men that was born in England for a thousand years. Bishop Fisher

was also beheaded for the same offence. Several abbots, who refused to admit the supremacy of the king, were hanged and quartered.

The king, having suspected the virtue of his new queen, had her arrested, tried, and ordered for execution in a few days after.

Having borrowed large sums from his subjects, which he had no means of paying, he had a bill brought through the parliament, to exempt him from paying any of this money. There was no limit to his personal expenses. On his accession to the throne, he found eighteen hundred thousand pounds in the treasury, accumulated by the late king; this large sum he had long since squandered in dissipation. After Anne Boleyn's death, he married the Lady Jane Seymour, by whom he had a son, who was afterwards Edward the Sixth of England. The lady died in childbirth, and the infant was extracted by the Cæsarean operation.

The next great political step of Henry was to have a bill carried through the house of commons, giving to his *proclamations* the force of an act of parliament. By this bold stroke he assumed, in his own person, the powers of the state; abolished *Magna Charta*, and reduced every authority in the kingdom, civil and ecclesiastical, beneath his unrestrained will. Persons suspected of treason, or those who refused to acknowledge the king's supremacy, were condemned and executed by his warrant. At first, the *forms* of a trial took place; but these were quickly laid aside, and the king's warrant was alone substituted for all other forms.

England was now reduced to a condition of the most abject slavery. *Hume* describes it thus: "The English, in that age, were so *thoroughly subdued*, that, like Eastern slaves, they were inclined to admire even those acts of violence and tyranny which were exercised on themselves, and at their own expense."

Henry, having reduced the people to this slave-like dread, proceeded next to seize on the rich monasteries. There were about seven hundred of these throughout England, and an equal number throughout Ireland. I have frequently described their nature and character in these pages, and especially at page 467, to which the reader is referred. These religious corporations were very wealthy. Their libraries were well stored with books, most of which were ornamented with silver clasps, hinges, and the like; for the monks spent much of their time composing and transcribing those books. Princes, lords, and other great ones of the world, usually bequeathed, on their death-beds, to the monasteries, some important gift, to be administered in acts of charity or education. And although the monks were supported by the income of these estab-



ishments, yet the poor and the illiterate were also benefited materially. Putting aside all question about a future state, the historian and the philosopher must admit, that those institutions were of great utility to the people of England and of Ireland, where, in the midst of so dense a population, the hand of charity is ever required, either to minister to the needy, the sick, or the illiterate.

On the score of science, they were admirable academies. There are hardly any of the great inventions which we value at present, that were not discovered by these misrepresented men. The earth's sphericity, antipodes, and the general astronomical balance, were discovered, in the eighth century, by an Irish monk, and its diurnal revolutions by an Italian Jesuit, in the sixteenth. Gunpowder was first compounded by a monk; and the best treatise on gunnery was written by a Jesuit. Architecture, painting, music, and mathematics, owe their preservation to the monks. Society felt no want which those good men did not associate to supply.

The Protestant Bishop Tanner, as quoted by William Cobbett, in his *History of the Reformation*, describes the monasteries thus: "They were schools of learning and education, for every convent had one person or more appointed for this purpose; and all the neighbors, that desired it, might have their children taught grammar and church music, &c., without any expense to them. In the nunneries, young women were taught to work, and read English, and sometimes Latin also; so that not only the lower rank of people, who could not pay for their learning, were educated, but most of the noblemen's and gentlemen's daughters were educated in those places. Thirdly, all the monasteries were, in effect, great hospitals; and were, most of them, obliged to relieve many poor people every day. They were likewise free houses of entertainment for almost all travellers. They were likewise of considerable advantage to the places where they had their sites, and estates, by creating a great resort thither, by obtaining grants of fairs and markets, freeing the people from the oppressions of the ambitious chiefs and barons, and lastly by *letting their lands at easy rates*.

\* "And, finally, the abbeys, and churches attached, were great ornaments to the country, and employed a great many workmen in building and repairing, which contributed much to improve the taste for, and the style of, our architecture."

The monasteries were constructed throughout Europe on those principles of utility. There was no nation in which the standard of the cross was planted, but the monastic institutions grew up around it

*Mallet*, in his *History of the Swiss*, speaking of those calumniated men, says, "The monks softened, by their instructions, the ferocious manners of the people, and opposed their credit to the tyranny of the nobility, who knew no other occupation than war, and grievously oppressed their neighbors. On this account the government of monks was preferred to theirs — the people sought them for judges. It was a usual saying, that it was better to be governed by the bishop's crosier than the monarch's sceptre."

Drake, in his *Literary Hours*, says, "The monks of Cassins were distinguished not only for their knowledge of sciences, but their attention to polite learning, and an acquaintance with the classics. Their learned abbot, *Desiderius*, collected the best Greek and Roman authors. The fraternity not only composed learned treatises on music, logic, astronomy, architecture, &c., but employed a portion of their time in transcribing *Tacitus*, and other ancient authors."

In the *English Quarterly Review*, December, 1811, there is the following testimony to the same purport: "The world has never been so indebted to any other body of men as to the illustrious order of Benedictine monks. A community of pious men, devoted to literature and to the useful arts, as well as to religion, seems, in the days that are past, like a green oasis amid the desert: like stars upon a moonless night, they shine upon us with a tranquil ray. If ever there was a man who could truly be called *venerable*, it was he to whom the appellation is constantly prefixed — the Venerable BEDE — whose life was passed in instructing his own generation, and preparing records for posterity. In those days," continues the *Review*, "the church offered the only asylum from the evils to which every country was exposed. Amidst continued wars, the church enjoyed peace. It was regarded as a sacred realm by men who, though they hated one another, believed and feared God through the same form of religion. Abused as it was by the worldly-minded and ambitious, and disgraced by the artifices of the designing and the follies of the fanatic, it afforded a shelter to those who were better than the world in their youth, or weary of it in their age. The wise, as well as the timid and gentle, fled to this Goshen of God, which enjoyed its own light and calm, amidst darkness and storms."

Such were the monasteries, which had grown up, like the oaks of the forest, for a thousand years, increasing, as they grew, in strength and majesty.

There were about twenty to five-and-twenty of these institutions in each county in England and Ireland. To obtain the concurrence of

parliament, in his designs on this property, the king promised some of these possessions to the members, as the reward for their subserviency. But even this failed to make them sufficiently pliable to his will.

In order to begin the confiscations, the king put on the forms of law, and appointed a commission to visit and inquire into the practices and properties of all the monasteries of the kingdom. At the head of this commission he placed THOMAS CROMWELL, who was son of a blacksmith, and who had been brought up as a messenger in the household of Cardinal Wolsey. The commissioners sent forward their agents to every monastic institution in the kingdom: the kingdom was divided into districts for this purpose, and two deputies were appointed to visit each district. Their object was to obtain grounds of accusation against the monks and nuns.

These deputies are described by William Cobbett, [from whose able work on the reformation I have condensed most of the foregoing remarks,] in the following words: "When we consider the object, and what was the character of the man to whom the work was committed, we may easily imagine what sort of men these deputies were. They were, in fact, fit to be the subalterns of such a chief. They were some of the very worst men in all England — men of notoriously infamous characters; men who had been convicted of heinous crimes, some of whom had actually been *branded* for crime. These men wrote in their 'reports,' not what *was*, but what their merciless employers wanted them to write.

"The monks and nuns, who had never dreamed of the *possibility* of such proceedings; who had never entertained the idea that *Magna Charta*, and all the laws of the land, could be set aside in a moment; and whose recluse and peaceful lives rendered them wholly unfit to cope with crafty, desperate villany, — fell before these ruffians as chickens fall before the kite. The *reports* made by these villains met with no contradiction. The accused parties had no means of making a defence. There was no court for them to appear in. They dared not, even if they had the means, offer a defence or make a complaint; for they had seen the horrible consequences — the burnings, the rippings up, of all those of their brethren who had ventured to whisper their dissent from any dogma or decree of the tyrant. The monks and nuns, and the multitudes that depended on them for support, were to be at once stripped of this great mass of property, without any other ground than the reports of those men, sent, as the malignant *Hume* confesses, for the express purpose of finding a pretence for the breaking up of the

monasteries, and the king's taking to himself property that had never belonged to him or his predecessors."

Such is Cobbett's opinion of this great confiscation. The youth of the present day are taught, from Hume's History of England, to believe the very worst things of the monastic institutions. The reports of these visitors, whom Cobbett designates "branded ruffians," were taken by Hume, and the rest of the party historians of England, as the grounds and data of their attacks on the characters of the pious inmates; and the unaccountable hatred entertained against the Catholics, on account of their religious belief, (for which no man is accountable to another,) by many persons generally ignorant of their principles and history, is, in great part, to be attributed to the reports of those ruffian inquisitors, whose falsehood was superinduced by their well-founded expectation of sharing in the plunder.

Upon the reports thus obtained, an act of parliament was passed in March, 1536, for the confiscation of three hundred and seventy-six monasteries, and for granting their estates, real and personal, to the king and his heirs. He took plate, jewels, gold and silver ornaments, as well as the lands and houses, cattle and crops. This act of naked plunder, corrupt as his parliament was, could not be carried through the house of commons.

Spelman, in his History of Sacrilege, — who was also a Protestant historian, — says, speaking of the confiscation bill, "The bill stuck long in the lower house, and could get no passage, when the king commanded the commons to attend him in the forenoon, in his gallery, where he let them wait till late in the afternoon; and then, coming out of his chamber, walking a turn or two amongst them, and looking angrily on them, first on one side and then on the other, at last said he, '*I hear that my bill will not pass; but I will have it pass, or I will have some of your heads.*' And without other rhetoric, he returned to his chamber. Enough was said: the bill passed, and all was given him as he desired."

It was thus that Henry carried this important measure, and it may be added that thus he carried every thing. The reports of the visitors and inquisitors *were not believed by the parliament*, for they refused to legislate on them, until individually threatened with execution.

The act of confiscation was passed in the year 1536, and in its preamble is contained the reasons for its enactments. It includes, in a schedule, all the smaller monasteries, amounting to three hundred and seventy-six; and it gives as reasons, that these lesser monasteries were corrupt, carnal, and sinful, and directs the inmates to go to the larger



monasteries, "*where*," (as the act recites,) "*thanks be to God, religion is right well kept and observed.*"

I shall show, by and by, how easy he found an excuse for laying hands on these also. Before this time, there never was such a word known or understood, in England or Ireland, as *pauper*; but after this time, pauperism and poverty, and poor rates, and a standing army, and a national debt, and deadly animosities, and religious hate and exasperations, and finally, the suppression of the people's liberties, ensued.

As soon as Henry was in possession of the three hundred and seventy-six estates, he began to assign them away to his followers, for the king soon found he could not keep all to himself; and before four years passed over, he found himself without a single particle of the property he had thus seized: it was all divided amongst his scrambling followers.

When the king complained to Cromwell of their rapacity, he used these memorable words: "By our lady, the cormorants, when they have got the garbage, will devour the dish." Cromwell reminded him that there was much more yet to come. "Tut," said the king, "my whole realm would not stanch their maws." But this difficulty he soon got over. I have just quoted a paragraph from the preamble of the act, 27th Henry, called the *confiscation act*, in which, in that very bill, he puts on the record that, "in the great and solemn monasteries, ('*thanks be to God*,') religion is right well kept and observed." This is the very language of the act; and to our understandings it would seem a work of some difficulty to find any reason, in the course of four years, for turning on the larger and more solemn establishments, especially when we may well suppose they were strictly on their guard to give no cause for censure. But we shall see this done, and that quickly. An act was brought into the parliament, which conferred on the king and his assigns *all* monasteries, *all* hospitals, and *all* colleges, within his dominions. The people here and there flew to insurrection; but they were butchered, — they were hewed down, even as the butcher despatches ox after ox, in the slaughter-house.

SEVENTY-TWO THOUSAND PERSONS WERE THUS SLAUGHTERED, IN THE COURSE OF EIGHT OR TEN YEARS, UNDER PENAL ENACTMENTS, WHICH NEVER, TILL THEN, WERE KNOWN TO THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

No language can describe the horrors of this dreadful change. Monks and nuns, bishops and priests, were executed on the slightest suspicion of murmuring dissent.

But—still more revolting—the shrines of the most illustrious dead were invaded, for sake of the mere wealth which had been imbedded in them by their friends or admirers. The tomb and shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Austin, and of Alfred the Great, were amongst the most sacred objects desecrated by sacrilegious hands, and the interred dust scattered to the winds. Many of the old and beautiful abbeys were battered down or blown up with gunpowder. The vast libraries, that took ages to accumulate, were taken out and burned at their doors, which all must admit was a loss that never can be repaired.

Of course, those who so acted did all in their power to blacken the characters of the trustees of this vast property. “*Lazy monks*,” and “*monkish ignorance*,” were phrases coined and squeezed into the English language, to generate a prejudice in the minds of youth towards the old occupants of the monasteries. If those who seized upon all this property had, when they turned out the monks, placed in their stead commissioners or officers under the eye of government, to administer the trusts according to the wills of the various founders, then there would be something to color the charge of impropriety against the monks. But *not one of the duties* ever performed towards society by the monks has been ever performed by those who got their lands, from that day to the present.

I will here quote one other extract from William Cobbett, on this terrible change: “The whole country presented the appearance of a land recently invaded by barbarians. *Nothing has ever yet come to supply the place of what was then destroyed.* This is the view for us to take of the matter. It is not a matter of mere *religion*, but a matter of rights, liberties, real wealth, happiness, and national greatness. If all these have been strengthened,” continues this great English writer, “or augmented by the change, even then we must not approve of the horrible *means*. But if they have *all* been weakened or lessened by that reformation, what an outrageous abuse of words it is to call the event by that *name*. And if I do not prove, clear as the daylight, that before the reformation England was greater, more *moral*, more wealthy, and more *happy*, than she has ever been *since*; if I do not make this appear as clearly as any fact was ever made to appear, I will be contented to be called a vain pretender for the rest of my life.” That able Protestant writer then proceeds to show the alteration for the worse, which this change produced in the condition of the people; to which work the reader, who wishes to be more fully informed on this subject, is referred.

It is a curious fact in the history of erratic man, that, within the past year, namely, about June, 1843, a leading lord of the British parliament

deplored the loss of those charitable religious and literary corporations to England, showed the incredible ignorance that every where prevailed, and sighed for the reëstablishment of monasteries throughout England, to assist in the restoration of morals and literature. The house of commons patiently listened to the noble lord's address, and consented, on his motion, *to repeal the statute of mortmain*, which was passed at the reformation, and which forbade the existence of any religious corporation in England. Nunneries and monasteries are again growing up in London, and throughout England, under the authority of parliament. Thus, then, the calumiated monks are at length vindicated, in that very chamber, where, three hundred years ago, they were sentenced to destruction and infamy.

It is now time to look at King Henry's government in Ireland.

For the first twenty-five years of his reign, he left the entire management of Ireland to his deputies and the little parliament of the Pale. Things were carried on pretty much as they had been for the three centuries before his time. During the early part of King Henry's reign, the Earl of Kildare, the king's deputy, and the Earl of Surry, who succeeded him, were continually engaged in strife with the Irish chiefs. Various were the successes and reverses of the opposed parties. Many great men, both on the English and Irish side, fell. The chief O'Neill, at this time the hereditary king or prince of Ulster, advanced to the very confines of the British territory in Meath, with ten thousand foot and four thousand horse, and offered battle to the English deputy; which, however, he thought it prudent to decline. Henry the Eighth subsequently sent O'Neill a collar of gold, and commanded Surry to invite him to court.

By an extract from the proceedings of the privy council at Dublin, 1534, it appears that "neither the English order, tongue, nor habit, was used, nor the king's laws obeyed, above twenty miles in compass;" and the council declared it to be their opinion that, unless the laws be duly executed, the "little place which is now obedient, will be reduced to the same condition as the remainder of the kingdom."—*State Papers*, 63. — *Instructions to John Allen*. — The Irish chiefs, however, in every direction, indulged their animosities towards each other, and seemed to forget the presence of a common enemy in the country; against whom had they heartily united, he would not have existed in Ireland twenty-four hours.

Soon after this, the English brought into Ireland three pieces of cannon, which, being an engine of warfare then new to the Irish, terrified them exceedingly in those parts of the country where it was used.

Although the Earl of Kildare, as lord lieutenant, and after him his son Gerald, had carried fire and sword throughout Ireland, in obedience to the king's command, yet the enemies of this earl, consisting of the Ormonds, the Ossorys, Lord Chancellor Allen, and others, sent an embassy to King Henry, representing his actions in a treasonable light; upon which Kildare was ordered to England, where, on his arrival, the king had him shut up in prison. His son, Thomas Fitzgerald, to whom he gave the sword of state during his absence, hearing what had befallen his father, and suspecting, moreover, that his father would be executed, threw up the sword of state, and declared open war against the king. This declaration he supported with all his might, having gathered considerable forces. His chief opposition, however, consisted in the enemies of his family amongst the Anglo-Irish of the Pale. His father had persecuted the old Irish too vehemently to allow many of them to join the young earl. Yet some few of the Irish chieftains did flock to his standard, and he undoubtedly made considerable advances towards shaking off the power of England. Having fortified his castle of Maynooth, and several other strongholds, he went into Connaught to collect additional forces; but the governor of his castle, after withstanding a siege for ten days, treacherously offered to surrender it, expecting to make his fortune by the base act. It deserves to be recorded that the English general, on receiving the castle, paid the traitor the sum agreed upon for surrendering it, but had him shot for betraying so good a master in his absence; which proper treatment I hope will be a lasting lesson to all future traitors.

After a great many skirmishes and battles, and a harassing warfare, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald proposed terms of peace to *Grey*, the English deputy. This was gladly accepted, and the young earl was received at court and pardoned. But King Henry requested him to be sent to England, and under the assurance of safety from the lord deputy, who proposed to accompany him, he consented to risk his life in the hands of the King. On his arrival in London, he found his father had died in prison, into which he was himself committed. In the beginning of the year 1536, five uncles of the young earl, who had been under arms, surrendered on condition of pardon, and, being invited by the deputy to his house, were arrested at dinner, and were likewise sent to London, where, shortly after their arrival, they and their distinguished nephew were treacherously executed. It is not a little remarkable that this deputy, *Grey*, was subsequently beheaded by Henry, his master.

There was still a youth of the Fitzgerald race left — young Gerald,



thirteen years of age, who was secreted by various relatives, and sent to France, whither he was pursued by the agents of King Henry. He found means to escape from Paris to Flanders, from thence to Rome, where he received protection from the pope, and was finally restored to his possessions by Edward the Sixth, which was again confirmed by Queen Mary, who restored him to his titles and honors.

We find that, in these times, the English absent from their Irish estates were deemed so injurious to the interests of the Pale, that several of their estates were confiscated to the crown, upon this ground. Amongst the estates so confiscated were those of the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Berkley, Waterford, Shrewsbury, Ormond, together with those of several abbots, who resided in England. A further act against the Irish language was now passed, and no clerk in orders was permitted to officiate, who could not speak the English language fluently.

It was in one of the little parliaments, held about this time, that the power to vote for members of it was restricted to those who had an interest of *forty shillings per annum from land*.

When Henry had pretty well established his supremacy, in spiritual matters, throughout England, he sent over to Ireland Bishop Brown, who had preached much in London in favor of his views. With him were coupled some others, as commissioners, to introduce the principles of the new worship, which, after all, did not differ much from that of the old Catholic faith, for the *mass and sacraments* were not yet abolished.

On their arrival in Dublin, Bishop Brown summoned a convocation of the clergy, to whom he proposed the oath of supremacy; but no sooner had the commissioners opened their business, than *Cromer*, archbishop and primate of Armagh, an Englishman by birth, openly and boldly declared against an attempt, in his opinion, so impious. This declaration was followed by other clerical members of the parliament. The primate retired from the council to his diocese, where he summoned his clergy, and addressed them in strong and pathetic language against the threatened inroad upon their religion. The clergy were every where aroused to oppose the change, and nowhere did Henry meet with sympathy or encouragement. His commissioners were treated with contempt and ridicule, and his chief *vicar*, Thomas Cromwell, on account of the meanness of his birth, was the object of popular scorn. From disdain and contempt for the commissioners, the people changed to open hostility, and threatened the life of Archbishop Brown. The deputy, Grey, the trusty and well-beloved of Henry, sallied into the

diocese of Armagh, with an army of pillagers, for the purpose of striking terror into the hearts of the clergy. He entered Lecale and the Ardes, in the county of Down, against a nobleman of English extraction, called Savage, to whom Cox and others give the appellation of "a degenerate Englishman." He took the castle of Dundrum, belonging to Magennis, with several other fortified places, and laid all that country waste. He next laid his sacrilegious hands on the cathedral church of Down, which he burned, destroyed the monuments of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbe Kill, and committed several other sacrilegious acts. He then made war against images, which were destroyed every where, at this time, particularly those that were most revered by the faithful. The celebrated statue of the blessed Virgin at Trim was burned, as also the crucifix of the abbey of Ballybogan, and St. Patrick's crosier,\* which had been removed, by order of William Fitzadelm, in the twelfth century, from Armagh to Dublin, to be deposited in the cathedral church of the blessed Trinity. In many other parts of the kingdom, the example of the English was in this instance followed; and it must be admitted that all the wars in Ireland, from that period to the present, have been wars on account of religion.

Bishop Brown suggested to King Henry the calling of a parliament in Dublin, by which acts of compulsion, confiscations, pains, and penalties, might be *speedily passed into law*, and, by force and terror, produce that change in men's opinions which simple reason and logic failed to effect.

The religious persecutions, instituted by Henry towards his Irish subjects, began now to unite both English and Irish; and Archbishop Brown, in a letter to Cromwell, describes the slender power his "highness" now had in Ireland, by reason, he adds, that "the English by descent, and the ancient Irish, were beginning to forget their national animosities;" and notwithstanding that the little parliament of the Pale passed several laws in conformity with his highness's wishes, the same could not be enforced twenty miles from the castle of Dublin.

A parliament was summoned in Dublin by Grey, the king's lieutenant of the Pale. The parliament was made up by summoning together

\* "Providence," says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, "has preserved a crosier to posterity, which St. Patrick had used at the baptism of Aongus, king of Cashel, the holy apostle having left it with O'Kearney of Cashel, to be used by the bishops of that church on days of ceremony, whose descendants have preserved it, with veneration, to the present time. This venerable monument of Christian antiquity is still in possession of Brien O'Kearney of Fethard, in the county of Tipperary, the chief of the ancient family of that name."

such persons as he judged would be pliant to the king's will. So limited, at this time, was the power and jurisdiction of the parliament of the Pale, that the master of the rolls wrote to the king, stating that his laws were not obeyed twenty miles from the capital. Before this little parliament, not of more jurisdiction than a town corporation, were the important propositions of Henry submitted. They were nothing more than transcripts of the acts passed in Westminster. The members of this assembly were promised possessions when the Irish monasteries came into the king's hands. They had seen the number of commoners that were raised to the possession of large estates, which belonged to the English monasteries; and they each of them naturally calculated on like results from the approaching change in religion in Ireland. Accordingly king Henry the Eighth was, by their first act, declared supreme head of the church of Ireland. All appeals to Rome in spiritual causes, and all connection with Rome, were forbidden by the next act. The English law, making it penal to slander the king for these innovations, was next passed. Another act transferred to the king all first fruits, the abbeys, hospitals, priories, and colleges; another renounced the authority of the bishop of Rome, and made it criminal in any one to acknowledge it; another required all officers of every kind and degree, within the king's authority, to swear that the king was the lawful head of the church, and every person who should *refuse* was deemed guilty of *high treason against the king, and, of course, forfeited his life.*

Then followed acts for the suppression of monasteries, and vesting them in the crown; and now commenced the work of blood in Ireland, which has been streaming from men's hearts from that day to the present.

Previous to this time, the religion of the whole people of Ireland, — English or Irish, — whether within or without the Pale, was Catholic. For a long time, there was no one professed the new form of worship in Ireland, except Bishop Brown and the commissioners sent over by Henry, together with some members of the parliament. From this parliament, the clergy were excluded by special act passed on the first day of its sitting. I should have said, that it was the long-observed practice of this little parliament to summon two clergymen from every ecclesiastical district; but as, on the first parliament which met in Dublin, to consider Henry's proposals, these clerical members strenuously opposed them, therefore, from the commencement of *this*, the second sitting on this business, the clergy were ejected.

Seeing the slaughter committed in England, the Irish abbots were

frightened into submission; many of them surrendered the abbeys and properties under their management to the king, receiving pensions for life.

The open intention of Henry's parliament, not at all disguised, to effect a forcible change in the religion of the nation, and to take possession of the monasteries, roused the people to a sense of their danger. The chiefs of the old Irish, and the chiefs of the old English settlers, now united most cordially in their opposition to Henry's authority; and, had they persevered, there is no doubt but they could have shaken off the power of England altogether. But Henry, observing this, changed his tactics, and, instead of acts of coercion, showered presents, titles, honors, and emoluments, of one sort and another, upon all the Irish chiefs he could influence.

The kings of England never before this time assumed any other title over Ireland than *lords* of Ireland. This venal little parliament enacted that his highness the king, and his heirs, should in future be denominated *kings* of Ireland. But these enactments were treated with scorn by the nation, and on the death of King Henry, many of the chief men, whom he had cajoled into the color of obedience, relapsed into their former state of independence.

To return to Henry: After Jane Seymour's death, the king was nearly two years seeking another wife; few were willing to trust their lives to him. In 1539, he found a mate in *Anne*, the sister of the Duke of Cleves. When about seven months married, he obtained a divorce from *her*. There was no fault alleged against her, no crime hinted; the husband did not like his wife, — *that was all*, — and this reason was alleged as the ground of divorce. His pliant archbishop, *Cranmer*, who had divorced him from two wives already, was called upon to annul this marriage with Anne of Cleves. The husband and wife were, by the archbishop's potent breath, made single again.

But the king had another young and handsome wife in his view, namely, *Catharine Howard*, niece of the Duke of Norfolk, whom he immediately married.

The Duke of Norfolk, (now raised to power,) and several of the old nobility, hated Thomas Cromwell, who was the chief instrument, in the hands of King Henry, in all the important changes he made. He had been placed above all the nobility; and, besides this, he had got about *thirty* of the estates belonging to the monasteries. "His palace," says Cobbett, "was gorged with the fruits of the sacking." He was barbarous beyond conception to the poor monks and nuns, whom he had butchered



with the business coolness of an ordinary butcher in his slaughter-house. He stood by, in Canterbury, and superintended the scattering of the dust of St. Thomas a Becket. He it was that directed the scattering of the ashes and tomb of *Alfred the Great*, who was the greatest Englishman that *ever lived*. His own hour had now arrived. The property he had acquired was too valuable to be suffered to remain in his hands. On the morning of the 10th of June, 1540, he was all powerful. In the evening of the same day, he was in *prison* as a *traitor*. He lay in prison only a few days, when he was brought to the block. It is true he protested his innocence; but so did thousands of monks and nuns protest to him their innocence. He was not more innocent than they were, yet they were executed. Although Burnet, or Fox, has denominated this *Cromwell* the valiant soldier of the reformation, yet he fawned and cringed to his royal master like a very dastard. In one of his letters to the king, he "*besought his majesty to suffer him to kiss his balmy hand once, that the fragrance thereof might make him fit for heaven!*" In another letter to the king, he says, "Most gracious prince, I cry for *mercy, mercy, mercy!*" But his gracious master disregarded all these fawning words, and he was brought to suffer that very death, which he himself, when in power, had awarded and inflicted on so many thousands.

During the succeeding seven years, King Henry was beset with vexations. He discovered, or pretended to discover, that his new wife was unfaithful. Her, also, *he sent to the block without ceremony*, simply by his warrant, *together with scores of her relatives*. He raged and foamed like a wild monster; passed still more stringent laws, and, for the last time, took another wife. She was a *widow*, and she very narrowly escaped the fate of the others.

For some years before his death, he became so unwieldy from gluttony and enjoyment, that he could not be moved about but by mechanical loungers; but he still retained all the blood-thirsty addictions of his previous life. His principal business for the remainder of it was ordering accusations, executions, and confiscations.

When he was on his death-bed, every one was afraid to intimate his danger to him, lest death to the intimator should be the consequence. He died before he was aware that his end approached, leaving more than one death-warrant unsigned at the time. And Howard, the Duke of Norfolk, who was ordered for execution on the very morning the king died, escaped with his life in consequence.

Thus died King Henry the Eighth of England.

Ere I close the reign of this King, I shall put on my record an extract from a state paper, published in O'Connell's Memoir, (page 77, Casserly's edition.) "The document," says the illustrious author, "is to be found in the second volume of the state papers, lately published under the authority of a commission from the crown, containing state papers of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and appears to be a representation made to that monarch of the state of Ireland, with a plan for its reformation:" — "And fyrst of all, to make his Grace understande, that there byn more than sixty countrys called regyons, in Ireland, inhabyted with the king's enemies: some region as big as a shire, some more, some less unto a little; some as big as half a shire, and some a little less; where reigneth more than sixty chief captains, whereof some calleth themselves kings: some king's peers, in their language, some princes, some dukes, some archdukes, that liveth only by the sword, and obeyeth to no other temporal person, but only to himself that is strong. And every of the said captains maketh war and peace for himself, and holdeth by sworde and hath imperial jurisdiction within his rome, and obeyeth to no other person, English or Irish, except only to such persons as may subdue him by the sworde. Also, there is more than thirty great captains of the *English* noble folk, that followeth the same Irish order, and keepeth the same rule, and every of them maketh war and peace for himself, without any license of the king, or of any other temporal person, save to him that is the strongest, and of such that may subdue them by the sword."

Next, as to the counties that had thrown off the English authority, we have this passage: "Here followeth the names of the counties that obey not the king's laws, and have neither justice, neither sheriffs, under the king: —

The County of Waterfford,  
 The County of Corke,  
 The County of Kilkenny,  
 The County of Lymeryk,  
 The County of Kerry,  
 The County of Conaught, [the province of Connaught,]  
 The County of Wolster, [the province of Ulster,]  
 The County of Carlagh, [Carlow,]  
 The County of Uryell, [Monaghan,]  
 The County of Meathe, [Westmeath,]  
 Halfe the County of Dublin,

Halfe the County of Kildare,  
Halfe the County of Wexford.

“All the English folke of the said counties, of Irish habit, of Irish language, and of Irish conditions, except the cities and the walled towns.

“Here followeth the names of the counties subject unto the king’s laws:—

Halfe the County of Uryell,  
Halfe the County of Meathe,  
Halfe the County of Dublin,  
Halfe the County of Kildare,  
Halfe the County of Wexford.

“All the common people of the said halfe counties, that obeyeth the king’s laws, for the most part be of Irish birth, of Irish habit, and of Irish language.”

“It will be seen, from another extract from the same paper, how completely the independence of the Irish chieftains was recognized by all the English constituted authorities.

“Followeth the names of the English territories *that bear tribute to the wylde Irish*. The barony of Liechahill, in the county of Wolster, [Ulster,] to the captain of Clanhuboy, payeth yearly 40 £; or else to O’Neyll, whether of them be strongest.

“The county of the Uryell [Monaghan] payeth yearly to the great O’Neyll 40 £.

“The county of Meathe payeth yearly to O’Connor 300 £. The county of Kildare payeth yearly to the said O’Connor 20 £.

“The king’s exchequer payeth yearly to M’Morough eighty marks. The county of Wexford payeth yearly to M’Morough and to Arte O’Boy 40 £.

“The county of Kilkenny and the county of Tipperary pay yearly to O’Carroll 40 £. The county of Limerick payeth yearly to O’Brien Arraghe, in English money, 40 £. The county of Corke to Cornac M’Teyge, 40 £.

“Also there is no folke daily subject to the king’s laws, but half the county of Uryell, half the county of Meathe, half the county of Dublin, and half the county of Kildare.”

It is usual with historians to sum up the character of the kings and heroes whose actions they recount. I have not, generally, attempted this, and in the instance of Henry the Eighth, I wish to avoid it altogether. Some persons have regarded him as an apostle of a great principle; others think differently. I have placed a few only of the materials of his life before the reader. As I claim the liberty to enjoy my own opinions, I willingly concede the same to the reader, who is welcome to form what opinion he pleases of Henry the Eighth.

I wish, however, to state one more fact about this memorable reformer. We hear a great deal said every day about reading the Bible, and not reading the Bible. Who will believe it? — Henry the Eighth was the first person we read of who forbade to the common people the reading of the Scriptures. As head of the reformed church, he issued, under the authority of parliament, *in the 34th of his reign*, the 8th chapter, a prohibition against Tyndall's version of the Scriptures, which was ordered to be destroyed, as "*crafty, false, and untrue*;" secondly, the Bible, by this act, was forbidden to be read to others in public; thirdly, the permission of reading it to private families was confined to persons of the rank of lords and gentlemen; fourthly, the liberty of reading it personally, *and in secret*, was limited to men who were householders, and to females of noble or gentle birth. Prior to this, the king issued a proclamation, prohibiting the public reading of the Scriptures in churches, and forbidding any one to expound them who had not received a regular license from the accustomed authorities for that purpose. Before his time, there never was any restriction imposed on reading the Scriptures.

On the death of Henry the Eighth, his son, Edward the Sixth, was advanced to the throne. As he was then but ten years of age, Lord Hertford was appointed lord protector. The young king, with his protector and Archbishop Cranmer, now made a further change in the national religion. The mass was abolished, and the clergy were permitted to have wives.

Many persons came into England, who preached a still greater change. These were called "new lights;" and they were as bitterly opposed and persecuted by Bishop Cranmer as were the Catholics. Bishop Cranmer, who, during the reign of Henry the Eighth, had condemned people to the stake for not believing in *transubstantiation*, was now ready to condemn them for *believing* in it.

*Luther* found in Germany others who went much farther from the



old worship than himself. Many of these German sectarians came to England, and openly preached against the existence of gospel ministers at all. Some were for the Common Prayer Book, others for abolishing it. And now began that diversity of opinion, in England, which, without reference to a future state, produced a great deal of bitterness and animosity amongst the people—which yet exists; and truth compels me to add, that that bitterness has extended to a large portion of the population of this country, though the clear interest of people, both in this life and in view of the next, is to treat one another with the utmost kindness and charity.

The preachers of the various new opinions disclaimed altogether the necessity of good works in the Christian system of duties and worship. And all historians agree that vices of all sorts were never so great or so prevalent before in England. The protector, who was now Duke of *Somerset*, pulled down several churches and bishops' mansions in London; with the materials of which he erected for himself a palace that goes by the name of "*Somerset House*" to this day; in which, appropriately enough, the commissioners for the national debt have their offices.

The further changes introduced by *Somerset* in the religion of the nation, produced a violent insurrection throughout some parts of England. German troops were introduced into England, at the head of whom, Lord Russell marched and defeated the revolters, hanging and butchering many clergymen and other leaders of the resistance. The present Lord John Russell is the descendant of that lord, and is the owner of many of the monastic estates then taken from the church.

*Somerset*, having at length excited the envy of his rivals by the enormous wealth he acquired, was out-intrigued by the Earl of Warwick, and was condemned and executed, by the order of his own nephew, the young King Edward, who wept bitterly on being compelled to sign the death-warrant; so that he, at whose instigation many priests and pious men were executed, in turn fell a victim to the bloody system he had encouraged.

We have heard and read much of Queen Mary of England, whom the English historians distinguish by the special epithet "bloody." Why she, beyond others of that age, can *alone* be accounted bloody, and sent down to posterity with that brand upon her memory, can be accounted for only that she was a Catholic. I am now coming into her reign, and shall examine its chief events with impartiality.

Edward the Sixth was a sickly boy, and his protector foresaw he could not live long. Northumberland, therefore, got him privately to make a *will*, bequeathing the crown to Lady Jane Grey, the daughter of the Duke of Suffolk. Henry had already bequeathed the crown to *Mary*; and, in case of no issue from her, then to *Elizabeth*. The young king, however, was prevailed on to break that will, and set aside his two sisters. Edward soon died; and, to carry this project into immediate effect, his death was concealed for three days. Northumberland invited the two princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, to London, to be near the dying prince. His object was to have them arrested and sent to the Tower, soon after which they were to be tried for refusing to conform to the new worship, and would, of course, be executed. Both Mary and Elizabeth were still Catholics.

Bishop *Cranmer* was deep in this plot. But one of the conspirators, Lord *Arundel*, sent a private message to the Princess Mary, to warn her of her danger, and intimating that the young king was dead.

The proclamation in behalf of Lady Jane Grey was prepared; but the judges of Westminster Hall refused to sign it. Bishop *Cranmer's* was the first signature to the illegal proclamation; for which, and for other treasonable acts towards Queen Mary, the said *Cranmer* was subsequently condemned to death, and burnt, as a *traitor*, by order of the queen and her council.

Lady Jane Grey was declared queen of England. Northumberland, in the mean time, effected a marriage between her and his son. The conspirators against Mary had the army, navy, and reformers, all ready to support this violation of the succession. She, however, repaired, on horseback, attended only by a few persons, to Suffolk, where she had herself proclaimed sovereign, and from thence issued her commands, to the council in London, to proclaim her queen. This threw them into the utmost confusion, for they had but the day before proclaimed Lady Jane Grey as queen; and it shows us what a courageous woman Mary must have been, thus to brave death in the enforcement of her just rights. They sent her a most insolent answer, but she heeded it not.

The old nobility and gentry, tired of *Cranmer* and the protector, flocked round her standard, and in a few days, she saw herself surrounded by thirty thousand volunteers, who agreed to fight in her behalf without pay.

The celebrated *Ridley*, a bishop of the new faith, preached against her, in London, and the Duke of Northumberland marched against

her at the head of a large army ; his forces melted away as he proceeded, and he sent to London for a further reënforcement. But the news of Mary's success paralyzed the Londoners, and those very men who, a few days before, shouted for Lady Jane, now came forward and formally acknowledged Mary as their lawful queen. *Northumberland*, who had helped along this plot, now seeing himself deserted, turned round, and was the first to offer his subjection and flattery to Queen Mary, which she spurned as became a woman of her spirit ; and in a few hours after, she had him arrested for treason to her crown, and for appearing in arms against her authority. This very Northumberland, when brought to the block for *treason* to the queen, made a confession in favor of the old faith, and attributed all the blood and misery of the preceding thirty years to the change effected in their form of worship. This, Dr. Heylyn, a good English authority, and others, testify.

During the short reign of the infant Edward, which occupied only seven years, the form of the new worship was changed *three* times. And those who adhered to the old worship, or who went beyond *the letter of the new*, were punished with the utmost severity.

Anno 1553. Queen Mary arrived in London in July of this year. As she approached the city, the crowds to applaud and welcome her increased on every side. Amongst the rest was her cautious and crafty sister, Elizabeth, who joined in the triumphal entry, riding, by the side of her sister, into London, amidst the greatest enthusiasm of the people. The thoroughfares through which they passed were strewed with flowers. The houses were lined, and the very tops of them thronged, with human beings. Queen Mary, who had ever been a steadfast Catholic, was now crowned according to the ritual of that church. The joy of the people, it is admitted on all hands, was unbounded.

Her first act was to restore the currency to its proper standard, which was debased in the preceding reigns ; her second to pay off the debts due by the crown ; and, for this purpose, she reduced her own expenses to the very lowest standard. The new forms of worship, which had obtained a footing the previous three years, were all reversed ; the old altars were restored ; the married clergy were dispensed with ; and, in short, the Catholic religion was restored in England. The bishops ordained by Cranmer were removed, and Catholic bishops placed in their stead. Cranmer himself was imprisoned on a charge of treason ; and that parliament, which voted so pliantly all that was

asked of them by the preceding kings, now voted right round the other way.

They brought in a bill, repealing the act of divorce between Henry and Catharine of Arragon, the mother of the present queen. They declared that marriage lawful, which a few years previously they had declared the contrary; and they declared Cranmer, by name, the cause of that divorce, and all the subsequent troubles that befell England.

But now comes the most curious part of this curious history. The queen was anxious to restore the pope's supremacy in England, and to remove from her own shoulders the oppressive weight of "head of the church," assumed by her father. But to do this was, she saw, impossible, without effecting a compromise. Every leading lord or commoner in her dominion had got some of the church property, and, without a civil war, she could not compel them to give it up. The compromise, then, was based on the principle that all the holders of the church property should possess it forever.

This parliament, then, having made a firm bargain to hold all the property, an act was quickly carried through both branches, in which these very men declared "that they had been guilty of a most horrible defection from the *true church*;" professed their sincere repentance for their past transgressions, and declared their resolution to repeal all laws enacted in prejudice of the pope's authority. After this, the pope sends a legate to England; and who should he be, but that very Cardinal Pole, whose mother was butchered, though seventy years of age, by Henry the Eighth?

The queen married Philip, prince of Spain, in July, 1554. In November, the members of the parliament petitioned the king and queen to intercede with the pope, and obtain for them forgiveness. Cardinal Pole was received at Dover by two thousand of the nobility and gentry, on horseback. The next day, the queen being seated on the throne, having the king on her left, and the pope's legate (Cardinal Pole) on her right, — the members of *both houses appeared, with Bishop Gardiner at their head*. He, on their part, besought the king's and queen's interposition with his eminence, and asked forgiveness. Cardinal Pole pronounced a long discourse; at the end of which, he blessed them, and forgave them, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, — the members making the hall resound with cries of "Amen!"

Thus was England made Catholic again, by that very law, and by the very men that had made her Protestant in the last two reigns.



We have been made familiar, in our school days, with the name of "Bloody Mary," and the Smithfield fires. But why she deserved the appellation of *bloody*, any more than her father Henry, or her sister Elizabeth, I cannot make out. They were all bloody; and although they shed blood under pretence of upholding the Christian religion, the genius and spirit of Christianity wept over their terrible deeds. The total number of persons put to death by Henry the Eighth, for religious and political opinions, was seventy-two thousand. The total number put to death by Queen Mary was two hundred and seventy-six. The total number put to death by Elizabeth, in England and Ireland, exceeded a MILLION of human beings.

Now, upon what ground Queen Mary could be singled out as more *bloody* than her father and sister, is incomprehensible. But, on the accession of Elizabeth, the celebrated Fox was employed to write a history of those who suffered death in the reign of Mary; and, curious enough, some of the "martyrs" included in Fox's book were alive in his time, and confronted him to his face. *Bishops Cranmer and Ridley* were executed for *treason* against Mary's crown; as were indeed very many of the two hundred and seventy-six that were executed in her reign. But Fox gave her a bad name, to frighten people from the Catholic faith, to which Queen Mary and her husband, Philip, were zealously attached. In Ireland, not one suffered death, for religion's sake, during her reign; and it is quite certain, that seventy Protestant families, who fled from Bristol, under an apprehension that she was about to retaliate on the persecutors of her mother, were kindly and hospitably received by the Catholics of Dublin, who provided for them houses of entertainment and shelter. Nor was this the only instance of Ireland's hospitality to the persecuted: when the Huguenots were driven out of France, in a subsequent reign, many of them repaired to Ireland for shelter, and found it.

From Parnell's Historical Apology, — quoted in O'Connell's Memoir. "Though the religious feelings of the Irish Catholics, and their feelings as men, had been treated with very little ceremony during two preceding reigns, they made a wise and moderate use of their ascendancy. They ENTERTAINED NO RESENTMENT FOR THE PAST, THEY LAID NO PLANS FOR FUTURE DOMINATION. Even Leland allows that the only instance of popish zeal was annulling grants that Archbishop Brown had made, to the injury of the see of Dublin. The assertors of the reformation, during the preceding reigns, were every way unmolested — such

was the general spirit of toleration that MANY ENGLISH FAMILIES, FRIENDS TO THE REFORMATION, TOOK REFUGE IN IRELAND, AND THERE ENJOYED THEIR OPINIONS AND WORSHIP WITHOUT MOLESTATION."

The Irish Protestants, vexed that they could not prove a single instance of bigotry against the Catholics, in this their hour of trial, invented a tale, as palpably false as it is childish, of an *intended* persecution, (but a persecution by the English government, *not* by the Irish Catholics.) And so much does bigotry pervert all candor and taste, that even the Earl of Cork, Archbishop Usher, and Dr. Leland, were not ashamed to support the silly story of Dean Cole and the knave of clubs!

How ought those perverse and superficial men to blush, who have said that the Irish Roman Catholics must be bigots and rebels from the very nature of their religion, and who have advanced this falsehood in the very teeth of fact, and contrary to the most distinct evidence of history! The Irish Roman Catholics bigots? THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLICS ARE THE ONLY SECT THAT EVER RESUMED POWER WITHOUT EXERCISING VENGEANCE!

Show a brighter instance, if you can, in the whole page of history. Was this the conduct of Knox or Calvin? or of the brutal council of Edward the Sixth, who signed its bloody warrants with tears? *Has this been the conduct of Irish Protestants?* Taylor, the Protestant author of the Civil Wars, says, p. 169: — "It is but justice to this maligned body, the Catholics, to add that, on THREE OCCASIONS of their obtaining the upper hand, they never injured a single person, in life or limb, for professing a religion different from their own. They had suffered persecution and had learned mercy — as they showed in the reign of Mary; in the wars of 1641 to 1648; and during the brief triumph of James the Second."

And, in looking back upon the early history of Ireland, we find recorded by O'Halloran, that, on the fall of Rome, "the confusion and distresses in Britain and Gaul caused numbers of people from these and other countries of Europe to flee to Ireland, as to the only country where peace, subordination, and hospitality, *then* existed. The Irish received these strangers with their accustomed benevolence, assigning them lands and houses to live in and occupy. These places yet retain the names of the different people on whom they were then bestowed. For instance, in the county of Limerick they have *Gall-baile*, or the Gauls' town, *Baile na Francoigh*, or the Franks' town; and scarcely is there a county of the kingdom in which there is not some place named after

the persecuted tribes who, in those days, flew to Ireland for an asylum. These are found in districts in every direction, and are called after the different people who fled to its hospitable valleys; as "the British, the Saxon, Gaulish, or Franktown."

Yet let justice be done Mary, "though the heavens fall." She was a zealous religionist, a conscientious woman, even to restoring every particle of the church property she had been bequeathed by the king, her father, and by Edward, her brother. As to LATIMER, RIDLEY, and CRANMER, — who changed from whole Catholics to half Protestants, under Henry the Eighth, to whole Protestants under Edward the Sixth, and offered to change back again and be Catholics under *Mary*, — their deaths never could be ranked amongst the deaths of martyrs. *Cranmer* made *six recantations* of the errors of the Protestant faith, in the reign of Mary; but all did not save him, for he had plotted against the queen's crown, and had been guilty of too many butcheries to be pardoned.

Mary died of dropsy, when only six years on the throne. No issue came from her marriage with Philip, who, on her death, returned to Spain, where his father, Charles the Fifth, resigned him a part of the Spanish empire, then the greatest in the world, and soon after retired to a monastery.

During the most brilliant part of Queen Mary's reign, in England, she confiscated, in Ireland, the immense tract of country owned, for twelve hundred years, by the O'Mores, O'Connors, and O'Dempseys, of Leinster, which tracts were changed, in name, into the "King's and Queen's counties." It was during the battles between the queen's deputy and the chiefs of these clans, that the horrible butchery of MULLAGHMAST took place; where three hundred chiefs, who had been invited to a peaceful conference, were surrounded and basely butchered, by orders of the Earl of Essex.

O'Connell thus alluded to this tragedy at the dinner, given in September, 1843, on the very spot where the butchery took place: — "It is not by accident that to-night we are on the Rath of Mullagh-mast; it was deliberate design; and yet it is curious what a spot we are assembled on. I anticipated it, and I now rejoice in it. Where my voice is sounding, and you are quiet hearers attentively listening, there were once raised the yells of despair, the groans of approaching death, the agony of wounds inflicted on the perishing and the unarmed. On this very spot they fell beneath the swords of the Saxon, who used them

securely, and delightedly grinding their victims to death. Here the Saxon triumphed, here he raised a shout of victory over his unarmed prey. Upon this very spot three hundred able men perished, who, confiding in Saxon promises, came to a conference of the queen's subjects, and in the merriment of the banquet they were slaughtered. There never returned home but one. Their wives were widowed, and their children were orphans; in their homesteads the shriek of despair; the father and the husband steeped in their own blood, their wives and mothers wept over them in vain. O, Saxon cruelty, how it does delight my heart to think you dare not attempt such a feat again!"



## THE RATH OF MULLAGHMAST.

[By the Writers of the "Nation." Air from Carolan.—"Eveleen's Bower."]

1. O'er the Rath of Mullagh - mast, On the sol - emn

mid - night blast, What bleed - ing spec - tres passed,

With their gashed breasts bare! Hast thou heard the

fit - ful wail, That o'er - loads the sul - len gale,

When the wan - ing moon shines pale O'er the

INSTRUMENT.

curs'd ground there?

## 2.

While cup and song abound,  
 The triple lines surround  
 The closed and guarded mound,  
     In the night's dark noon!  
 Alas! too brave O'More!  
 Ere the revelry was o'er,  
 They have spilled thy young heart's gore;  
     Snatched from love too soon!

## 3.

At the feast, unarmed all,  
 Priest, bard, and chieftain fall  
 In the treacherous Saxon's hall,  
     O'er the bright wine bowl!  
 And now, nightly, round the board,  
 With unsheathed and reeking sword,  
 Strides the cruel felon lord,  
     Of the blood-stained soul!

## 4.

Since that hour, the clouds that passed  
 O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,

One drop have never cast  
 On the gore-dyed sod!  
 For the shower of crimson rain,  
 That o'erflowed that fatal plain,  
 Cries aloud, and not in vain,  
 To the most high God!

## 5.

Though the Saxon snake unfold  
 At thy feet his scales of gold,  
 And vow thee love untold,  
 Trust him not, green land!  
 Touch not with gloveless clasp  
 A coiled and deadly asp,  
 But with strong and guarded grasp,  
 In your steel-clad hand!

## 6.

Then raise the cry to Heaven;  
 Let the tyrant's chains be riven,  
 And freedom now be given  
 To our own green land!  
 And ever, Graunia Waile,  
 Let your power so prevail,  
 As to guard your children's weal  
 By their own right hand!

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 FAIR MARGARET.


## LECTURE XVI.

FROM A. D. 1560 TO 1603.

Mary, Queen of Scotland. — Elizabeth's Jealousy. — Mary Stuart's Misfortunes. — Arrives in Scotland. — Darnley. — Rizzio. — Bothwell. — Rebellion. — Mary put into Prison. — Escapes to Elizabeth, who reconsigns her to Prison. — Her Condemnation and Murder. — Laws against the Poor. — Penal Laws against Catholics. — The English Inquisition. — Sufferings of the Catholics. — Catholics petition the Queen. — Sends the Bearer of the Petition to Prison. — Invents Tortures. — The Rack. — Cruelties of Elizabeth. — Her Character by Wade. — Extends the Reformation to Ireland. — Opposition of the Parliament of the English Pale. — Bribery. — Invasions from England. — Nature of the Irish Clans. — Tendency to Disunion. — Elizabeth's Agents crafty. — Swarms of English Adventurers invade Ireland. — Noble Resistance of the Irish. — Sketch of the FIFTEEN YEARS' WAR. — O'Neill, Prince of Ulster. — Battle of Derry. — Defeat of the English — Fall of O'Neill. — His Successor. — Cosby's Massacre. — Foreign Aid from the Pope. — Bravery of Fitzmaurice. — Success of Desmond against the Invaders. — The Invaders defeated by O'Byrne. — Surrender of the Spanish Garrison. — Treacherous Massacre. — Fall of Desmond. — Foreign Seminaries. — Dreadful Cruelties. — Confiscations on a grand Scale. — The great Hugh O'Neill. — The Spanish Armada. — The gallant O'Ruark. — Trinity College. — Battle of the Ford of the Biscuits. — The War in Connaught. — O'Neill takes the Field. — His Preparations. — Negotiation opened by the Invaders. — Several Battles. — Defeat of the Invaders. — Invaders offer Terms of Peace to O'Neill. — Declined. — Battle of Armagh. — Defeat of the Invaders. — Rising of Leinster. — Confusion in England. — Further Invasions. — Battle of Binburb. — Defeat of the Invaders. — Their Negotiations for Peace. — Battle of Beal-an-a-Buidh. — Defeat of the Invaders. — Munster League. — Confederacy of Leinster. — Of Connaught. — Great Army of Invaders land. — The Earl of Essex. — The Battle of the Pass of the Plumes. — The War in the North. — Battle of Corslieve. — Defeat of the Invaders. — Essex seeks a Conference with O'Neill. — O'Neill marches through Ireland. — The gallant O'Moore. — Mount Joy sent to Ireland. — His Cruelty. — Reverses of the Irish. — Spanish Aid. — Fall of Desmond. — The War in the South. — Aid from Ulster. — Surrender of Kinsale. — The War in Ulster. — War in Munster. — Siege of Dunboy. — Aid from Spain. — Great Battle of Dunboy. — Fall of Dunboy. — Retreat of O'Sullivan Bearre. — Triumph of O'Neill, and Peace. — Death of Queen Elizabeth. — Her Poor Law.

I now come into the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She was the daughter of Henry the Eighth, by Anne Boleyn. Elizabeth, during the reign of her brother, Edward the Sixth, was a Protestant; and,



during the reign of Queen Mary, was a most rigid Catholic. At the time of her sister's death, she went publicly to mass, and had a chapel and confessor in her own house. Queen Mary, on her death-bed, required of her sister a frank avowal of her opinions on religion. Elizabeth, in answer, prayed God, that the earth might open and swallow her, if she were not a true Roman Catholic. Her accession having been in the usual way notified to foreign powers, she sent an ambassador specially to the pope, who, however, refused to recognize her, on the ground that Elizabeth was born out of wedlock. This was sufficient to alarm and inflame her against the holy see. She had, also, *another* great cause of apprehension about her quiet enjoyment of the throne of England; which was the real and legitimate title to that throne, and to that of Scotland, of the beautiful but unfortunate Mary, "queen of Scots."

MARY STUART was the daughter of James the Fifth, king of Scotland, by a French princess, sister of the celebrated Duke of Guise. Mary Stuart's father died when she was only eight days old; so that she became the reigning queen of Scotland while in the cradle. She was the grand niece of Henry the Eighth. Queen Mary being dead, and Elizabeth having been bastardized, both by acts of Henry's and Mary's parliaments, — in addition to which, not being recognized by France, Spain, or by Rome, — Mary Stuart had, therefore, strong claims and most likely chances to sit on the throne of England.

A regency having been established in Scotland, the infant queen was taken by her powerful uncle, the Duke of Guise, to be educated in France — of which he was then a prime minister. The French, in order to secure Scotland to their interest against England, got Mary betrothed to Francis, son of Henry the Second *king of France*; and, at seventeen years of age, the young queen of Scotland was married to the young French prince, who was but fifteen years of age. This took place in 1558, the very year that Elizabeth ascended the throne of England. In a few months after, the old king of France died, and, by this death, Mary Stuart was elevated, with her husband, to the throne of France. Thus she was queen of France and of Scotland, in fact, and the legitimate heiress to the throne of England; besides all, she was the most beautiful woman in Europe.

Elizabeth's natural pride found in all these circumstances materials enough for excitement and alarm. Rejected by the pope as illegitimate, her advisers hinted to her to fall back on the Protestant feelings of such as favored the career of Henry, her father, and Edward,

her brother. She seized, and acted on, this suggestion with vigor. Besides this, there was still another consideration which would weigh with the English — Mary Stuart was now queen of France ; if Elizabeth died before *her*, or died without issue, then England had become a province of France. The bare idea of this — the remote apprehension of the thing — was quite sufficient to stir up the national feelings of the English nation. The nation had no choice but one — either to uphold Elizabeth, or to become a great province of France. To the latter they would not submit, and, therefore, they decided in favor of Elizabeth, and the setting aside of Mary.

Before I come to the direct acts of Elizabeth, in reference to Ireland, I will trace very rapidly the career and fate of the beautiful but unfortunate queen of the Scots.

As I have already said, Mary was married to the young prince of France, whose father died in a few months after they were united. She was thus placed on the throne of France, with her husband, surrounded by all that earth could offer in the way of splendor, power, human admiration, and popular applause. But these enjoyments were to be of short duration. Her husband, FRANCIS THE SECOND, died seventeen months after his accession ; and, as the laws of France forbid the occupancy of the throne by a woman, Mary was suddenly obliged to retire from that horizon which her presence illumined for so short a period. She was still a queen — queen of the Scottish nation ; and to that nation she was advised by her friends to return, and assume its government. On her arrival in Scotland, she found all in factious confusion. Her long absence had encouraged rival chieftains to array the country in hostile clans ; besides which, the doctrines of the reformation were vigorously preached by JOHN KNOX, who had been a monk.

Mary, who had been bred a Catholic, and who was deified in the court of France, found her situation in Scotland truly miserable. Besides all this, the agents of Elizabeth were set to work to stir up factions against her ; and, through the agency of her *money*, became more truly the rulers of Scotland than Mary. About three years after her return to Scotland, she married Henry Stuart, Earl of Darnley, her cousin. Darnley was a Protestant, Mary a Catholic ; they soon differed and separated.

Darnley soon after became jealous of the queen's private secretary, *Rizzio* ; and with a band of assassins, rushed into her presence while

seated at supper with the ladies of her court. Rizzio was in attendance. They seized and stabbed him at her feet.

Darnley was himself blown up by gunpowder, in about a year after, in a house where he slept, near Edinburgh. This is placed at the door of the Earl of Bothwell. Soon after this, Mary gave birth to a son, who was afterwards James the First of England.

The Earl of Bothwell shortly after, with a band of horsemen, seized the queen, as she was returning from a visit to her child. He carried her, by force, to his castle of Dunbar, where she was partly compelled to promise to marry him. This extorted promise she complied with in the most solemn manner, in a few days after, before all the authorities of Scotland.

Whitaker, an English historian, acquits Mary of all participation in the crime of Darnley's death ; so, also, does William Cobbett. But, be this correct or not, a part of her subjects rebelled against her, headed by the Earl of Murray, her natural brother. The queen's forces were defeated ; Bothwell, her husband, fled to Denmark ; she was put into prison by her own subjects, and her infant son was crowned, at thirteen months old, King of Scotland, Murray assuming the regency.

Mary now saw herself dethroned and in prison. Queen Elizabeth, privately gloating over her fall, affected to feel pity for her situation, and actually invited her to her court at Windsor. In an evil hour, Mary listened to these seductive invitations ; and no sooner did she arrive within the authority of Queen Elizabeth, than she was arrested and put into prison, where she remained for nineteen years. Her prison was changed three times ; but out of confinement she never after got. Elizabeth had her tried several times upon various charges, which Whitaker and other historians pronounce to be forged. The ministers of Elizabeth suggested to have her despatched by poison. She was at length tried, on some trumped-up charge of treason, and found guilty by a court composed of Elizabeth's friends. Her death-warrant was signed, and remained for four months unexecuted. In the mean time, the emissaries of the queen tried every means in their power to despatch the queen of Scots by poison. Execution was at length done on her, without allowing her the benefit of a clergyman of her own communion, and the hypocrite Elizabeth affected great horror on hearing of her death, and actually imprisoned her secretary, Davison, for putting her own wishes and orders into execution.

On this act towards Queen Mary, *Whitaker*, an English protestant divine, has made the following remarks : —

“The legal murder of Mary of Scotland took place on the 8th February, 1587, — a day of everlasting infamy to the memory of the English queen, who had no sensibilities of tenderness, and no sentiments of generosity, who looked not forward to the awful verdict of history, and who shuddered not at the infinitely more awful doom of God. I blush, *as an Englishman*, to think that this was done by an English queen, and one whose name *I was taught* to lisp, in my infancy, as the honor of her sex and the glory of our isle.”

The people of England sided, however, with Elizabeth, from the moment that a suspicion, as to the intentions of Spain to invade England, took root.

On the destruction of the abbeys and monasteries, under Henry the Eighth, the artisans who had been usually employed in decorating and repairing them, and the poor who were ever received and fed in their hospitable halls, now wandered about in large bands. The queen established martial law about London, and actually chid her agents and commissioners for their tardiness, in hanging up, without *trial*, those whom they might choose to denominate idlers and vagabonds. The poor were then branded in the flesh with red-hot irons, if found begging.

Before I present a view of the tyranny practised by this woman in Ireland, we must have a glance at some more of her acts in England.

Penal laws were introduced into the parliament, which imposed fines and punishments on all those who refused to acknowledge Queen Elizabeth the spiritual head of the English church. These laws were not only directed against the Catholics, but against those dissenters who went farther than the Protestants of Elizabeth's laws. Among these were the great body of dissenters of Scotland, who had been influenced by the preaching of John Knox.

Queen Elizabeth, though having thrown off the power of Rome, and established her form of church service, was intolerant enough to look with great jealousy on the levelling of clerical distinctions in Scotland, and stickled as firmly for a church establishment of bishops, &c., as any of her Catholic predecessors. Her persecutions, therefore, were levelled at those who, she thought, believed too much, as against those who, she thought, believed too little; and, to shorten the tale, she brought in several penal laws, imposing fines on all who did not attend and practise the form of public service which she had arranged. The Catholics were the objects of the most bitter persecution; but they



did not suffer alone; they suffered the most, however, in retaliation for the pope's refusing to acknowledge her legitimacy.

Queen Elizabeth established an inquisition, — that is, she appointed a commission composed of certain bishops and others, whose power extended over the whole kingdom, and over all ranks and degrees of the people. They were empowered to have an absolute control over the opinions of all men, and to punish all men according to their discretion. They might proceed legally, if they chose, in the obtaining of evidence against parties; but they had power given them to employ *imprisonment*, the *rack*, or *torture* of any sort, to effect a conformity in religious opinion, if their suspicions alighted on any man, no matter whether it referred to his politics or religion; and though they had no evidence, not even hearsay, these commissioners might administer an oath to him, by which he was bound to reveal his thoughts — to accuse himself, his friend, his brother, or father, upon pain of death.

These subaltern tyrants inflicted what fines they pleased; they put forth whatever new articles of faith they pleased; they exercised, in the name of the queen, an absolute control over the *bodies*, *minds*, and *properties*, of all her subjects. It was a terrible tyranny in its nature, and terribly did they exercise it.

William Cobbett — who was an Englishman, a Protestant, and who, in his younger days, had *written* against the Catholic church — thus speaks of this tyrannical commission: “When one looks at the deeds of this tyrant; when one sees what abject slavery she had reduced the nation to; when one views this commission, composed of greedy, rapacious monsters, let into the full swing of unbridled tyranny over every man, woman, and child, in the kingdom, — one feels humbled at the name of England, that tolerated it even a day. It is impossible for us not to reflect with shame on what we have so long been saying against the *Spanish inquisition*, which, *from its first establishment to the present hour*, has not committed so much cruelty as this ferocious tyrant committed in any *one* year of the forty-three years she ruled England.”

It is hardly necessary to attempt to describe the sufferings that the Catholics had to endure during this murderous reign. No tongue, no pen, is adequate to the task. To hear mass, to harbor a priest, to admit the supremacy of the pope, to deny this woman's spiritual supremacy, and many other things which an honorable Catholic could scarcely avoid, consigned him to the scaffold. Not only were men punished for not confessing that the new religion *was the true one*, — not only for continuing to practise the religion in which they had been born and bred, —

but were actually punished for not going to the new assemblages, and there performing what they must, if they were sincere, necessarily deem an act of apostacy.

No new priest of the Catholic faith was suffered to be made or educated in England, on *pain of death*. It was *death* for a priest to come into England from abroad ; *death* to harbor him ; *death* for him to perform his functions in her dominions ; *death* even to confess to him.

Those who refused to go to her churches were fined twenty-five pounds per month, of the money of those times, which equals two hundred and fifty pounds of the money of the present day. This was a fine, or tax, inflicted for the luxury of keeping a conscience, equal to seventeen thousand dollars a year of American money.

No Catholic, or reputed Catholic, had a moment's security or peace. At all hours, but generally in the night-time, the agents of the queen entered his house by breaking it open ; rushed in different directions into the rooms ; broke open closets, chests, drawers, rummaged beds and pockets, every where, for crosses, vestments, prayer or mass books, or any thing appertaining to the Catholic worship, or that could afford suspicion that a priest frequented the house. As to the poorer portion of the Catholics, those who were not able to pay these heavy fines, they were whipped publicly ; they were branded with red-hot irons in the forehead or ears ; and none durst let them in or harbor them.

At last, the Catholics entertained a hope that, by declaring their loyalty as subjects to her throne, they might be able to mitigate the rigor of her oppressive rule. An able and dutiful address was drawn up ; but the question then came, who would present it. All trembled at the danger of presenting even an humble petition. At last, Richard Shelley, of Sussex, undertook the dangerous duty. The humane answer of this tender woman to the petition was, the imprisonment for life of Mr. Shelley.

But this was nothing to other acts resorted to by her, to produce a change in the opinions of her people. She employed the rack and torture to extort information. — See Cobbett, article *Elizabeth*.

There were many kinds of torture invented by this cruel woman ; but her favorite engine was the rack ; which we must examine as presented to us by the English historian, Dr. Lingard : —

“The RACK was a large, open frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. The prisoner was stretched on his back, on the floor, under this square frame ; his wrists and ankles were attached, by cords, to two rollers at the ends of the frame ; these were tightened by draw-

ing the cords in opposite directions, by levers, till the body rose from the floor to a level with the frame. *Questions were then put* to the unfortunate victim; and, if the answers did not prove satisfactory, the sufferer was stretched more and more, *till the bones started from their sockets."*

Such was the way this "glory of England" changed the religious opinions of her people! Such was the reign of Good Queen Bess in England! But O, horror of horrors! what was it in Ireland? The Genius of History grieves while she records her diabolical acts, and the Spirit of Religion shrieks to find that such deeds were perpetrated in *her name*.

I may be told that this dangerous ground should be avoided; that persons may take offence at my thus laying bare the acts of one whom many persons, in their youth, had been taught to look upon as a bold, chivalrous woman,—a heroine of the English nation. My answer is, that the histories of England, written within the last three hundred years, have been composed of about equal parts of truth and falsehood; that Ireland has been blackened by the writers who praised this woman, and it is necessary to the cause of truth to unveil her whom they adore, and vindicate the nation which they would blacken. This woman persecuted Ireland more than any monarch of England that ever lived. She planted there, through every acre of its surface, the seeds of religious and political strife, and turned a fair garden into a great slaughter-yard. She sent in, amongst the pious and hospitable people of that country, a swarm of pillagers, pirates, plunderers! who butchered young and old, clergy and laity, male and female; mothers with their infants at their breasts,—the innocent babes seized and spitted on the points of spears by her terrible agents.

Let those who approve of the acts of this monster feel dissatisfied with me. The historian, after all, is the true avenger. Shall I, armed as I am with the sword of justice, prove a venal, corrupt officer? What would honest men say of me, were I base enough to pander to power or to falsehood? Let those who recoil with horror from association with the perpetrators of such butcheries and such robberies, join with us in redeeming Ireland from the state of slavery to which Elizabeth and her successors have reduced that great and noble country.

Ere I touch upon her treatment of Ireland, let me put on record a summing up of her character, written by the impartial WADE, her own countryman, who has brought the history of England down to our time "Her amiability and morality must be at once given up. She had no

feminine graces. Like her person, her mind, passions, and even accomplishments, were masculine. The execution of the unfortunate Scottish queen, though deemed necessary by her ministers, is an ineffaceable blot on her memory. Amongst the legislative and judicial machinery she used, her absoluteness was ever the guiding principle.

"First was the Court of *Star Chamber*, [mark that!] whose members held their places during the pleasure of the crown, and might fine, imprison, and punish corporally, by whipping, branding, slitting the nostrils and ears. The queen, if present, was sole judge; and the jurisdiction of the court extended to all sorts of offences, contempts, and disorders, that lay out of the reach of the common law.

"The Court of High Commission was a still more arbitrary jurisdiction. Its vengeance was directed against heresy, *which was defined as a difference of opinion on religion and morals with the queen.*

"Martial law was first introduced by her. In suspicious times, the jails were full of prisoners, who were thrown into dungeons, loaded with irons, and frequently tortured to extract confessions. Not unfrequently, in the agony of their tortures, the unhappy sufferers wrongly accused others or themselves. Against these enormities the subject had no redress; neither judge nor jury dared to acquit *when the crown was bent on a conviction.* The queen, by special warrants, claimed the right to interfere to stop the course of justice. There are many records of special warrants granted by the queen to save malefactors from death; these warrants were neither to be canvassed, disputed, nor examined."

There is the immortal picture of Elizabeth, drawn by her countryman, Wade, a living historian.

Talk of English glory, English bravery, English liberty, after that! Talk and boast of a nation that submitted, for forty-three years, to such a monster! I may be told that Ireland, too, submitted to her will. *I deny it!* The Irish opposed their hearts' blood to her terrible edicts; they died in the gory field, rather than submit to such tyranny; they purified their nation, by rivers of their blood, from the stain of submitting to such a monster; they parted with all that was dear to them in this life, and offered their dead bodies, in the field of battle, as evidences of their determination not to submit to her tyranny, her morals, or her laws; AND, AFTER FIGHTING AND BEATING HER ARMIES FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, COMPELLED HER TO SUE FOR PEACE AT LAST.

I am sick of listening to the cant of "British power," "British honor," and "British freedom." These terms may pass in the court and presence of Queen Victoria; but I and my countrymen, and our fathers, have



suffered too much by it, to allow that cant to have sway in this free country, where truth has a dwelling-place, and where justice is enthroned in the hearts of the people.

The gauze and tinsel that conceal the deformed features of the British government must be torn away ; her brow must be branded with the term "*perfidy*;" her government must be denounced abroad, and subdued at home ; we will array the public opinion of the civilized world against her ; and that Ireland, which she persecuted for centuries, must, at last, be vindicated and disenthralled.

Let us now follow Elizabeth's government into Ireland. She had directions sent to Lord Sussex to have a parliament of the *Little Pale* summoned from ten counties around the metropolis. Previous to this, the little parliament was composed of no more than members of *six* counties. There were thirty-two counties in Ireland ; and previous to this period, say 1560, the power of the English Pale went not outside of these six counties ; the rest of the nation was governed by their old provincial princes, and their old Brehon or *Brehave* laws. The religion of the whole people, as well in the Pale as without, was Roman Catholic.

Elizabeth, then, commenced a reformation of the religious opinions of the people of Ireland ; and her first step was to have the little parliament of the Pale summoned. On their assembling, several acts were proposed by her deputy, — one of which required that all her people should renounce the errors of their former religion, disconnect themselves from the court of Rome, acknowledge her as spiritual head of the church, adopt the prayers and religious ceremonies which she had prepared, and, lastly, conform to her system of religious belief and practice. But the parliament rejected these propositions. Sussex found it necessary to dissolve the parliament. He then repaired to England, to give the queen, in person, an account of the reception her laws had met with.

In a few years after, she had another parliament, assembled at Dublin, of men whom she had previously tampered with and moulded to her wishes. Numbers of Englishmen were sent over, and returned to the parliament for places they had never set foot in. Sir Edmond Butler, and many more of the old English settlers, protested against this corrupt act. Four days were spent in debates, at the very threshold of her new legislation ; the honest portion of the members declared against receiving any bill, or passing any law, in so illegal an assembly. Great confusion prevailed between the members of this parliament ; and, finally, Barnwell and Butler — the Grattan and Flood of the day — opposed

this party, pronounced it a base faction, and determined to resist its doings.

But Elizabeth let the storm of their virtuous indignation pass by. she relied upon the piancy to be obtained by bribery, which she administered with an unsparing hand. Independently of this, she hinted at the confiscations which were to follow, — the rich prizes she had in store for those who were willing to pander to her will. Soon the scene changed; a majority of the parliament became subservient to her will; the whole machinery of tyranny, which she had constructed in England, was sent by her into Ireland, and adopted, without discussion, by this parliament. The church property was every where seized; the leading men, who opposed her will, were imprisoned and executed. A scheme of extermination was commenced: the lands of all the old Irish chieftains were seized, by acts of this little parliament, and parcelled out to English adventurers, ere the owners were aware of it. Chief after chief fell victims to her vengeance, and district after district was parcelled out to the swarms of pillagers which now appeared to pour into Ireland, as if a change had been effected in the very laws of nature.

A mania for pillage and rapine seized the people of England, which was fostered by this unprincipled woman. Fleets, armies, myriads of them flocked over to unfortunate Ireland, to seize on the lands and possessions of the old inhabitants.

It would take more than all the pages of this book to hold the details of those butcheries and robberies. In some places subjection was obtained by compromise, in others by treachery, and most generally by wars of local extermination. For the previous four hundred years the battles between the English and Irish were generally confined to the English deputy and some five or six thousand men, on one side, and some distinguished Irish chieftain, at the head of his mountain clan, on the other. These wars generally terminated favorably to the Irish: for the utmost the English could obtain by their battles was an armistice or compromise of some sort.

The Irish clans, under the *name* of their respective princes, never died. It was in vain that the chieftain of the day, when captured by the English, was beheaded, and his head placed upon a spike. "There was anon \* another Richmond in the field." These clans were regulated by a singularly republican law. The property of the clan or tribe was owned almost in common. On the death of any member, all the property belonging to him was cast into the common lot, and redistrib-

uted amongst his family. When the chief of the clan died, either in his bed or on the field, his place was supplied, by election, from the best of his family. Those chiefs acknowledged obedience to provincial kings, and these again to the chief monarch of the kingdom. The chiefs, who were called *tanists* or *thanes*, were able soldiers, well calculated, in bodily strength and courage, to defend their country.

The great evil of their political system was its tendency to create ambitious rivalry among themselves. Had only the one fourth of the chiefs of Ireland united against the common enemy, at *any period* of the three hundred and eighty years from the invasion of Henry the Second to the time of Elizabeth, their country could have been rid of them in a single campaign. But the very nature of the chieftain's power forbade this union. Ever bound, by the increasing number of his tribe, to extend their territory, and by his natural ambition to extend his own sway, his neighbor clans, east, west, north, and south, were viewed with as much jealousy by him and his, as the common enemy of their race, the Anglo-Normans.

This erroneous political and social principle, ever acting at all points of the kingdom, gave the crafty invader great advantages, and *this was ever the secret source of English domination in Ireland.*

The agents of Elizabeth pursued, by her direction, a crafty course. They did not disclose their objects of general confiscation and extermination. They engaged in the warfare of the chiefs and clans against each other. In some places they warred openly, and vanquished and cut down whole districts, parcelling out the lands of the slain amongst the swarms of English adventurers who now came into the country. On the breaking up of the monasteries in England, and the consequent withdrawal of employment and relief which had been previously afforded to the people by the industrious and considerate monks, the towns of England became thronged with idle, starving people, who gladly enlisted in any enterprise which promised them a change from their present condition. Already had a scale of booty been laid down and offered to all those who should volunteer into the queen's army for the conquest of Ireland. To a footman one hundred and twenty acres, and to a horseman two hundred acres, of the lands of Ireland, were proposed to be given, which were to be held in fee from the queen, or from some of her favorites, on payment of a penny or twopence per annum, per acre, by the fortunate soldier.

It does not surprise us to be told that the half of the inhabitants of England and Scotland were in motion for the pillage and butchery of

the unfortunate people of Ireland. To heighten the materials of strife, the sacred name of *religion* was introduced between the combatants. The whole system of the penal laws of England, against those who adhered to the Catholic religion, was transferred to Ireland. Those who refused to conform to the queen's standard of worship were fined so heavily, that their estates were soon consumed. These estates, whether owned by persons of English or Irish extraction, were confiscated to the queen, and given to her new favorites, for distribution among their followers.

Religion was only used as a *pretence*, to seize on all the property of the nation ; and, more absurdly monstrous, the Irish people really did not know what the form of faith was which the queen proposed for their adoption. England had just then changed her religion five times in the course of thirty years. They were Catholics in 1529 ; immediately after they became schismatics, and formed a religion, no part of which they understood ; in Edward's reign, the doctrines of Zwingli prevailed ; under Mary, the Catholic religion was restored ; and on the accession of Elizabeth, another was established, composed, with some alterations, of the tenets of Luther and Calvin, to which was given the name of the English church. Such was the undefined worship which the Irish were called upon to adopt, or forfeit liberty, property, and life.

Although it is not my purpose to enter into the detail of the great contest which now began between *Protestant* England and *Catholic* Ireland, yet a notice of the chief actions of men who nobly struggled, in that age, for homes and altars, is due to their memories ; and I condense a few particulars from the voluminous Abbé M'Geoghegan :

#### THE FIFTEEN YEARS' WAR.

O'Neill's power engrossed much of the attention of the English government at this time. The queen despatched Knolls to Ireland to concert measures with the deputy to reduce that nobleman, either by kindness or by force. She even offered to him the titles of Earl of Tyrone and Baron of Dungannon. O'Neill received the proposal with a haughtiness expressive of his contempt for English titles of honor, which he looked upon as beneath the name of O'Neill. The commissioners who were intrusted with the negotiation, received from him the following reply : 'If Elizabeth, your mistress, be queen of England, I am O'Neill, king of Ulster ; I never made peace with her without having been previously solicited to it by her. I am not ambitious of the abject title of earl ; both my family and birth raise me



above it. I will not yield precedence to any one'; my ancestors have been kings of Ulster. I have gained that kingdom by my sword, and by the sword I will preserve it.' He then spoke contemptuously of M'Carty More, who had just accepted the title of earl.

The English government, finding O'Neill fixed in his determination, thought necessary to use force against him. For this purpose, Colonel Randolph was despatched, at the head of seven hundred men, to Derry, a small town in the northern extremity of Tyrone. They took possession of the town, and converted the ancient church of St. Columbe into a magazine for powder and warlike stores; the priests and monks being driven out, and other sacrileges committed in the churches.

O'Neill saw plainly that it was against his interest to suffer an enemy to establish a garrison so near, and always in readiness to attack him. He marched, therefore, to Derry, without loss of time, with two thousand five hundred infantry, and three hundred cavalry, and posted himself within two miles of the town. They soon came to an engagement, and, during or subsequent to the battle, the powder magazine took fire, and the town and fort of Derry were blown up, by which nearly seven hundred Englishmen, and Randolph, their chief, met a miserable end.

Discord still prevailed between O'Neill and O'Donnel. The latter was supported by the English, whose aim was to weaken O'Neill, as his power was an obstacle to the reformation, which they wished to introduce into Ireland, and to the conquest of the country, which was not yet complete. These two princes fought many battles with unequal success. O'Neill, at length, having collected all his forces, gained, over the queen's troops that were sent to assist O'Donnel, the celebrated victory of the red Sagums, called, in the Irish language, '*Cah na gassogues Deargs*.' In this battle, four hundred English soldiers were killed, besides several officers who had lately arrived from England.

The great exploits of O'Neill were not sufficient to save him from ruin. He was brave, and his vassals well disciplined; but they fought better in the field than in their attacks on towns, or in defending them. The English deputy was more frequently victorious by stratagem than by force of arms; he was in possession of fortifications and garrisons, from which he made occasional incursions on the lands of O'Neill, and was artful enough to foment discord between that prince and his neighbors. He detached Maguire, of Fermanagh, a powerful nobleman of the country, from his interest, and always supported O'Donnel against him; so that O'Neill, finding himself hemmed in on all sides, and his forces weakened, was reduced to the sad alternative of

seeking safety among his enemies. He had twice defeated the Scotch; in the first battle, he had killed their chief, James M'Donnel, and in the second, Surly Boy M'Donnel, brother of the latter, was taken prisoner. Still his misfortunes forced him to have recourse to those whom he had beaten. He restored Surly Boy to his liberty, and set out for Northern Clanneboy, where the Scotch, to the number of six hundred, were encamped, under the command of Alexander M'Donnel, A. D. 1567. O'Neill appeared with a few attendants in the camp, where he was received with apparent politeness; but the Scotch, either through revenge for the injuries they had received from him, or hoping to obtain a considerable reward from the English government, stabbed him, with all his followers, and sent his head to the deputy, who exposed it upon a pole on the castle of Dublin.

An account of the expenses of this war against O'Neill was sent to the queen; according to which it amounted to one hundred and forty-seven thousand four hundred and seven pounds sterling, besides the taxes raised on the country. Her majesty also lost about three thousand five hundred men of her own troops, who were killed by the Ulster prince and his allies, with several of the Irish and Scotch, who had taken up arms against him.

Turlough Lynogh O'Neill, who had been acknowledged chief of that illustrious name, continued to support the cause of his country. The noblemen of Ulster and Scotland made frequent alliances, about that time. O'Neill married the Earl of Argyle's aunt, and kept Scotch troops in his pay. This prince was planning an expedition against the English province, but was prevented from carrying it into execution. His life being endangered by a musket-shot he received either by accident or by design, the Scotch began to desert him, and the tribe was about to appoint another chief. Having, however, recovered, while preparing to accomplish his first project against the English, the deputy despatched two commissioners, Judge Dowdal and the Dean of Armagh, on the part of the queen, to his camp at Dungannon; and a treaty was entered into between them in January, which was ratified by the deputy in the month of March following.

Thomas Smith, an Englishman, and counsellor to the queen, finding that his countrymen were making rapid fortunes in Ireland, at the expense of the old inhabitants, and wishing to have a share in the spoils, asked permission from his royal mistress to send over his son to found an English colony at Ardes, in Ulster. The queen having given her consent, young Smith was equipped for the enterprise. One Chatter-

ton being appointed his governor, with a suitable retinue, they sailed for Ireland ; but, on approaching the place of his destination, unfortunately for Smith, he met Brien M'Art O'Neill, to whom Ardes belonged, ready to receive him. The pretended Lord of Ardes was killed in a skirmish, and his troops dispersed by Brien M'Art.

Francis Cosby, being appointed governor of Leix, ruled that country as a true tyrant. His son Alexander equalled him in cruelty, and wreaked his vengeance on inoffensive Catholics for the hard treatment he had received from O'Morra, [O'Moore.] Having convened a meeting of the principal inhabitants in the castle of Mollach, under pretence of the public welfare, he had them all murdered by assassins posted there for the purpose, violating thereby all honor and public faith. One hundred and eighty men of the family of O'Morra, with many others, were put to death upon this occasion. This cruel and bloody tyrant took such delight in putting Catholics to the torture, that he hanged men, women, and children, by dozens, from an elm-tree that grew before his door, at Stradbally, where he resided. He subsequently lost his life at the battle of Glendaloch.

Fitzmaurice, one of the southern chieftains, made his way to Rome, to solicit money and military assistance from the pope, for the protection of the Catholics. His holiness advanced him a considerable sum, and raised two thousand volunteers, who were to assemble in Portugal. About the half of this force did assemble under *Stukely*, a foreigner, at Lisbon ; but, on his arrival, this treacherous leader, with his whole force, joined the king of Portugal, in his wars on Africa. When Fitzmaurice arrived with the remainder of the force, amounting to seven or eight hundred, great was his mortification to find what had occurred. However, he embarked his little army in six small vessels, and arrived safe, bringing arms for four thousand men, with suitable ammunition. He got into the harbor of Smerwick, in the county of Kerry, in July, 1579. Here he threw up some fortifications, and called around him the neighboring chiefs. They soon drove the English out of Tralee, put their chiefs to the sword, and then prepared to march towards Connaught.

Previous to the march of the grand army, Fitzmaurice, with a few men, went into the friendly parts of Connaught, with the view of conciliating the chiefs ; but, on his way, he was attacked by Theobald Burke, of Castle Connel, who, from a desire to please Elizabeth, sacrificed religion and country. Finding it impossible to avoid an engagement, Fitzmaurice resolved to conquer or die. Being wounded in the

breast by a musket-ball, and roused to a last effort, he cleared a passage through the enemy, and cut off the head of Burke with a single blow. The brothers of that captain fell also, and their entire force was routed. The victory, however, proved a dear one to Fitzmaurice. His wound being mortal, he died in six hours after the action.

Sir John Desmond took the command of the Catholic army, according to the will of Fitzmaurice; and now the English deputy penetrated into Munster, in order to extinguish the rebellion. Sir John Desmond posted himself near a forest called Blackwood; whither the English deputy sent a strong detachment, under Captains Herbert and Price, with orders to force his camp. On the appearance of the English, both armies drew up in order of battle; the first shock was favorable to the English, but they were afterwards cut to pieces by a body of men which Desmond had concealed in the wood, and which, attacking them in flank, soon destroyed them. A great number was killed, and amongst them Herbert and Price.

The loss of this battle caused great affliction to the English deputy, but he was relieved by the arrival of six hundred English, under Captains Bourcheir, Carew, and Dowdal, sent by the queen to Waterford, to reënforce the army. Sir John Perrot arrived in Cork, with six vessels, to protect the coast. Being joined by this reënforcement, the deputy went on another equally unsuccessful expedition to Connello. Having fallen sick from excess of fatigue, he sent for Malby, the governor of Connaught, to command the troops, and withdrew to Waterford.

Various now were the successes and reverses of the brave Desmond. During all these changes, the English army was continually increasing, whilst the gold and promises of Elizabeth were daily winning off the supporters of her brave opponent. Every mean act of treachery towards Desmond, committed by any of his degraded countrymen, was rewarded with magnificent grants of land and titles. Those of his followers, who were caught, obtained no quarter from the English. It was death to correspond with him.

In the mean time a new deputy, named *Grey*, was sent to Ireland, who, like most of the English deputies on their first arrival, set out through the country with a view to whip it into subjection by a few shots. This braggadocio marched to the Wicklow Mountains, where the Irish, under the chieftain O'Byrne, were posted. *Grey* collected for this expedition all the troops of Leinster; but at the memorable wood of Glendaloch he was, after a long and obstinate battle, defeated by the



Irish. A dreadful carnage was made of the English troops, and the deputy and his staff flew for safety to Dublin. At this battle, *Cosby*, who took such delight in hanging Catholics, fell an unmourned victim of his own cruelty.

The deputy now collected the remnant of his forces, and, with the supplies from England, proceeded to the south, where the Spaniards, under Desmond, were still unconquered. He laid siege, by sea and land, to the garrison of *Smerwick*, which bravely held out several weeks. At length, a flag of truce was sent to the garrison. Deputies were appointed to treat. Some confusion occurred between the interpreters and the Spanish commander. Large terms were offered to the garrison; who, being many days without provisions, clamored for a capitulation: it was at length accepted, and as soon as these poor fellows, numbering six hundred, laid down their arms, they were instantly butchered by their honorable enemy. It is from this event that *fides Greia*, or 'the faith of Grey,' became a phrase expressive of perfidy.

John Desmond, brother of the hero Desmond, was shortly after, when nearly alone, waylaid by the English, while about to cross the River Blackwater. He was wounded in the heroic conflict with his captors, and died on his way to Cork, whither they carried his body, having sent his head to Dublin, where it was placed on the castle; and his body was tied to a gibbet, at the gates of Cork, where it remained three years, till it was carried into the sea by the wind.

We have now come to the last year of the life of Desmond, A. D. 1583. Finding himself unassisted by the Spaniards, and deserted by his adherents, he became a fugitive through the country. On arriving in the county of Kerry, with a few followers, he took refuge in a small house in the middle of a wood, called Gleam-a-Ginkie, four miles from Tralee, where he was subsisted by whatever Goffred M'Sweeney, who was faithfully attached to him, could procure by hunting. Being surprised at length by his enemies, his head was cut off, and sent to Cork, whence it was brought soon after to England, fastened on a pole, and exposed to public view on the bridge of London.

Thus perished the hopes of Ireland in the south; for the smaller chieftains now fell an easy prey before the accumulated troops from England.

Persecution, which had somewhat abated during the war, began anew with increased severity after the death of the Earl of Desmond



had his plan for the pacification of Ireland. It was no other than that of creating *famine and insuring pestilence!* And he encouraged the repetition of these diabolical means by his own evidence of their efficacy. He recommended, indeed, that twenty days should be given to the Irish to come in and submit, after the expiration of which time they were to be shown no mercy. But let me quote his own words: ‘The end will (I assure mee) bee very short, and much sooner than it can be in so greate a trouble as it seemeth hoped for; altho there should none of them fall by the sword, nor be slaine by the soldiour, yet, thus being kept from manurance, and their cattle from running abroad, by hard restraint, THEY WOULD QUIETLY CONSUME THEMSELVES, AND DEVOUR ONE ANOTHER.’ — *Spenser’s Ireland*, p. 165.

“These counsels of Spenser were carried into effect. Take the following specimens from Hollinshead’s description of the progress of the English army in the south, during the contest with Desmond, who was, in fact, forced into rebellion: ‘As they went, they drove the whole country before them into the Ventry, and by that means they preyed and took all the cattle in the country, to the number of eight thousand kine, besides horses, garrons, sheep, and goats; *and all such people as met, they did without mercy put to the sword.* By these means, the whole country having no cattle nor kine left, they were driven to such extremities that, for want of victuals, they were either to die and perish for famine, or to die under the sword.’ — *Hollinshead*, VI. 427.

“‘The soldiers likewise, in the camp, were so hot upon the spur, and so eager upon the vile rebels, that day, they spared neither man, woman, nor child, but ALL was committed to the sword.’ — *Hollinshead*, VI. 430.

“I give the next quotation to show how trivial it was considered to slaughter four hundred unarmed people in a single day — it was thought an insufficient day’s service: ‘The next daie following, being the twelfe of March, the lord justice and the earle divided their armie into two several companies, by two ensigns and three together, the lord justice taking the one side of Sleughlogher; and so *they searched the woods, burned the town, and killed that daie about foure hundred men, and returned that night with all the cattle which they found that day.* And the said lords being *not satisfied* with his daie’s service, they did likewise the next daie divide themselves, spoiled and consumed the whole countrie until it was night.’ — *Hollinshead*, VI. 430.

“This is but a specimen of the mode in which the war was carried on. I give a few more instances, and I could multiply them by hundreds.

‘He divided his companies into foure parts, and they entered into foure severall places of the wood at one instant, and by that means they scoured the wood throughout, *in killing as manie as they tooke*, but the residue fled into the mountains.’ — *Hollinshead*, VI. 452.

“‘There were some of the Irish taken prisoners that offered great ransomes, but presently, upon their bringing to the campe, they *were hanged*.’ — *Pacata Hibernia*, 421.

“Here are some specimens of the way in which they were working out Spenser’s plan: ‘By reason of the continuall persecuting of the rebels, who could have no breath nor rest to relieve themselves, but were alwaies by one garrison or other hurt and pursued; and by reason the harvest was taken from them, their cattells, in great numbers, preied from them, and the whole countrie spoiled and preied, the poor people, who lived only on their labors, and fed by their milch coves, were so distressed, that they would follow after their goods which were taken from them, *and offer themselves, their wives, and children*, rather to be slaine by the armie, than to suffer the famine wherewith they were now pinched.’ — *Hollinshead*, VI. 433.

“Again, take the following from Sir George Carew: ‘The president having received certaine information, that the Munster fugitives were harboured in those parts, *having before burnt all the houses and corne*, and taken great preyes, Owny, Onubrian, and Kilquig, a strong and fast country, not farre from Limerick, diverted his forces, East Clanwilliam and Muskery Guirke, where Pierce Lacy had lately become succoured; and, harrassing the country, **KILLED ALL MANKIND THAT WERE FOUND THEREIN**, for a terrour to those who should give releefe to runagate traitors. Thence, wee came into Arleaghe Woods, where wee did the like, *not leaving behind us man or beast*, corn or cattle, except such as had been conveyed into castles.’ IT WAS THOUGHT NO ILL POLICY TO MAKE THE IRISH DRAW BLOOD UPON ONE ANOTHER, WHEREBY THEIR PRIVATE QUARRELS MIGHT ADVANCE THE PUBLIC INTEREST. — *Pacata Hibernia*, 189.” — O’CONNELL’S MEMOIR, p. 86, Casserly’s edition.

I cannot intrude upon limited space the many similar specimens which are to be found in O’Connell’s Memoir.

“O’Hurle, archbishop of Cashel, falling into the hands of Sir William Drury, in the year 1579, was first tortured by his legs being immersed in jack-boots filled with quick lime, water, &c., until they were burnt to the bone, in order to force him to take the oath of supremacy; and he was then, with other circumstances of barbarity, executed on the



gallows. As this martyr was dying, he told his persecutor, *Drury*, that he should meet him before the tribunal of Christ within ten days; and it came to pass that *Drury* died within that time, suffering the most excruciating pains. According to *Bourke's Hibernia Dominicana*, IT WAS A USUAL THING TO BEAT WITH STONES THE SHORN HEADS OF THEIR CLERGY TILL THEIR BRAINS GUSHED OUT; many were stretched upon the rack or pressed under weights; others had their bowels torn open, which they were obliged to support with their hands." — *Milner's Letters*.

Queen Elizabeth, in her instructions to *Carew*, 1598, on his going over to carry her exterminating schemes into operation, authorized her officers to "put suspected Irish to the rack, and to torture them when they should find it convenient."

Numberless instances occur where the English soldiers fell in with sick and wounded men on the Irish side, attended by their wives, sisters, or mothers, every one of whom, including women and children, were put to death! The southern province became totally depopulated, except within the cities, exhibiting a hideous scene of famine and desolation. In some parts of Munster, after *Desmond's* death, after the entire suppression of his revolt, great companies of Irishmen, with their women and children, were often forced into castles and other houses, which were then set on fire, and, if any of them attempted to escape from the flames, they were shot or stabbed by the soldiers who guarded them. It was a diversion to these inhuman monsters to take up infants on the point of their spears, and whirl them about in their agony, apologizing for their cruelty by saying, that, if they suffered them to live to grow up, they would become Popish rebels; *many of their women were found hanging on trees, with their children at their breasts, strangled with the mothers' hair!* And *Hollinshead* proceeds in the horrible detail to show that the unfortunate people were so reduced by starvation, that they took up dead bodies out of the graves, and ate of them; and, lastly, did kill and devour one another, as distressed and starving mariners have been known to do at sea; and in the entire country, from *Smerwicke*, in the south, to *Waterford*, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, not a human being or beast was to be met with, nor yet a blade of corn, or other fruit of the earth!

Confiscation now commenced on a grand scale. The estates of *Desmond*, and all the others lately found in opposition to the invaders, were parcelled out. Circulars were sent into England, to all the nobility, inviting their youngest sons to come and settle in Ireland,

on certain conditions, one of which was, that they should hold these lands from the crown, at threepence per acre, in the counties of Limerick, Connelloe, and Kerry, and twopence per acre in the counties of Cork and Waterford; and that *no Irishman should be suffered to reside on them.*

The south having been pretty generally subdued, and an expedition of two thousand Scotchmen, who came to aid the Irish, having been secretly intercepted and destroyed, Elizabeth now turned her attention to the north of Ireland, which had been purposely left unmolested by the crafty queen, until the subjection of the south could be established. She loaded the great Hugh O'Neill with honors, invited him to court, and begged him to accept the title of Tyrone, which was despised and refused by his father, and which he affected to accept with a deep sense of the honor. But O'Neill was a wise and an able man; he had been of the illustrious house of the *Hy Nialls*, who were monarchs of Ireland on St. Patrick's arrival, and who continued its chief monarchs till the eleventh century, when the succession was broken up by the Munster house, in the person of Brien Boromhe. O'Neill incurred the queen's displeasure by harboring some of the scattered Spanish armada. And here may be a proper place to insert a short account of that celebrated attempt to relieve the Catholics of both England and Ireland.

Philip, king of Spain, finding negotiations unavailing, turned his thoughts to war, and determined to make a descent upon England. For this purpose, he equipped the most formidable fleet that had been ever known, from whence it was called the *invincible armada*. This fleet consisted of one hundred and thirty vessels, of various sizes, having on board nineteen thousand two hundred and ninety troops, eight thousand and fifty sailors, two thousand and eighty men from the galleys, and two thousand six hundred and thirty pieces of cannon. The Prince of Parma, governor of the Low Countries, received orders to hold himself in readiness, with the fifty thousand men he commanded, and to have boats of a crooked form, and deep in the centre, (each of which was to contain thirty horses,) constructed. With these boats, he intended to convey his army to the mouth of the Thames, at the time of the intended arrival of the fleet from Spain.

On the other hand, all the measures necessary to oppose the designs of the Spaniards were adopted by the queen of England. Admiral Lord Charles Howard, and Vice-Admiral Sir Francis Drake, had orders to repair on board the fleet at Plymouth. Lord Henry Seymour, at

the head of forty English and Dutch ships, was appointed to guard the coasts of the Low Countries, to prevent the Prince of Parma from sailing. The land forces were stationed along the southern coast, under the command of the Earl of Leicester, who established his head-quarters at Tilbury, near the mouth of the Thames. The ports on every side were fortified and strongly garrisoned.

Matters being thus prepared on both sides, the Spanish fleet, commanded by the Duke of Medina, and Jean Martin Recalde, vice-admiral, sailed from the Tagus on the 20th May. Soon after sailing, the fleet was dispersed in a violent gale. Having, however, collected the vessels again with difficulty, they appeared, in July, on the coast of England. The English fleet, stationed at Plymouth, set sail immediately, and, in the course of six days, three battles were fought with unequal success. The Spaniards, hoping to receive assistance from the Prince of Parma, cast anchor opposite Calais. The Spanish admiral despatched a courier to the prince, with orders to join the fleet with his troops, and, in the mean time, to send him some cannon balls, of which he was in extreme need. This the prince could not accomplish.

The expedition was fatal to the Spaniards, but the English, according to their national characteristic, boast too highly of their success. The Spanish fleet was, in the beginning, shattered by a violent storm, and, on the coast of Britain, it was disappointed of the succors that were expected from the Low Countries, with which hope the expedition had been principally undertaken. In their battles with the English, the Spaniards were in want of ammunition; their fleet, too, consisted of large ships, hard to be managed, without frigates or small vessels, so necessary in an engagement. The advantage was entirely in favor of the English.

All hopes of succeeding on the shores of England being destroyed, the Spanish admiral sailed for Spain, through the Orkneys. When coasting round the north of Ireland, his fleet was wrecked, whereby he lost more men and ships than in his battles with the English. The disappointment evinced by Philip, when informed of this circumstance, and of the defeat of his fleet, was mildly expressed in these words: "I sent them to fight against men, not with the elements."

The gallant O'Ruark, of Breffny, for having treated some of those Spaniards hospitably, and for refusing to give them up to the English governor, was brought to England, condemned by the council, and beheaded. Scandal has whispered that the queen, falling in love with

his fine person, kept him in her palace for some time, ere, like other of her favorites, she sent him to the block.

Elizabeth, about this time, revived the Dublin University. In a debate, which took place in the month of July, 1844, in the British parliament, Mr. Wyse, the member for Waterford, gave the following account of this university, which was uncontradicted by any member:—

“It was said, indeed, that the Dublin University was necessarily a Protestant university. It was generally supposed to have been founded by Elizabeth, but that was merely a revival. A university was founded at an early period, in 1312, by John Elyard, bishop of Dublin, who obtained a bull from the pope, to confirm the foundation. It was afterwards richly endowed by several persons. In 1475, the university was revived in the capital, and a fresh bull issued to renew the foundation, owing to the exertions of the Dominican friars. This university was long supported by those who resorted there. But in Elizabeth’s time, the establishment was for the education of youth, without any interference with their religion. From the commons’ journals of Ireland, it appeared that continual interference was made with the establishment; and the preservation of its library was, ultimately, entirely owing to the exertions of a Catholic missionary. Catholics were at length excluded in 1703, not from education there, certainly, but from the fellowships; and so it had continued down to the present time. No doubt, as regarded the professorships, a few were filled by Catholics. One of those was the professorship of foreign languages. Now, what were the funds of this college? He could not speak positively, but he understood the landed property, belonging to the university, to be not less than two hundred and thirty-one thousand acres in extent.”

*O’Donnel*, and two other northern princes, who had been in close confinement, in Dublin Castle, for seven years, found means to escape.\* *O’Donnel*, who was next in rank to *O’Neill*, now raised the standard of revolt against England. Assisted by Maguire, the Lord of Fermanagh, they raised a resolute force, with which they attacked the English, and all those who aided them, in every direction: for a while their success was astonishing, extending into Connaught, and through other parts of the country, and alarming very seriously the queen’s deputy.

The Earl of Kildare, and *O’Byrne*, of Wicklow, raised the standard of revolt in Leinster, which they overran; but, having received advantageous terms of peace from the queen, they relapsed again into inactivity. *O’Donnell* and Maguire made a gallant stand against a large force of the English invaders, on the banks of the River Farna, near Inniskillen.

\* They got out through the sewer which led from the tower to the River Poddle.



Both armies passed the night in firing on each other. At break of day, the English general, having discovered a ford, made his army cross the river, and marched towards the enemy in battle array. The battle began at eleven in the morning, and lasted till night, with great slaughter on both sides; but the English were at length completely routed, by the superior skill of the Irish generals, and the bravery of the soldiers under their command. Those who escaped the carnage endeavored to repass the river; but, being pursued by the Irish, several were drowned in the endeavor to escape. According even to Camden, the loss of the English was immense; which avowal, from Englishmen, is worthy of remark. The place where the battle was fought was called *Vadum Biscoctorum Panum*, or the Ford of Biscuits; the confusion of the English being so great, that they were obliged to throw the biscuit which had been intended for the garrison of Inniskillen into the river. This garrison, having now lost all hopes of succor, from the defeat of their countrymen, opened the gates to O'Donnel, who restored it to Maguire, to whom it belonged.

After the reduction of Inniskillen, O'Donnel marched to Connaught, to revenge the tyranny which had been practised in that province by Bingham, the governor. He carried terror wherever he passed, putting every English Protestant, from the age of fifteen to sixty, who could not speak Irish, to the sword. O'Donnel afterwards entered Annaly, and burned the district of Longford, which belonged to the O'Ferrals. It had been usurped by an English Protestant, named Brown; so that the English in Connaught, who escaped the sword of the conqueror, being deprived of all they had amassed, except those who were under the protection of the garrisons and fortresses, were obliged to return to England, highly indignant with those who had induced them to seek their fortunes in Ireland.

Theobald Burke, a powerful lord of Connaught, of the house of M'William, was deprived, about this time, by the English, of the estates of his ancestors, and confined in a dungeon at Athlone. Being rescued from his captivity, he had recourse to O'Donnel, who gave him a body of men, to assist him in recovering his patrimony. Burke thereon returned to his province, laid siege to Bealike, one of his fortresses, which was in possession of the English, and defeated George Bingham and other chiefs, who were advancing, at the head of an English army, to the relief of the besieged.

Such was the state of affairs in Ulster. War was raging between the principal nobles of the province and the English force. Disturbances also began to break out in the provinces of Leinster and Connaught.

HUGH O'NEILL, Earl of Tyrone, had acted his part ably. He had spent seven years in organizing his forces, and in providing provisions, and all sorts of warlike stores. He always appeared to act in the queen's interests: still the English distrusted him, while the Irish blamed his inactivity. During his occasional sojourns in England, he made himself master of their tactics, which he combined with those of Ireland, and was thus enabled to discipline the germ of the best military force that ever appeared in Ireland. *In order to avoid giving the English any alarm, it was his practice to disband his men as soon as they became perfectly disciplined, and to call around him a new set from the fields, who were, in turn, disbanded, to make way for other sets in like succession, whom it was his delight and amusement to instruct. In this way, he formed a peasant army of about five or six thousand men, who gave to other parts of Ireland, during the war, a race of commanders which all the power of England, as will be seen in the following pages, could not subdue.*

He only waited a favorable moment to avow himself; and this year (A. D. 1595) he renounced the title of *earl*, assumed the *O'Neill*, removed the mask, and declared against the queen. He was afterwards nominated commander-in-chief of the Irish league, which consisted of several branches of the O'Neills, Maguires, M'Mahons, Magennises, M'Donnells, O'Cahans, O'Flannagans, and many other powerful nobles of the province, with their vassals. O'Donnel, on his side, commanded the Tyrconnel troops. These princes sometimes acted separately, but always for the good of the common cause, which was that of their religion and their country. This was the most powerful opposition which the Irish had yet made since the first English invasion.

The frequent victories which the Catholics of Ireland gained over the English alarmed the court of England. The queen was so afflicted by these disasters, that she determined to put an end to them by subduing the Catholics. For this purpose, she sent for the old troops who were serving in the Netherlands against Philip II., and despatched three thousand of them over to Ireland, under the orders of Sir John Norris, with the title of captain-general. This diversion was highly favorable to Spain.

Norris, having landed with his forces in Ireland, was joined by the deputy, and the troops under his command, in all amounting to about ten thousand men. The deputy requested that Baskerville should have

the command of this reënforcement ; but the court thought proper to confer it on Norris, as being more experienced. He had already served in Ireland, as governor of Munster ; and, having afterwards commanded the English army, in Brittany and the Low Countries, against the king of Spain, he was considered to be the ablest captain in England, and capable of opposing Tyrone. He was so fully persuaded of this himself, that, in taking leave of the queen, he said he would reduce O'Neill to obey her majesty, or force him to leave Ireland. *He did not, however, accomplish his promise.*

O'Neill, having heard that Norris was marching towards Ulster, collected his forces, and began hostilities, by taking a fort called Portmor, on the Blackwater, near the district of Tyrone, where there was an English garrison, the fortifications of which he destroyed. He then marched to lay siege to Monaghan. In the mean time, in order to vindicate his conduct, O'Neill wrote letters, in the form of manifestoes, to the Earl of Ormond, Wallop, and Russel the deputy, declaring to them that it was not his wish to make war, but to live in peace with the queen, provided he and his followers were allowed to profess the religion of their ancestors, on which condition he was ready to lay down his arms. He wrote in the same terms to the queen and Captain Norris ; but the two last letters were intercepted and suppressed by Marshal Bagnal, who, though O'Neill's brother-in-law, was his avowed enemy. However, instead of receiving favorable answers to his letters, he was proclaimed a rebel and a traitor to his country, with O'Donnel, O'Rourke, Maguire, and M'Mahon.

The English government, after some little time, was still desirous of treating with O'Neill and the other Catholic confederates ; for which purpose they agreed upon a truce of two months, from the 27th of October till the beginning of January. In the mean time, the Castle of Monaghan surrendered to the besiegers, commanded by Conn, (son of O'Neill,) O'Donnel, and M'Mahon. The truce ended on the 1st of January. On the 8th, the government sent a commission to Sir Robert Gardiner and Sir Henry Wallop, with full power to conclude a treaty with the Catholics of Ulster. The commissioners repaired to Dundalk ; but the Irish, through distrust of the English, refused to meet them, so that they were obliged to hold the conference in a plain, in presence of the two armies. The Catholics demanded three things to be granted — first, a general liberty of conscience ; second, a full pardon for the past ; and lastly, the entire removal of the English garrisons, their sheriffs, and other officers of

justice, from the province, except the towns of Newry and Carrickfergus. The English commissioners not approving of these articles, the conference ended without coming to any decision, except that of renewing the truce till the 1st of April.

At the expiration of this, Russel, the deputy, and General Norris, led their army to Dundalk. The jealousy between these two noblemen about the command, was the cause of much disunion. The deputy left Dundalk, with his army, to possess himself of Armagh; but O'Neill, accompanied by Maguire, O'Cahan, the O'Hanlons, and other nobles, and their men, met him on his march. The action began at Killeluona, with great fury on both sides; but the English were forced to *retreat to Newry, leaving six hundred men dead on the field of battle*. O'Neill's loss did not exceed two hundred men.

The ill success of the deputy, in Ulster, made him quit the province, and return to Dublin. He gave up his command of the troops to Norris. The Catholics of Leinster were in arms; Fiach, son of Hugh, chief of the O'Byrnes, of Wicklow, and Donald Spaniagh, or the Spaniard, chief of the Cavenaghs, having united their forces, ravaged the whole country, from Dublin to Wexford. The O'Connors acted in the same manner in Offaly. Connaught was disturbed, and the inhabitants, being joined by a body of Scotch, carried terror wherever they marched. The deputy led his army to this province, and besieged Losmage Castle, belonging to O'Madden. He summoned the garrison to surrender, but was answered by the besieged, that, were his army composed of deputies, they would hold out to the last. However, as it was not fortified, he made himself master of it, the besieged having lost about forty-six men.

The deputy left the affairs of Ulster to Norris, who marched towards Monaghan, in which there had been a garrison, since it was abandoned by the Irish. O'Neill, on receiving intelligence of the march of Norris, intercepted him at Cluoin Tiburuid, in a plain at a short distance from Monaghan. Both armies were divided by a rivulet. The English general endeavored to force his passage, but was twice repulsed by the Irish fusileers; he had a horse killed under him, and he, with his brother, Thomas Norris, was wounded; after which the action of an individual decided the victory. An officer, called Segrave, belonging to the army of Norris, and a native of the county of Meath, led on a detachment of cavalry to attack the quarter where O'Neill fought. In the midst of the engagement, Segrave forced his way to the chief, and engaged him in single combat. The two heroes, having broken two



lances each, fell. At this moment, O'Neill, attacking his adversary with his sword, slew him, and, by his success, completed the defeat of the English, who left *seven hundred men dead upon the field of battle*. The loss of the Irish was inconsiderable. The day following, Norris, wishing to return to the charge, was repulsed with some loss at Bealach-Finnuis. Monaghan surrendered to the Irish, and the garrison marched out with the honors of war.

Whilst O'Neill was supporting the cause of his country so gloriously in Ulster, O'Donnel marched to the relief of the Irish in Connaught. Young George Bingham occupied the Castle of Sligo, at that time, with a garrison of two hundred men, both English and Irish. The Irish belonging to the garrison attacked the English, slew Bingham, and gave up the castle to O'Donnel, who appointed Burke to the government of it. About the same time, the castle of Ballinot, in the same county, (Sligo,) was torn from the elder Bingham by Tumultach and Cabal M'Donagh, to whom it belonged. After the taking of these two places, the affairs of the English in Connaught were in a very unpromising state. The army of O'Donnel kept them in check.

As the queen and her council were particularly desirous of making peace with O'Neill, commissioners were frequently appointed to propose terms to him. General Norris and Geoffroy Fenton, secretary of state, were appointed to make overtures in 1596. They repaired to Dundalk, where they had an interview with O'Neill. He had not confidence enough in the English to treat with them; besides, the principal condition he required was a freedom of religion, so that this conference was not more successful than the preceding ones. Sir Edward Moor was soon afterwards intrusted to carry the queen's pardon to O'Neill, which he peremptorily refused.

Three small vessels, laden with powder, arrived about this time from Spain, for O'Donnel. They brought two hundred men also, and promises of more efficient aid. O'Neill wrote letters on the common cause to Fiach, chief of the O'Byrnes, and other noblemen of Leinster, his allies, to which he received favorable answers. He kept up a correspondence also with the best disposed characters in Munster, by means of the clan Shyhyes, whom he sent thither for that purpose, with confidential letters from himself.

His letters to many of the lords of Leinster had the desired effect. Fiach O'Byrne renewed hostilities, by taking the fort of Balli-ne-cor, the fortifications of which he destroyed. The O'Morras, O'Connors, O'Tooles, Cavenaghs, and Butlers, took up arms likewise, and demanded

the restoration of their confiscated estates. The deputy marched against O'Byrne; the Butlers were pursued by the Earl of Ormond, who, after renouncing his religion, persecuted his relatives; the O'Morras and O'Connors were exposed to the attacks of Sir Anthony St. Leger. Connaught was in as great a ferment as Leinster; Richard Bingham, governor of that province, having taken up arms against the Burkes and O'Rourkes.

The king of Spain was aware that Elizabeth had made frequent proposals of peace to O'Neill, O'Donnel, and the other Irish lords. His Catholic majesty sent an agent to encourage these princes to persevere, and to renew the promises he had already made to them. In the mean time, the English took Armagh by surprise, and placed a garrison in it. O'Neill beheld, with sorrow, this holy city, that was founded by St. Patrick, profaned by the invaders, to whom nothing was sacred. The garrison was strong, and protected by the army, which was encamped near it, under General Norris. O'Neill, not deeming it prudent to undertake a siege, brought Norris to an engagement near the church of Killoter. The English, being confident in their strength, were eager to engage, but were vigorously repulsed and put to flight by O'Neill's forces, who pursued them as far as Armagh, and killed several of their men. After this, Norris left five hundred troops in the garrison, under the command of Francis Stafford, and withdrew, with the remainder of his army, towards Dundalk. O'Neill, being master of the field, was enabled to intercept the provisions that were intended for Armagh, so that famine was the consequence. This was succeeded by a plague, which carried off their men in great numbers. The English of Dundalk, hearing of the sad condition of their garrison in Armagh, sent a supply of provisions, under an escort of three companies of infantry and a troop of horse. O'Neill surprised the convoy, and put the troops that were guarding it to the sword. His penetrating mind guided him in turning every thing to advantage. He now bethought of a stratagem in which he was most successful; he got some of his men, both foot and horse, to assume the uniform of the English who were killed, and ordered them to retreat with English banners towards a ruined monastery that was within a gun-shot of Armagh. The prince pursued these supposed English, with the rest of his troops, within view of the garrison; both parties began a discharge of their musketry, loaded only with powder; whereupon the men, as instructed, fell on every side, without sustaining any injury. This sham battle soon drew the attention of the garrison of Armagh; Stafford, the commander, gave orders that half of the gar-

risson should take up arms, and advance rapidly to the field of battle, to the relief of their supposed countrymen. The English found not only O'Neill's troops, but those to whose succor they came, drawn up in order of battle, and ready to charge them, whilst Conn, son of O'Neill, who lay in ambush with some infantry in the neighboring monastery, attacked them in the rear. The English, being now between two fires, were cut to pieces, within view of the garrison. Stafford, who was in Armagh, finding himself outgeneraled, submitted to O'Neill, who *permitted him to join, with the rest of the garrison, the English army at Dundalk*. Upon a subsequent occasion, this same place was taken by the English, and retaken by *O'Neill*, who, with *unprecedented* magnanimity, sent, on both occasions, the English garrisons back to their general.

O'Donnel, accompanied by the M'Sweeneys, O'Dogherty, the brave Maguire, O'Rourke, M'William, O'Kelly, M'Dermot, O'Connor Roe, and O'Dowd, entered Connaught with their troops. He was also joined by Murrough M'Sweeney, at the head of three hundred men, whom he assisted in a petty war with the English, during two years, in Munster. Clifford, who was appointed the new governor of Connaught, had not yet arrived. General Norris was weary of serving in Ulster, where, instead of gathering fresh laurels, he was losing those which he had gained in foreign countries. Being desirous of trying his fortune in other parts, he undertook an expedition, against O'Donnel, into Connaught, either to make terms with him, or reduce him by force. For this purpose, he repaired to Athlone, where he was joined by the Earls of Thuomond and Clanrickard, and others. He also received a reënforcement from England, which increased his army to ten thousand men. Norris knew that O'Donnel was in the neighborhood of Ballinroab, near Lake Mask, at the head of five hundred men; and, having set out upon his march, he soon found himself in view of the enemy, from whom he was divided by a small river. The night was spent in firing, and, at break of day, Norris demanded a conference with O'Donnel, in which peace was proposed between the general of the queen and the Irish chiefs. The terms offered to O'Donnel were advantageous, but were not accepted. The conference lasted for some days, during which both armies kept up hostilities, and fought in detached bodies, without coming to a general engagement. Theobald the Naval, having attacked the right wing of the Irish army, at the head of a heavy detachment, was repulsed with the loss of three hundred men. The negotiation lasted for a month between the Prince of Tyrconnel and Norris, without any thing being settled upon. The latter suffered heavy losses, both in skir-

mishing and by the desertion of some nobles who joined the standard of the Catholics. After being harassed in his retreat by the troops of O'Donnel, he lost several of his men, and was *forced to quit the province* in disgrace.

The deputy undertook an expedition, in May, into the county of Wicklow, where he surprised and killed Fiach M'Hugh, chief of the illustrious tribe of the O'Byrnes, and the champion of the Catholic cause in Leinster. Fiach left two sons, Felim and Raymond, who inherited his bravery and zeal for country. Felim left the command to his brother, and went to visit O'Neill in Ulster, to ask him for assistance. The Prince of Tyrone expressed great friendship for the young nobleman, and, having condoled with him on the death of his father, gave him about three hundred and fifty men, under the command of Brian Riach O'Morra, a nobleman of Leinster. On returning with this reënforcement, Felim fought some skirmishes with the English, and took possession of his father's patrimony, which had been seized upon by the foreigners. After this expedition, Brian O'Morra marched with the same troops towards Loughgarme, (Wexford,) pillaged all the English he met with on his march, and cut a large body of them to pieces, besides four hundred Irish auxiliaries.

The young chief of *O'Morra* gave battle to St. Leger, who, after an obstinate resistance, was forced to retreat, *leaving five hundred men dead on the field.*

Some step was now necessary to be taken, in order to restore the English power in Ireland. The queen recalled Russel, the deputy, and appointed Lord Burrough to succeed him. He first exercised his power over General Norris, whom he sent back to his office of governor, in Munster, forbidding him to leave it without his permission. Norris was too proud to brook this insult; he had been already disgraced by O'Neill, who had deprived him of the high military reputation he had acquired abroad, and at length died, loaded with ignominy.

Burrough was haughty; he commanded for a long time, in Holland, against Philip the Second, whereby he became expert in the art of war. A truce was made by this deputy, for one month, with O'Donnel, O'Neill, and other Irish chiefs, and terms of peace were offered to them, but in vain. The month being expired, the English general marched to Ulster, at the head of a powerful army. Besides the troops which served under Russel and Norris, a large reënforcement was sent to him from England.

The Anglo-Irish of Meath were zealous to signalize themselves in the



cause of Elizabeth. They assembled at Mullingar, to the number of a thousand men, under the command of Barnewall, Baron of Trimlestown, and marched after the deputy. In their route, however, they met with a signal defeat.

Richard Tirrell served at that time in the army of O'Neill. His talents peculiarly fitted him to command a flying camp. From the rapidity of his expeditions, and capability of sustaining fatigue, he had already become formidable to the English, and his memory is still respected by the true Irish.

O'Neill saw, with calm reflection, the preparations that were in progress against him; the march of the deputy was known to him; he therefore prepared to oppose him, and to cause a diversion. Captain Tirrell was despatched, at the head of four hundred infantry, with orders to act in either Meath or Leinster, according to emergencies. Tirrell marched through the whole of Meath without meeting an enemy, and, having reached Fertullagh, he encamped in order to give his army some repose. The troops which had been assembled at Mullingar, as has been already observed, being apprized of Tirrell's march, determined to take him by surprise. The baron, who commanded them, looked upon this expedition as unworthy of himself, on account of the small number of the enemy he had to fight, and, therefore, commissioned his son to undertake it, thinking it a good opportunity for him to signalize himself. At the dawn of day, Tirrell received information, through his spies, that the enemy were in full march to surprise him. Without losing a moment, he put himself in a state of defence, but made a feint of flying before them as they approached; by which movement he gained a defile covered with trees, which has been since called *Tirrell's Pass*. He then detached half of his little army, and posted them in a hollow adjoining the road, giving the command to his lieutenant, O'Connor, a brave and intrepid man, like himself. He then, in order to influence his enemy to pursue him, marched on with his division. While the English were passing the ambuscade, O'Connor sallied forth with his troops, and caused the drums and fifes to play Captain Tirrell's march. This was the signal agreed upon for an attack. The English army, having got between two fires, were cut to pieces; and so general was the slaughter, that one or two only escaped, through a neighboring bog, to carry the news to Mullingar, from whence the army had set out three days before. Tirrell had sufficient generosity to spare the life of the young nobleman who commanded his enemy, but brought him a prisoner to O'Neill. During the action, O'Connor's hand became so

swollen, that it became necessary to cut off the handle of his sword with a file, before it could be disengaged.

Burrough, the deputy, having reached Ulster with all his forces, his first step was to take possession of Armagh and Portmor, which O'Neill had abandoned after destroying the fortifications. The English general, being afraid to proceed farther, repaired to Portmor, where he left a garrison of five hundred men, and drew off the remainder of his army. He boasted highly of this act of prowess, proclaiming every where that he held the key of Ulster, which he could enter at his pleasure. This boast was truly characteristic of his countrymen, who considered the most trifling advantage a complete victory. It was carefully circulated in foreign countries, where it was reported that the Irish had lost all their towns, and that they were obliged to escape into the woods and inaccessible places. A similar falsehood had been already published at Brussels, on the supposed reduction of O'Neill, the folly of which we shall discover in the sequel.

The deputy was on his way to Dublin, when he learned that Tirrell was besieging Portmor; so he immediately returned, collected his forces, and crossed the Blackwater, but was prevented from advancing by O'Neill, who divided his army, and formed two camps, sufficiently near to assist each other. The command of the first division he gave to his brothers, Cormac and Art O'Neill, and M'Mahon, at Droum-Fluich, on the road to Beaun-Bhoruib, at present BENBURB, on the left bank of the river. The prince himself commanded the second camp at Tobuir-Masain, and was assisted by James M'Donnel, Prince of the Glynnys. The deputy endeavored, in spite of O'Neill's position, to force a passage; but O'Neill's two divisions having united, they made a desperate attack. In the onset, Burrough was mortally wounded, and was carried to Newry, where he died in a few days. This battle was renewed several times. The Earl of Kildare, on whom the command of the English army devolved, after Burrough's retreat, suffered the same fate; having been wounded, and twice thrown from his horse, his two foster brothers were killed in endeavoring to put him again on horseback: he fled from the field of battle, and died of his wounds a few days after. The carnage was dreadful; numbers of the English lay dead upon the field; many were drowned in the river, and very many wounded. The persons of note who fell upon the English side, besides the deputy and the Earl of Kildare, were Francis Waghan, the deputy's brother-in-law, Thomas Walen, and Turner.

Clifford, governor of Connaught, received orders to march with his

troops to the relief of the deputy in Ulster. He accordingly set out at the head of seven hundred men, but, having the misfortune to meet with O'Donnel, he was completely defeated. Clifford lost several men of rank on this occasion, amongst whom was the Baron of Ineschete.

The queen saw her forces greatly diminished in Ireland by the frequent advantages gained over them by the confederates, and could not find persons qualified to succeed Burrough and Norris. She, however, nominated provisional magistrates and officers for the administration of affairs. Sir Thomas Norris, president of Munster, was appointed lord justice; but his grief for the death of his brother caused him to resign in a month. The government then received an account of the state of affairs from the council, who informed them that the war was a general revolt of the Irish, with an intent to shake off the English yoke. Thomas Duff Butler, Earl of Ormond, accepted the commission of lieutenant-general. Ambition being the guide of this nobleman's acts, he was drawn into a faction that was opposed to his country; but he never enjoyed the reputation of being a great captain. Among other instructions which the Earl of Ormond received from the court of England, he was enjoined to endeavor to bring about a peace with O'Neill; for which purpose, a truce for two months was agreed upon. They met at Dundalk, and O'Neill proposed the terms; the first and principal one being the free exercise of the Catholic religion throughout the kingdom. The other conditions proposed by this prince, regarded the grievances of the Irish, and the reparation of the injustice which was practised towards them. These overtures were submitted to the English council, and acceded to in every thing, except the free exercise of religion; whereon the truce was broken off, and hostilities resumed.

About the end of the summer, 1598, O'Neill collected all his troops, and laid siege to the Fort of Blackwater, called also *Portmor*. At the same time, he sent fifteen hundred chosen men to assist his ally, O'Moore, of Leix, who was then besieging Maryborough, where there was an English garrison. These movements produced a diversion, and compelled the Earl of Ormond to divide his forces. He first despatched three thousand men against O'Morra. Five thousand men were then sent against O'Neill, of Ulster, commanded by Bagnal, the marshal. Brian Riach O'Morra defeated the three thousand English that were sent against him; fifteen hundred, besides the commander, being slain, and Maryborough was taken. O'Morra died, in a few days after, from his wounds, and the command devolved upon Owen O'Morra.

During these transactions in Leinster, Marshal Bagnal, having the command of the army in Ulster, repaired to Newry, which was a general place of meeting for the English. O'Neill was then encamped with his army at Mollach-Ban, on the road to Armagh, and, wishing to cut off all communication between that place and the enemy, he sent his brother Cormac, with a body of five hundred men, to defend the passes. Bagnal was considered an able general: he knew that O'Neill was waiting to give him battle, on his march to Armagh, which city he wished to relieve; but he deceived the prince. He marched circuitously from Newry to Armagh, and supplied the garrison with provisions, in spite of the brave resistance of Cormac O'Neill, who maintained his ground for some time, but was at length forced to yield to superior numbers. Flushed at this trifling advantage, Bagnal determined to take O'Neill's camp by surprise; and, setting out by night, he put the enemy's advance-guard to the sword. *They then surrounded O'Neill's tent, who had escaped in his shirt, with some of his attendants;* but some servants, that were left to guard it and the baggage, were killed. As soon as day appeared, O'Neill collected the forces that were near him, and, having forced the English to abandon their booty, he then put them to flight. Both sides lost some men in this action.

The English were masters of some towns in Ulster, which were favorable for their depredations, and afforded them a secure retreat; the principal of them were Newry, Dundrum, and Carrickfergus. Sir John Chichester, the English governor, marched, about the same time, at the head of five hundred infantry and a troop of horse, to plunder the neighborhood. Coming up, at Alfracha, with James M'Donnel, Prince of Antrim, who had with him about four hundred foot and sixty horse, to oppose these robbers, they came to an engagement which was fatal to the English. Their captain having fallen, they were cut to pieces, so that scarcely one remained to bring the intelligence to Carrickfergus. About the same time, the Baron of Trillick made some inroads on Monaghan, with the Anglo-Irish of Meath, and a few English troops, but was defeated by the M'Mahons.

The vanity and bad faith of the English will not suffer them to admit the victories the Irish armies gained over them. Their historians either pass them over in silence, or obscure them, so that the advantage may appear to be in favor of their countrymen. Invectives are poured out against a generous people, who fought for their religion and their freedom, and the epithets of traitor, rebel, and barbarian, are heaped upon the Irish for not calmly yielding to a hateful yoke. An



Englishman must be well beaten before he will admit it. A brilliant victory was gained, this year, over those foreigners, by O'Neill. The truth of this is not questioned even by the English themselves, since they acknowledge that it was the bloodiest defeat they met with since their arrival in the island.

O'Neill endeavored to bring the English marshal to an engagement, and, being joined by O'Donnel, Maguire, the general of the cavalry, and other noblemen of the province, he laid siege to Portmor, having in this a double object in view ; first, to reduce the place by famine, by cutting off the supplies ; and, secondly, to compel the English to fight, by forcing them to relieve it. The hopes of O'Neill were equalled by his success. In the beginning of August, Bagnal marched with the flower of his army to the relief of Portmor, and, when arrived within a mile of Ardmagh, he met with O'Neill, at a place called *Beal-an-a-buidh*, between two plains, bordered by a bog on one side, and on the other by a thick wood. The battle commenced, and the slaughter was terrible. *Marshal Bagnal, with twenty-four of his principal officers, and two thousand of his army, was killed upon the spot ;* and the remainder of his forces put to flight. The loss of the English was heightened by an accident that happened in the beginning of the action, in the quarter where the reserve forces lay. The powder magazine having taken fire, five hundred men, who were guarding the baggage, were blown up. The spoils that were wrested from them also were very considerable ; twelve thousand pieces of gold, their warlike stores, thirty-four stand of colors, all their instruments of war, all their artillery, and provisions of every kind, fell into the hands of the Irish. The English who had the good fortune to escape, took the road to Ardmagh. Several were slain in the pursuit, and both horsemen, and about fifteen hundred foot soldiers, sought safety in the churches of that city. This victory cost O'Neill about two hundred men killed and six hundred wounded, and was followed by the surrender of Portmor. (On this battle, one of the poets of the "Nation" has written a good song, which will be found in the "Spirit of the Nation.")

These brilliant campaigns of O'Neill, and of the other princes and noblemen of Ulster, had opposite influences on the English and Irish people ; the alarm of the former was great, while the joy of the latter was universal. They looked upon O'Neill as the liberator of his country. Many of the chiefs ranged under his command, and sought his protection.

The queen's officers sent letters to her majesty, complaining of the sad state of things in Ireland, and saying that, so far from being able to maintain an offensive war in that country, *they could not defend themselves* against the enemy without speedy assistance, and more powerful resources than *any* that had been *previously sent*. The queen was averse to abandoning the cause of her English province in Ireland. She attached heavy blame to the Earl of Ormond for not having gone in person against O'Neill; and commanded Bingham, who had been lately removed from the government of Connaught for his cruelty, to repair to Ireland, and succeed Bagnal in the office of marshal. Two thousand foot, and a hundred horse, were, at the same time, despatched thither, under the orders of Sir Samuel Bagnal. These troops landed at Wexford, and were harassed in their march to Dublin by the Irish, who killed a great number of them. Bingham arrived in Dublin with great difficulty, where he soon after died.

The example of the men of Ulster roused the fallen courage of the Irish in other provinces of Ireland, particularly in Munster, where the bravery of the celebrated Earl of Desmond was still fresh among his illustrious allies. This feeling it was necessary to encourage; and to effect that object, Sir Peter de Lacy, a powerful nobleman in the county of Limerick, wrote to Owen or Owny M'Rory-Ogue O'Morra, who had an army on foot, and invited him, in the name of the Irish Catholics in Munster, to come to their relief. O'Morra, having consulted with O'Neill, undertook the expedition. He committed the government of Leix to his brother Edmond, and, at the head of eight hundred infantry and some horsemen, set out on his march for Munster. Raymond Burke, Baron of Leitrim, and his brother William, as also Dermot O'Connor and his brothers Cairbre and Conn, with Richard Tirrell, of Fertullagh, accompanied O'Morra in this expedition. He frightened the Earl of Ormond, and passed triumphantly on through the country.

The success of O'Morra (O'Moore) produced an almost universal rising of the noblemen in Munster against the queen.

The chief men that formed a league against the queen were Fitzmaurice, Baron of Lixnaw; William Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry and Lord of Kafinnin; Edmond Fitzgerald, Knight of the Glinn; Sir Edmond Fitzgerald, called the *white knight*, with many other branches of that celebrated house; Dermot and Donogh M'Carty, rival candidates for the principality of Alla; Daniel, son of M'Carty More; Patrick Condon; O'Donohoe More, of Onachte; O'Donoghoe, of the Glinn; Roche, Viscount Fermoy; Richard Butler, Viscount of Mont-

garret, who had married the daughter of O'Neill ; and Thomas Butler, Baron of Cahir. The same disposition animated the several tribes of the O'Sullivans, the O'Driscols, the O'Donnevans, and the O'Mahonys, of Carbury, who signalized themselves in the common cause of their country. The confederates appointed for their leader James, son of Thomas Fitzgerald, surnamed the Red, and acknowledged him as Earl of Desmond, and leader of the confederates in that province, where the memory of the Earls of Desmond was still dear and respected.

Religion was not the sole cause of the above alliance. The tyranny of the English governors, and the intolerable insolence of the adventurers who had been sent to occupy the estates of Desmond and other noblemen, contributed greatly to the undertaking. These adventurers became the first victims to the rage of the confederates. They were driven from their ill-gained possessions, and their castles razed to the ground. Finding themselves now unprotected by the governor, Norris, who was scarcely able to defend himself, they fled to Waterford, and embarked for their own country.

By this great stroke, the adventurers, who had lately come over from England into Munster and Connaught, were completely driven back to their native country.

Norris, who shut himself up in Cork, and remained inactive while the war was blazing in the province, to the command of which he had been appointed, felt heavily the shame of it ; and, in order to screen his character, he formed the resolution of attacking the Irish. For this purpose, all his forces, amounting to two thousand five hundred men, were mustered by him in Cork ; and he marched upon Kilmallock. Norris effected his object concerning the garrison of Kilmallock, but was attacked, on his return, at Ard-Scieth, by the Earl of Desmond. It was rather a disordered retreat than a battle. The above chiefs pursued him the entire day for eight miles of his march. Many fell in the several skirmishes ; but the heaviest loss was sustained by the fugitives, who, being favored by the night, were at length fortunate enough to get back into Kilmallock.

Norris undertook a second expedition, which had no better success than the first ; he marched, with two thousand four hundred foot and three hundred horse, against Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy. At first, the viscount abandoned Baile Androhid, a place not fortified, and withdrew to Bailean Caislean, which was stronger. Norris at length sent away some of his baggage by night, and took the route for Cork.

He was pursued by the Irish, who killed two hundred of his men at Mainister-na-Mona.

Some months after the expedition of Norris, Thomas Burke sought to be admitted into the confederate army. For this purpose, he applied to Raymond Burke, Baron of Leitrim, and to his brother William; and they appointed him to the command of two hundred men. With this little band, Thomas wished to surprise some places belonging to the English in Muskerry. He met with General Norris at Killili, at the head of twelve hundred men. To avoid fighting was impossible; and, notwithstanding the disproportion of their numbers, he acted intrepidly, and by one bold stroke decided the affair. A young man, named John Burke, having forced his way into the ranks, struck Norris with his lance, and disabled him; and the English army, seeing their leader fall, dispersed. The English general was brought to Mallow, where he died, in fifteen days, of his wounds.

A. D. 1599. O'Neill beheld with pleasure the league that was formed in Munster, and the advantages already gained over the English. This prince, desirous of strengthening the alliance which he had made with his confederates, granted their demands for assistance, by sending them his brother Conn O'Neill, at the head of three thousand men, well provided with arms and ammunition. The English lay in ambush to dispute his passage, but Conn escaped their snares, by opening his way, sword in hand, through the enemy. *After leaving two thousand of them dead upon the field of battle*, he continued his march to Munster, where he acquired a high reputation for his military exploits.

The state of affairs at this time in Ireland, says Camden, was deplorable, the rebellion having become general through the kingdom. The sway of the English in Ulster was confined to a few strong fortresses. The greater part of the nobility in Munster were up in arms against them. The O'Morras, the O'Connors, the O'Byrnes, the O'Tooles, the Cavanaghs, the Eustaces, and other chiefs of Leinster, with the O'Molloys, the M'Geoghegans, and the Tirrells, of Meath, were leagued to accomplish their freedom. The O'Rorkes, and some branches of the Burkes, besides some other chiefs in Connaught, took up arms for the same cause, so that Elizabeth saw herself, by this general revolt, on the eve of losing all her authority in Ireland. She had no person in that country capable of governing it. Marshal Bagnal was killed; Richard Bingham, who had been sent by the court to succeed that general, died on his arrival in Dublin; Norris, who governed Munster, and St. Leger, the president of Leix, perished by



the sword of the Catholics. The Earl of Ormond commanded the army : his name, however, only, and not his capability, was suited to his zeal in the cause of his mistress. In this position of her affairs, the queen consulted with her council on the choice of a man capable of remedying the disasters that she suffered in Ireland. Her majesty, and most of her counsellors, cast their eyes on Charles Blunt, Lord Baron Mountjoy. But Robert d'Evereux, Earl of Essex, whose ambition knew no bounds, was at length appointed lord lieutenant, and with privileges more extensive than those of any of his predecessors. Her majesty invested him with the prerogative of pardoning any crime, even that of high treason ; besides the power of appointing to offices of trust ; of removing those who enjoyed them without a patent ; of suspending others from exercising them ; also of making military laws and carrying them into execution ; of conferring in fief, according to his pleasure, the confiscated estates of the Catholics, reserving a moderate and yearly revenue from them for the crown ; and, in absence of the high admiral of England, he had the command of the fleet, and the privilege of applying the money in the exchequer to any purposes, without being accountable for it. A powerful and well-provided army was given to him ; it consisted of seventeen thousand foot and thirteen hundred horse, — the most powerful force that had, up to that period, ever been sent to Ireland.

All matters being arranged, the Earl of Essex, accompanied by three young noblemen, who wished to be partakers of his glory in the expedition, set out from London for Ireland, at the end of March, amidst the acclamations of the people. The fleet having sailed, they were overtaken and dispersed by a violent storm, by which many lives were lost. Notwithstanding this misfortune, he landed, on the 15th of April, in Dublin, where he took the usual oath, and received the sword of justice as lord lieutenant.

The principal instructions given to Essex were, first, not to confer the honor of knighthood on any but subjects of acknowledged merit ; secondly, to block up O'Neill with *all* his forces, by placing strong garrisons in the forts of Loughfoyle and Ballyshannon. He had scarcely landed in Ireland, when his creatures began to publish in foreign countries false accounts of his wonderful exploits ; at one time, that his arrival had filled the confederate Catholics with terror, causing them to conceal themselves in woods, and other inaccessible places ; at another, that almost every one of them was accepting the offers of pardon held out by him. The falsehood of these vain boastings was, however, proved by the ill success of his expedition.

The first act of the jurisdiction of Essex in Ireland was to publish a proclamation in the queen's name, excluding the ancient Irish, her majesty's inveterate enemies, from all hopes of pardon. The Anglo-Irish were promised pardon and religious toleration. The holy sacrifice of the mass was celebrated in private families, and the other sacraments administered with more freedom; his policy even induced him to set at liberty some priests who had been confined in dungeons, and to confer the grade of knights of the golden spur on some Catholics, with whose opinions he was acquainted.

After making some regulations respecting the civil administration, Essex turned his thoughts to the campaign, but did not follow the plan that was laid down for him in London. Instead of marching with all his forces against O'Neill and the confederates in Ulster, according to his instructions, he divided them by giving three thousand foot and five hundred horse to Henry Harrington, to watch the movements of the O'Morras, the O'Byrnes, and other confederates of Leinster, and sent three thousand more to Clifford, governor of Connaught, to keep the nobles of that province in check. These detachments reduced considerably his combined forces. Accompanied by three hundred gentlemen, who volunteered in London to accompany him, he set out from Dublin, on the 20th of May, with the remainder of his army, and marched towards Munster. In passing through Leinster, the rear-guard of the English was severely handled in a defile, by Owen O'Morra, at the head of five hundred men, who killed several officers and privates. The place where they fought was called, after this, *Bearna-na-Gleti*, which signifies the Pass of the Plumes, on account of the quantity of them which the English lost in it.

This check did not prevent Essex from continuing his march into Munster. He laid siege to the castle of Cahir, situate on the River Suire. The confederate Irish had in it but a garrison of seven or eight soldiers, without artillery, so that they were unable to maintain a siege against the army of Essex.

Essex had the castle of Cahir repaired, and, leaving a strong garrison in it, with cannon and ammunition, he marched to the relief of Askeaton. His army received a considerable reinforcement by the junction of some national troops, under the Earls of Thomond and Clanrickard, M'Pieris Baron, and Henry Norris. On his way back from Askeaton, he was pursued by Daniel M'Carty More and the Earl of Desmond, at the head of two thousand five hundred men. These chiefs having attacked his rear-guard, at a place called *Baile-en-Finitere*, the action was very bloody: it lasted from nine in the morning till five in the afternoon. A

great number of the English were killed, and Henry Norris, one of their leaders, was found among the slain. The loss on the side of the Irish was not so great. After this battle, Essex encamped for a few days at Cruomui, to refresh his troops; he then marched to Waterford, and was pursued and harassed during six days by the Irish army.

General Harrington, in the mean time, received a heavy check in the principality of Leix. This general, who was appointed to restore peace to that district, having surrounded the troops of O'Morra, flattered himself that he would be able to reduce them with little loss to himself; but the bravery of the Irish snatched the victory from him. He lost in this engagement twelve hundred men, with all their officers, and, among the rest, Adam Loftus, son of the Protestant archbishop of Dublin, who was found among the slain. The remainder of the army was put to flight.

Ware, Cox, and others, mistake the circumstances of this victory, or confound them with a similar one gained over Harrington by the O'Byrnes, in the glens of the county of Wicklow; after which, the viceroy, to punish the want of courage among the English, had them decimated. They, however, are all agreed that the English were defeated by the Irish. Christopher Blanche was sent over at this time to Ireland as lord marshal. Wishing to distinguish himself by some brilliant achievement, he marched to Offaly, where his army was defeated by the O'Connors, with the loss of five hundred horse, and he himself escaped with difficulty, having had a leg broken in the action. In the mean time, the Earl of Essex confined himself to the city of Cork. He was deeply affected by the ill success of his arms, which is ingenuously acknowledged in his letter to the English council; it was intercepted by the Irish, and contains the following words: "I am confined in Cork, where there is an abundance of warlike stores; but still I have been unsuccessful; my undertakings have been attended with misfortune. I do not know to what this can be attributed, except to an evil star that has led me here." Finding the forces diminished, he left Munster, without performing one deed worthy of his reputation. Towards the end of July, he returned with the wrecks of his army to Dublin, where he learned that James Butler, brother to the baron, had retaken the castle of Cahir, and put the English garrison to the sword.

Essex now turned his thoughts to Ulster; but, as his march to Munster had greatly diminished his numbers, he wrote to the queen, in conjunction with the council, to ask for fresh reinforcements. At the same time, he sent for Clifford, governor of Connaught, to march with

the troops under him towards the frontiers of Ulster, in order to create a diversion. In compliance, Clifford assembled his army at Athlone, on the Shannon; their destination being Belick, on the River Erne. Clifford sent orders to Theobald Burke, surnamed the Naval, to have cannon, and every thing necessary for the execution of his plans, brought by sea from Galway to Sligo, while he would lead the army by land. In the mean time, O'Connor Sligo, who supported the queen's cause against his country, scoured the county of Sligo with a body of cavalry, to force the inhabitants to abandon O'Donnel, whose cause they had espoused from a spirit of patriotism and religion, and to favor the designs of Clifford; but, meeting with some of O'Donnel's army, they were compelled to take refuge in Killmuiny, at a short distance from Sligo, where they were besieged by O'Donnel.

Clifford, being aware of the danger in which O'Connor was of falling into the power of the enemy, reviewed all his troops. His army amounted to two thousand five hundred infantry, both English and their Irish auxiliaries, and a few squadrons of cavalry. The principal chiefs of the auxiliary Irish, were O'Connor Don, Prince of Magherry Connaught, Melmor M'Sweeney, Prince of Tueth, (who, through some displeasure, had abandoned O'Donnel, and gone over to the English,) and Richard Burke, son of the Earl of Clanrickard and Baron of Dunkillin. Matters being thus arranged, Clifford set out from Athlone, by forced marches for Boyle. O'Donnel purposed to oppose the enemy. He put a strong garrison of four hundred infantry under the command of M'Sweeney Fanid and M'William Burke, into Sligo, and left two hundred cavalry to hold on the blockade of Killmuiny; after which, he marched with O'Dogharty, Prince of Inisowen, and the remainder of the army, to Corslieve Mountain, where Clifford had to pass into the county of Sligo. Tirconnel possessed himself of the defiles of this mountain, and had trees cut down to obstruct Clifford's passage; he then encamped with his army in an adjoining plain.

In the mean time, Theobald Burke appeared with his little fleet before Sligo, but dared not to enter. He thought prudent to await the arrival of Clifford's army. This governor being arrived at Boyle, he left his cavalry under the command of Sir Markham Griffin, since, in passing the defiles of Corslieve, they could not act. On the eve of Lady-day, O'Donnel was apprized of the movement of the English army. O'Donnel then sent Owen M'Sweeney, with Giolla and Tulli O'Gallagher, at the head of six hundred infantry, to stop the enemy, while he himself was preparing to attack them, in order of battle. The



engagement commenced at eleven o'clock in the morning, and continued for some time with equal success, till O'Rorke appeared at the head of a body of infantry, and turned the scale of victory. The terror of the English was so great, that they threw their arms on the ground and fled. The rout now became general; the Irish troops pursued the fugitives for three miles; Markham, who continued at Boyle with the cavalry, came out to the relief of the English: he attacked and killed some of those who were engaged in the pursuit; but O'Rorke, coming up, drove him back, and, though badly wounded, he got into Boyle. The English lost in this battle fourteen hundred men in killed, with Clifford, the governor of Connaught, and Henry Ratcliffe, a young English nobleman, who were found among the slain. One hundred and forty of the Irish army were killed and wounded. After this defeat of the English, a great booty was found; and the conquerors became masters of a vast quantity of arms, colors, cannon, dress, and other warlike apparatus.

O'Neill, who was on his march to the assistance of O'Donnel, arrived too late, by two days, to share in the glory of this victory. The news of the defeat of the English, and the death of Clifford, being spread, Burke the Naval set sail immediately from Sligo to return to Galway. O'Connor surrendered to O'Donnel, who put him into the possession of his demesne at Sligo, on his promising to assist thereafter against the English. English writers acknowledge that their countrymen were defeated in the Curlew Mountains, by the Irish, whom they style rebels, commanded by O'Rorke. They have candor enough also to allow that Clifford, Ratcliffe, and others, were killed in this action, but they strive to smooth the disaster, by giving mutilated accounts of it. "Though the rebels," says Camden, "were superior in numbers, still they were repulsed by the English; but for the want of powder, the English were put to the rout."

The Earl of Essex was greatly disconcerted by the defeat of Clifford's army. He waited with anxiety for the arrival of a reënforcement from England; a thousand foot soldiers at length arrived in Dublin, in September, and all the forces then marched for the frontiers of Ulster. As soon as O'Neill heard of the movement of the viceroy, he put his own army in motion, and proceeded to the town of Louth, where he encamped on the banks of a small river which separated the two armies. The English, says Peter Lombard, seeing the Irish so well prepared and eager to engage, were so panic-struck, (according

to the words of some who were present,) that they were covered with shame, and afraid to hold up their heads.

The viceroy immediately despatched a herald to O'Neill, to declare to him, that he had not come as an enemy into his province ; on the contrary, that he came to offer him terms of peace, or at least a truce, and that he would send commissioners for that purpose, if he would accede to his doing so. The Prince of Tyrone having agreed to the proposal, two knights and a counsellor of state were despatched for that purpose by the Earl of Essex. These commissioners being admitted to an audience with O'Neill, they explained to him the purport of their mission. The prince replied, that he would not agree to the terms.

This reply being communicated to the viceroy, the earl despatched a second herald to the prince, and proposed to meet him at a short distance from their respective armies. The prince accepted the proposal of meeting him, but not apart from his army. Essex, who was eager for an interview on any terms, gave up his stipulation ; he sent away the greater part of his army to Drogheda, and proceeded towards the camp of O'Neill, accompanied by a few nobles and a small number of horsemen. The two chiefs, having met, went down the river, where they might confer together. The conference lasted for some hours ; the viceroy looked for a truce till the month of May. O'Neill answered, that his honor, which was pledged not only to foreign princes, but to the grandees of his own nation, would not allow him to accede to it. Essex reminded O'Neill of the ancient friendship that subsisted between the earl, his father, and him, and, consequently, that he ought to feel some sympathy towards the humbled position of his son. The heart of O'Neill could not resist any longer the repeated solicitations of Essex, and the prince consented to a truce of six weeks, on condition that each should be at liberty to break off by giving a notice of fourteen days. The truce being thus settled on, the two noblemen passed a few hours in social enjoyment.

Essex, pleased with his negotiations with O'Neill, took leave of that prince, and returned to Dublin, where he received a letter from the queen, dated the 14th of September. Her majesty reproached him and the council with maladministration, and a contempt for her commands. This reproach was mortifying to Essex ; he was recalled and disgraced. The history of the tragic end of that nobleman is sufficiently known ; it will suffice to observe, that, though one of Elizabeth's chief favorites, he was beheaded soon afterwards.

After Essex had left Ulster, a Spanish captain arrived in that province with two ships laden with warlike stores, which his Catholic majesty had sent to O'Neill. He received the officer, and asked why the king had omitted so long to send the succors which he had promised, and why he did not send all at the same time. The officer answered, that his majesty intended it, but that the report of peace having been made between O'Neill and Queen Elizabeth, was the cause; and added, that the king of Spain sent him for the express purpose (with these two ships) of bringing him an account of how affairs stood in Ireland. This reply did not satisfy O'Neill; however, he concealed his disappointment with his accustomed prudence.

Philip the Second, king of Spain, having died, Philip the Third succeeded; and, interested in following the plans of his brother, in regard to the war in Ireland, he sent over two legates, with a crown of phoenix feathers to the Prince of Ulster, with twenty-two thousand pieces of gold, and several kegs of silver for payment of the troops.

Encouraged even by this moderate assistance, and hoping for greater from the Spaniards, O'Neill resumed hostilities, after a notice of fourteen days, in pursuance of the truce made with Essex. A. D. 1600. Having provided for the security of the principality of Tyrone, he marched through the whole of Leinster, at the head of seven thousand men, towards Cork, where he encamped, and consulted with the Earl of Desmond, Florence M'Carty Reagh, and other chiefs of the province, about the means of supporting the war. He sent deputies to those whose sincerity he doubted, to solicit them to join in the confederacy against "the enemies of God, their religion, and their country." As a stronger inducement, he sent them an authentic copy of the sentence of excommunication which Pius the Fifth had pronounced against the queen of England and her adherents. Several were brought over by the reasoning of O'Neill, particularly Finian M'Carty. Others, influenced by a different policy, though strongly attached to the Catholic faith, replied, that a subject of such moment ought to be suspended for a while, as the opinion of the see of Rome was not well known.

Prince O'Neill, who deemed their policy injurious, expressed his displeasure at the replies of these noblemen. Some of them he treated with severity, and devastated their lands, in order to deprive the enemy of subsistence; others he compelled to give hostages for their future conduct.

During O'Neill's stay in Munster, the queen's troops kept within

garrisons and strong places, not *daring to take the field*, so that the time passed over without hostilities, except an affair between Hugh Maguire, prince of Fermanagh, who commanded O'Neill's cavalry, and St. Leger, president of Munster, in which both noblemen fell. Maguire, attended only by Edmond M'Caffry, his standard-bearer, Niall O'Dur-inin, and a priest, left the camp one day, either to take an airing or to reconnoitre the country. Having advanced too far, he met with St. Leger, at the head of sixty cavalry; notwithstanding this difference in numbers, Maguire, putting spurs to his horse, forced his way through the enemy to their commander, who shot him through the body. Though Maguire's wound was mortal, he determined to be revenged; struck St. Leger such a blow with his lance that he cleft his head through the helmet, and then opened a passage for himself, sword in hand. Both generals died of their wounds a few days after, greatly regretted by their respective corps.

The Prince O'Neill, before he left Munster, took the necessary measures for the defence of the province and the security of the confederates. He placed some veteran troops among them, and, returning through Leinster, he left a reënforcement with O'Morra of Leix. Before this, he passed in view of Ormond, who commanded the English army, but without bringing them to a battle. He arrived safe in Ulster, having honorably fulfilled the designs he had in view.

Charles Blunt, Baron of Mountjoy, was appointed viceroy, and Sir George Carew was named president of Munster, by the queen. These two noblemen repaired to Dublin, about the end of February, and soon proceeded to Kilkenny, where they visited the Earl of Ormond. Ormond had promised to meet Owen, son of Rory O'Morra, on the borders of Idough, and the president promised to accompany him with his attendants. All arrived, according to appointment, at the place of meeting. The troops of both parties were at a distance, when the conference began between Ormond and O'Morra, which lasted for an hour without any thing being concluded. O'Morra had a Jesuit with him named Archer, who was zealously opposed to the reformation, with whom Ormond began a controversy on the score of religion, in the course of which he called the Jesuit a traitor; saying that, under a semblance of religion, he was seducing her majesty's subjects from their allegiance; after which he proceeded to abuse the pope and church of Rome. O'Morra, no longer able to bear with language so indecent, and so foreign to the subject before them, seized the earl, dragged him from his horse, and made him prisoner. The president and Thomond,



with his other friends who were at hand, being alarmed, ran to his assistance and commenced fighting. Some of the English were killed, several wounded, and more made prisoners; while the president and Thomond took to flight, and owed their safety only to the swiftness of their horses. Thomond was wounded in the back with a pike, as he complained in a letter to the council of England, wherein the circumstances of his misfortune in this affray are described. As soon as the two noblemen had got out of danger, they talked of revenge; their drums and trumpets were ordered to rally the troops and renew the fight; but the terror of the English was so great, that none but Captains Harvey, Browne, Comerford, and some servants, had the courage to move forward; and, consequently, they had no alternative but to submit to their misfortune. They then returned to Kilkenny, where they found the Countess of Ormond inconsolable for her husband's capture.

The deputy was in Dublin when he heard of this unhappy occurrence, and likewise that the sons of Montgarret and several other noblemen of the Butlers were up in arms.

The O'Connors Faly, too, laid siege, at this time, to the castle of Crouchan, which was situated in the principality of Offaly. Thomas Moor, a knight of the golden spur, and Giffard, both Englishmen, commanded the garrison. The besiegers, having no artillery, scaled the walls with a hundred foot soldiers, and, having entered, put the garrison, which consisted of Englishmen, to the sword, and became masters of the fortress.

The Irish of Ulster were still in possession of that province, with the exception of a few forts, which the English kept and garrisoned. The deputy was commanded to reduce this province; but a want of energy in his operations excited the suspicions of the court. It was, therefore, deliberated in council whether he should be recalled, and another deputy appointed, or whether supplies should be sent to continue the war against O'Neill and his allies more vigorously, if he should refuse to make peace. The latter plan was adopted, and a fresh reënforcement of troops was ordered to Ireland. In consequence of this, the deputy wrote to O'Neill, in April, proposing terms of peace, in the name of the queen and council, which, so far as related to religion, and the reparation of the injuries that the Irish Catholics had sustained, appeared reasonable. The Prince of Ulster, however, knew too well the disposition of the English, to place any confidence in their promises; he knew that nothing but the inability of acting otherwise would influence them to keep faith with him; and, besides, he expected daily the

assistance that had been promised to him by the King of Spain, so that he rejected the overtures of the deputy.

Mountjoy felt the necessity of removing the suspicions which were entertained against him by the court; and, finding the Prince of Ulster deaf to the proposals he had made, he saw that his only resource to redeem his honor lay in force. He, therefore, collected his troops, to attack him by sea and land; and in the month of March, a fleet of sixty-seven ships, under Sir Henry Dockwra, was ordered to take possession of a lake in the north of Ireland, called *Loughfoyle*, to cause, in that quarter, a diversion favorable to the expedition of his forces by land. Five thousand infantry and three hundred horse were on board this fleet, well provided with ammunition and warlike stores. The English commander, also, had constructed, on the borders of *Loughfoyle*, four forts, from whence he made frequent incursions on the lands of O'Dogharty, and other noblemen.

O'Neill, when informed of the movements of the English, assembled a council of the chief men of the province, to adopt measures against the enemy. It was determined, that Prince O'Donnel should oppose the attempts of the garrisons on *Loughfoyle*, while O'Neill himself would march against the deputy. A detachment of the Irish army having met a party of the English, who were guarding their baggage, attacked and killed a great number of them, and became masters of considerable booty. The deputy, alarmed at this event, returned immediately to Dublin, where he remained for some time.

The Earl of Ormond was still a prisoner with O'Morra. His countess applied with eagerness for his liberation; for which purpose, she addressed letters to the queen, and to the Prince of Ulster: she reminded the latter of the friendship that subsisted between him and the earl, and begged that, in consideration of the services he had rendered him, he would procure him his freedom. O'Neill paid regard to the entreaties of the countess, and procured her husband's liberty, on condition that he would no longer act against his religion or his country, and that he should give hostages for his fidelity.

Mountjoy, who remained in Dublin since his last expedition to Ulster, proceeded to Kilkenny, to visit the Earl of Ormond after his liberation. He then marched at the head of some troops into Leix, and brought laborers with him to cut down the corn before it was ripe, in order to deprive the inhabitants of subsistence for the next winter, and thereby prolong the war. The inhabitants of Leix ran to arms, and attacked both the reapers and the troops who were guarding them; the

lord deputy was dismounted, and his horse killed under him, so that he saved himself with difficulty, on foot, through a neighboring bog. The advantages to the Irish from this victory were not equal to the heavy loss that they sustained by the death of Owen O'Morra, killed in the action, who was the soul of the confederacy of Leinster.

O'Donnel, who was appointed to watch the motions of the garrisons on Loughfoyle, pursued several detachments from those places, and killed a great many of them. The forts were also surrounded by O'Neill's army. In the month of August, this prince surprised fifteen hundred of their men, who were foraging, and put the whole of them to the sword; but the English being masters by sea, and the Irish having no fleet to oppose them, their losses were quickly repaired by fresh arrivals of men and arms from England.

The successes of the English in Munster were more rapid, in consequence of the divisions that prevailed in that province. A kingdom divided must fall. Some of their chiefs had already embraced the reformed religion through interest and an ambition to please Elizabeth; the rest continued attached to the Roman church. Among the latter, however, were some political temporizers, who would run no risk, and whose principle was to accommodate themselves to the times. The English government omitted nothing to excite disunion; they strove to reduce the Irish to the most abject wretchedness, *by destroying their flocks, and the crops necessary for their support*; and also by drawing out of Ireland all its gold and silver, and sending from England, in lieu of it, a new copper coin, which would not pass in any other country, and which soon lost its value there.

While Carew was employed in holding a council in Cork, to deliberate on the affairs of the province, several skirmishes took place between the Irish and the court party. Meeting with difficulties in the conquest of Munster, he had to resort to stratagem to supply the want of force. In order to gain over to him some of the confederates, and thus diminish the number of his enemies, he prepared an expedition against Limerick, threatening to give up to his soldiers the property of the Catholics on his march. This he effected by great cunning, energy, and stratagem, burning and destroying every thing in his way from Cork to Limerick.

The gold of the English was now showered in bribes on all those who were rotten and base enough to give up their trusts. Under its influence some important places were basely surrendered. One of the O'Neill's, and another of the O'Donnel's, surrendered two important

posts, which, as naturally may be supposed, produced great dismay among the Irish. Still the redoubled energy of the *O'Donnell* and the *O'Neill* subdued even rebels, and overawed the invaders.

Mountjoy marched, in July, at the head of his forces, towards the frontiers of Ulster; but this expedition was equally unsuccessful as the former. He advanced towards Armagh and Portmor, the garrisons of which he relieved, but was deterred from proceeding farther, as he dreaded O'Neill, who was strongly intrenched, which caused him to return to Dublin.

The deputy set out again from Dublin, in the month of August. He marched first to Naas, in order to join Oliver Lambert, who commanded a body of troops at Philipstown, in Offally. The two commanders, having united their forces, carried fire and sword every where as they passed, so that every step in their march was marked with cruelty, tyranny, and a devastation of the provisions of the people.

Wishing to create a diversion in favor of his friends at Loughfoyle, Mountjoy marched, in October, for Ulster, at the head of six thousand fighting men. He did not proceed far into the province, when he met with the O'Neill. The two armies continued in sight of each other for fifteen days without attempting any thing, after which two battles were fought — one near Dundalk, and the other in the neighborhood of Carlingford. *These proved fatal to the English; they lost upwards of four thousand men; the deputy was dangerously wounded, and carried to Newry to be cured.* It was now that the English government set a price upon the head of O'Neill. A proclamation was issued, offering a reward of two thousand pounds sterling to any one who would deliver him up alive, or one thousand pounds for his head.

Carew, the president, who was still in Limerick, marched with his troops, in the month of June, into the district of Connillo, where he made himself master, after several unimportant skirmishes, of many important fortresses, burning and destroying the growing grain, or burning that which had been newly harvested, insomuch that in a few weeks there was very little food left, and thousands upon thousands perished by famine.

The invaders, by these means, procured the ignoble submission of many of the most influential chiefs of the south. The Earl of Desmond, however, who was the soul of the southern Irish, harassed the invaders in many a well-fought skirmish. His army was now reduced to six hundred infantry and a few cavalry, so that he could not openly attack the invaders, who were five times his number. Endeavoring to



enter the wood of Arlogh, he lost two hundred of these in a well-fought action ; but he finally entered. From this spot, he retreated towards the north. Many places now surrendered, which had held out for years against the invaders, and the south again came fully under their dominion.

The deputy Mountjoy marched, in the month of December, into the county of Wicklow, to chastise the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, who made frequent attacks upon the lands near Dublin. Having attempted, in vain, to get Felim, son of Fiach, into his power, he carried away with him, as prisoners, his wife and eldest son ; after which, he laid the whole country waste, burning the houses and their haggards as he passed along. He put garrisons into Tullow and Wicklow ; then marched to Monastereven, and afterwards visited Trim, Mullingar, Athlone, and Drogheda ; from which place he set out for Dublin, on the 26th of April, after distributing the troops among the different garrisons.

Gold and titles, in the greatest profusion, were now bestowed by the queen on the deserters from the Catholic to the Protestant faith, while those who refused to conform were deprived of their lands, liberties, titles, and life.

The forces of the Irish were continually diminished by their frequent battles, and by their having no succors sent them from abroad, while those of the English were receiving constant reënforcements from their own country.

The Irish had, to the close of this campaign, made the most noble exertions in defence of their religion and country. They had to contend, not only against the English, but also against domestic enemies, without any hope of assistance, so that the country was devastated and exhausted of men and provisions, particularly Munster, which had been for a long time the theatre of the war. Most of the noblemen in that province were obliged to submit to their enemies. Florence M'Carty, seeing the necessity of yielding to the times, followed the example of the rest. Their submission, however, was but a sort of truce, while waiting for the arrival of the Spaniards.

Anno 1601. Don Martin Lerda was sent to Ireland by the king of Spain, in the beginning of this year. He brought two vessels laden with arms, ammunition, and money. This small succor, which seemed to give omen of greater, was sent to O'Neill ; and his Catholic majesty sent word to this prince, that he would immediately furnish him with troops, and every thing necessary to carry on the war. The vessels being

arrived in the Bay of Kilibegs, near Donegal, O'Neill divided the resources he received with the confederates, particularly with those of Munster. A gleam of hope seemed to revive the fallen spirits of the Catholics. They met, and deliberated together; and the Earl of Clanrickard, who was at that time the only nobleman in Connaught attached to the queen's cause, began to espouse the interest of the confederates.

The invaders heard of this with great consternation, and sent to the queen, demanding additional supplies of men and money. The queen wrote to her deputy, authorizing him to grant to the entire south of Ireland a general amnesty. Deputy Mountjoy, however, seemed to disregard these suggestions, and, entering on a northern tour of destruction, destroyed more and more of the country, and exasperated the people to the highest pitch.

The deputy left Dublin, in May, for Drogheda, proceeded to Dundalk, and on the 8th of June passed through Moyri, where he had a fort built, which he garrisoned. Having left his camp at Fagher, on the 14th, he passed through Newry, and on the 15th entered Iveagh, the country of the Magennises. While Sir Richard Morrison was taking the city of Down, the deputy entered Dundrum, which was given up to him by Felim M'Evir, to whom it belonged. This nobleman having made his submission, his example was followed by M'Cartane of Dufferin, and M'Rory of Killiwarlin. The deputy, having ended his tour through Iveagh, where he took some castles without meeting any resistance, returned to Newry, from whence he sent orders to Sir Henry Danvers, commander of Mount Norris, to seize upon the abbey of Armagh, and put an English garrison into it; but Danvers failed in the attempt. He was repulsed by the garrison, and forced to abandon his enterprise.

On hearing of Danvers's ill success in his expedition against Armagh, the deputy marched towards Mount Norris, where he was joined by the garrison. Having abandoned the neighborhood of Newry, he then marched his army towards Armagh. On the 13th of July, he arrived on the banks of the Blackwater, which he crossed the day following, unopposed by O'Neill, who had his army posted in a wood near the river. It was his design to avoid an engagement, and remain on the defensive, till the succors which he expected from Spain should arrive. On the 16th of the same month, the deputy sent Sir Christopher St. Laurence's regiment to the castle of Benburb, where it was attacked by the advanced guard of O'Neill; they fought briskly for

three hours, within view of the English camp, though St. Laurence, having received fresh assistance from that quarter, was superior in force. O'Neill got the worst of this battle, and retreated. At this time, the deputy issued a proclamation from the queen, that her majesty would not grant any terms to O'Neill, and that whosoever would take him alive, should receive two thousand pounds reward, or one thousand for his head.

The great Desmond, having lost his entire army, was taken by Fitzgibbon, in a cavern, and given up to the English, who sent him to the Tower of London, where, after seven years' imprisonment, he died.

The deputy crossed the Blackwater in August, and proceeded towards Dungannon; but the frequent skirmishes he had to maintain against the troops of O'Neill, forced him to direct his march towards Armagh. Danvers was ordered, with three hundred men, to burn a village that lay in their march, but was driven back by O'Neill's troops, and pursued to the English camp, in spite of the succors that were sent to him. Some days after this, the Irish advanced with a design of attacking the enemy in their camp; but the deputy, being apprized of it, placed four hundred men in ambush, who, falling on them in flank, killed several of them, and amongst the number, Peter Lacy, Lord of Bruff, in the county of Limerick.

Such was the state of things about the end of August, 1601. Munster had no longer any leaders after the imprisonment of Florence M'Carty and James Fitzthomas, who were the centre of their union. The people of Leinster were broken down; Connaught was unable to attempt any thing, and the only resources of the country lay in O'Neill and O'Donnel, whose forces were too few to stand against the English and the unfaithful sons of Ireland. In a word, the country was exhausted of men and means, from having sustained, for many years, the burden of a war, while waiting for assistance that came too late.

Reports were spread at this time, that a Spanish fleet, with troops for Ireland, was at sea; which becoming known to the council of England, reënforcements were immediately ordered for Ireland. Philip the Third, king of Spain, was eager to perform the promises that were held out to the princes O'Neill and O'Donnel. For this object, he assembled what troops were necessary for the expedition, and gave the command of them to Don Juan del Aquila, a man well experienced in war. As soon as the fleet had got into the open sea, it was *dispersed and separated by a violent storm*. One part of it, consisting of seven ships, laden principally with artillery and other warlike stores and provis-

ions, was forced, with the vice-admiral, Don Pedro de Zubiaur, to take shelter in the port of Corunna, in Galicia. The other portion, with Don Juan and two thousand five hundred infantry, (a small force for so great an enterprise,) arrived with difficulty in the harbor of Kinsale, on the 23d of September. As soon as the Spaniards had landed, Captain William Saxeys, who commanded the English troops, withdrew to Cork. The inhabitants of Kinsale immediately after opened their gates to Don Juan, who entered and took possession of the town.

Don Juan was not secure at Kinsale, where he was, in fact, in need of every thing: so he wrote to Spain, by the fleet that was returning, and gave an account to the king, his master, of his voyage, and of the supplies he wanted. The Spanish general found none (except O'Sullivan) among the Catholics of Munster inclined to assist him. Some had been imprisoned, others gave hostages as a guaranty for their loyalty, and others opposed the cause of their country, so that there was none but O'Sullivan, Prince of Bearre and Bantry, who could make any attempt in favor of the Spaniards. The deputy waited in Cork for the return of the officers who had been sent to Leinster, Connaught, and the garrisons in Ulster, to collect the government forces, which amounted to about seven thousand six hundred men, comprising those of Munster. The English general marched with his army towards Kinsale, having changed his camp two or three times. The months of October and November were spent in skirmishing, the Spaniards making frequent sallies, and the English driving them back; the latter, if we can credit their historians, being always successful. The account, however, of a contemporary writer (Peter Lombard) is different. According to him, the Spaniards fought valiantly, during the day, in defending their walls, and by night they sallied forth, killing the sentinels and advanced guards of the English, and carrying off their cannon; by which means, continues he, the loss of the English always exceeded that of the Spaniards. Even could we suppose that the English had the advantage, the great disproportion in numbers between the besieged and besiegers would tend to lessen their boasted advantages considerably. The English appeared before Kinsale with seven thousand six hundred men; their army was increased, soon after, to eight thousand, a reënforcement having been brought from England by the loyal Earl of Thomond. The English artillery was numerous, and skilfully worked; their camp abounded with provisions; Captain Button guarded the mouth of the harbor till the arrival of an English squadron of ten vessels, under Admiral Richard Levison, who were incessantly pouring broadsides on the town, while



the army attacked it by land ; and still the siege of Kinsale lasted from the 17th of October to the 9th of January following.

Vice-Admiral Don Pedro Zubiaur, who was forced by a storm to touch, with his seven ships, at Corunna, in Galicia, arrived on the coast of Ireland, December 3d. This officer entered a harbor called *Cuan-an-caislan*, (in English, *Castle Haven*,) in Carbry, about twenty miles from Kinsale, where they were kindly received by five brothers of the O'Driscols, to whom the country belonged, and who gave him up one of their castles.

The news of the Spaniards having arrived at Castle Haven being spread, the deputy commanded Admiral Levison to engage them. Without losing a moment, he sailed with six ships and some troops on board. Having reached Castle Haven, he found the Spanish vessels unguarded by their crews, who were sleeping, and fatigued after a long voyage. The Spaniards, being roused by the cannon of the English, which began to play upon their ships and upon the castle, returned, though in a confused manner, the fire with their artillery, and supported an engagement during two days, in which the English lost five hundred and seventy-five men.

The English admiral, not succeeding to his wishes in his attack upon their vessels, was about to land his troops, and attack the Spaniards who were on shore ; but from this he was deterred by seeing them reënforced, by the Prince of Bearre, with five hundred men, all ready to oppose him. He immediately sailed from Castle Haven for Kinsale, where he vainly boasted of having been successful in his expedition. Many of the surrounding nobility took up arms to join the Spaniards ; the principal among whom were Finin O'Driscol and several others of the same name ; the M'Cartys of Carbry ; Donnal O'Sullivan Bearre ; the eldest son of O'Sullivan More ; Donnal M'Carty, son of the Earl of Glancar, and other branches of the M'Cartys of Desmond ; the O'Donavans and O'Mahonys of Carbry ; John O'Connor Kierry ; the Knight of Kerry, and others.

During the expedition of Levison at Castle Haven, a Scotch vessel entered the harbor of Kinsale. This ship was separated at sea from the Spanish fleet, and had eighty Spanish soldiers on board. The commander *informed* Vice-Admiral Preston, and *treacherously surrendered to him his cargo*.

The princes of Ulster did not forget their promises to Don Juan del Aquila. They used every exertion to march to the relief of Kinsale. The distance was about eighty leagues, and the roads very bad from

the continual rains. O'Donnel marched first with his army, amounting to two thousand six hundred infantry and four hundred cavalry.

The news of O'Donnel's march alarmed the English. The lord deputy summoned a council to deliberate on measures for intercepting this prince's communication with Munster; and the president, Carew, was appointed to this trust. He set out, accordingly, with four thousand five hundred infantry and five hundred cavalry, and advanced towards Ormond, where O'Donnel was to pass. After a march of a few days, he stopped at Ardmail, to the north of Cashel. O'Donnel had already entered the county of Tipperary, through Ikerin, the country of the O'Meaghers, and encamped at Holy-Cross, not far from Ardmail, where the president was stationed. The Prince of Tirconnel wished to avoid fighting, and, to deceive the enemy, he lighted a number of fires in the camp, and began his march before day. He took his route through Slieve Phelim, along the side of the Shannon, and got into the county of Limerick, through the defiles of the Abbey of Owney, and from thence to the districts of the O'Moel Ryans, and reached the Castle of Crome, which was twelve miles farther on; so that, on a calculation, he marched, in one day, thirty-two miles — a very arduous exploit for an army followed by their baggage. The president, being informed of O'Donnel's movement, marched with his forces the same day, and crossed the country as far as the Abbey of Owney, for the purpose of intercepting him; but, understanding that he had passed the defiles of Connillo, he gave up the pursuit, and returned to the camp at Kinsale, taking a shorter route, in order to be before O'Donnel, to prevent any communication between him and the Spanish garrison.

Prince O'Neill set out from Tyrone, in the month of November, at the head of about three thousand men, to assist the Spaniards. O'Neill, on his march through the county of Meath, met some opposition from the Anglo-Irish; Darcy, the Lord of Platin, being killed in the skirmish. He continued his march, however, and on the 8th of December he arrived in the county of Cork, within a few leagues of the English camp. O'Donnel was expecting him in the district of Kinel Meaky, and these two princes encamped together, on the 21st, between Cork and Kinsale, within a league of the English army.

The united forces of O'Neill and O'Donnel amounted to six thousand Irish, besides three hundred Spaniards, who had come from Castle Haven, under the command of O'Sullivan of Bearre and Don Alphonso de la Campo. Their object was not to attack the English, who were fifteen or sixteen thousand strong, a disproportion in numbers far too

great. Some skirmishing battles were now fought, which it would be tedious to relate.

The English, having nothing more to fear from the Irish army, returned to their camp before Kinsale, and made great rejoicings for their victory. The noise of their firing induced Don Juan to march a part of the garrison to assist (as he thought) the reënforcement he was expecting, and which he imagined was engaged with the English. Seeing his error, however, he marched back into the town. It is worthy of remark, that the Spanish commander of Kinsale, whether from his having a knowledge of an action being fought near the town, or not, did not lead out his troops, as had been previously agreed upon between him and O'Neill. But a concerted action between the Spaniards in the garrison and the Irish having failed, whereby O'Neill lost twelve hundred men, he judged it most prudent to retire to Ulster.

Whilst the English were vigorously pushing forward the siege of Kinsale, Hugh O'Donnel, after giving the command of his troops to his brother Roderick, embarked for Spain with Redmond Burke, Hugh Mostian, and others. Don Juan, not finding himself equal to hold out any longer, sent, on the last day of December, a letter, by his drum-major, offering to capitulate, which proposal was accepted by the English general, who immediately despatched Sir William Godolphin to treat with the Spanish commander upon the articles of surrender, the principal of which were, that Don Juan should give up to the deputy every place which he was in possession of in the province of Munster, viz., Kinsale, Castle Haven, Baltimore, Bearhaven, and Dunboy, and that the deputy should furnish transport vessels to convey Don Juan to Spain, together with his forces, arms, ammunition, artillery, money, &c., and with colors flying. This capitulation was signed on one part by Don Juan, and on the other by the deputy, the president of Munster, the Earls of Thomond and Clanriccard, Richard Wingfield, Robert Gardiner, George Bouchier, and Richard Levison.

The surrender of Kinsale had different effects on the Irish and the English. The latter were disgusted with the siege; independently of the inclemency of the season, it being the month of January, they had provision for only six days; their treasury was exhausted, their warlike stores worn out, and their artillery not fit for effecting a breach. Nearly half of the English army, which, in the beginning of the siege, amounted to sixteen thousand men, had fallen, either by the sword of the enemy or disease. The English fleet in the bay had suffered as much as the army on land. The deputy, therefore, having consulted

with his council, considered the capitulation proposed by the Spanish general as the only means of saving the remainder of his army, and avoiding the disgrace of raising a siege, which had been already so fatal to him.

On the other hand, the possession of Kinsale was of the first importance to the cause of Ireland; the garrison under Don Juan amounted to two thousand five hundred men, well provided with ammunition and provisions, and supported by the garrisons of Baltimore, Castle Haven, and Bearhaven, so that, from the state of the English, he might have held out till the arrival of succors from Spain, which would also have given time to O'Neill and the other Irish princes to assemble in the spring. The surrender, therefore, of Kinsale and its dependencies, by shutting out all foreign aid, would necessarily injure the cause they wished to defend. O'Sullivan Bearre, apprehensive of these consequences, took possession of the Castle of Dunboy, which belonged to him, but which he had given up as a garrison for the Spaniards on their arrival in the country. Being determined, therefore, that this fortress should not be surrendered to the enemy, he got Thomas Fitzmaurice, Lord of Lixnaw, Donnal M'Carty, Captain Richard Tirrell, and William Burke, with some troops, into the castle by night, and took possession of the gates, without committing any hostility towards the Spaniards. He immediately despatched Dermot O'Driscoll to the king of Spain, entreating of his majesty to be convinced that his motives were honorable in the taking of Dunboy, and complained *vehemently*, in his letter, of the capitulation which Don Juan had entered into with the English, calling it *wretched, execrable, and inhuman*.

O'Donnel, who had sailed for Spain after the battle of Kinsale, was received, on his arrival at Corunna, in Galicia, with every mark of distinction, by the Count de Caracena. O'Donnel, having recovered from his fatigues, took leave of his host, who presented him with a thousand ducats. He then continued his route, and, having arrived at court, was received by the king and all his courtiers. His majesty gave the necessary orders for an expedition to Ireland, and the troops intended for it began to march towards Corunna.

Don Juan de Aquila, the Spanish general, was still in Ireland; he sailed, however, with the remainder of his forces, from Kinsale for Spain, on the 16th of March, with a fair wind. On arriving at Corunna, being suspected of having acted dishonorably in Ireland, he was arrested by order of the king, and confined to his own house, where he soon afterwards died of grief. The suspicions formed against Don Juan were



founded on the facility with which he surrendered to the English Kin-sale, and the other towns in which the Spaniards were; also on the friendliness of a correspondence which he kept up with the deputy and Carew, and the reciprocal presents that were made between them; and finally upon his having furnished passports to the English, who went from Ireland to Spain, under pretence of trading, but who, in reality, were spies, that brought home an account of all that was passing in Spain, relative to the affairs of Ireland; on proof of which, an English officer, called Walter Edney, was arrested at Corunna. He had freighted a vessel at Cork for Spain, and was provided with a letter of introduction and presents from the deputy to Don Juan; but, the latter having already fallen into disgrace, the deputy's plan was defeated; the Count de Caracena profited by the presents that were sent, and his letters, passports, and papers, were forwarded to the Spanish court.

Pope Clement the Eighth wrote a letter at this time to Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, complimenting him on the confederacy which he had established among the Irish princes, for the defence of the Catholic religion.

The English deputy, having ended his campaign in Munster, set out for Dublin, appointing Sir Richard Percy counsellor for that province.

The English troops in Ireland, A. D. 1602, amounted, notwithstanding their losses in the late campaign, to seventeen thousand infantry, and a thousand five hundred cavalry. The deputy, after having reviewed them, put them into convenient garrisons till the next campaign.

In the beginning of June, the deputy assembled his forces, and marched into Ulster, where he got a bridge built over the Blackwater, with a fort, which he called Charlemont, after his own name, and in which he placed *Captain Caulfield*, [the ancestor of the present Earl of Charlemont,] with a garrison of a hundred and fifty men. He sent the regiment of Sir Richard Morrison to make themselves masters of Dungannon; but the inhabitants of the place, on the approach of the English, set fire to it, and reduced it to ashes, together with the beautiful Castle of Tyrone. The deputy repaired thither with the remainder of his army, where he was joined by Dockwra.

The Prince of Ulster withdrew to Castle Roe, on the River Bann. The English laid the whole country waste, as far as Inniskillen; they made themselves masters of Magherlowny Isle, where O'Neill had a magazine; and took another island, in which they found three pieces of English cannon. Dockwra, who commanded a garrison at Ony, received orders to harass O'Neill in Dungeven, in Araghty Cahan;

while Chichester, who led the troops from the garrison of Carrickfergus, brought the regiment of Morrison to occupy Toome, and the deputy himself guarded the road to Killeetro; but in spite of these plans, and the great superiority of the enemy, O'Neill, with six hundred foot and sixty horse, marched from Castle Roe, and reached Lough Earne unmolested. Being incapable of resisting the enemy openly, he remained on the defensive; for which purpose he chose an inaccessible spot, called Gleannchonkein, near Lough Earne, where he intrenched himself in a manner that left him nothing to fear. The deputy, hearing of this, contented himself with ravaging the surrounding country, and with breaking, at Talloghoge, the stone which was used as the inauguration seat of the O'Neills.

The lord deputy, satisfied with his exploits in the north, repaired to Newry on the 11th September, whence he set out for Dublin, leaving Ulster to the care of Dockwra, Danvers, and Chichester. Chichester executed his commission with such cruelty, through Ulster, that a famine was the consequence. Cox says, "Children were seen to feed upon the flesh of their mothers, who died of hunger," and adds that "the famine in Jerusalem was not more severe than what the rebels suffered on this occasion."

Notwithstanding that Don Juan del Aquila surrendered to the English the towns which he held in Munster, the inhabitants did not give up their arms, holding still the hope of receiving new succors from Spain. Those English authors who never let pass any opportunity of inspiring their readers with contempt for a people that wish to escape from their tyranny, have filled their writings with such injurious and insulting statements as should destroy, in the mind of the discerning and impartial reader, all respect for them. Their language on this occasion is as follows: "The rebels spread themselves every where, particularly through the districts of Carbury, Bearre, Desmond, and Kerry. No place escapes them; they have become desperate from their crimes; they look upon themselves as children of perdition, and unworthy of her majesty's pardon." These are phrases in accordance with the imperious character of the English, who imagine that the world should obey them. The Irish, whom they thus describe as rebels and children of perdition, did not seek the clemency of Elizabeth; they, on the contrary, took up arms to defend their country against her tyranny and usurpation.

Daniel O'Sullivan, Prince of Bearre, became chief of the Irish league in Munster, after the surrender of Kinsale, and the retreat of the princes of Ulster. This prince, illustrious for his virtue and his valor, was in

possession of Dunboy, and omitted nothing to put that fortress into a state of defence. The nobles who espoused with him the common cause, were Daniel M'Carty, son of the Earl of Clancar; Daniel, son of O'Sullivan More; Cornelius and Dermot O'Driscoll; Dermot O'Sullivan; Dermot, Donagh, and Florence M'Carty, of the family of M'Carty Riagh; M'Sweeny; Donagh O'Driscoll, and his brothers. The Prince of Bearre was also joined by O'Connor Kerry, M'Maurice, Baron of Lixnaw, the Knight of Kerry, the Knight of Glynn, John Fitzgerald, (brother of the earl,) James Butler, (brother to the Baron of Cahir,) William Burke, Captains Richard M'Geoghegan and Richard Tirrell. The former was appointed to command the fortress of Dunboy, the latter to lead the army of observation.

This confederacy caused great alarm to the English. The president, Carew, ordered her majesty's troops to assemble at Cork; and the old and modern Irish, who were loyal to the court party, were also commanded to meet. These auxiliaries and the English troops amounted to more than four thousand men. In March, a detachment of two thousand five hundred infantry and fifty cavalry was sent under the command of the Earl of Thomond, who was commanded by the deputy to scour the countries of Carbury, Bearre, and Bantry; to burn all the corn, to take away the cattle, and commit every species of hostility upon the rebellious inhabitants, but to spare those who surrendered. Thomond, being unable to act against Dunboy, in consequence of Captain Tirrell's light troops having possession of the mountains of Bearre, took post temporarily with Captain Flower, in an island called Fuidi or Whiddy, in the Bay of Bantry.

The lord president determined to besiege Dunboy, and set out, the 23d of April, from Cork, with more than five thousand men, besides the body of troops that was under Wilmot, in the county of Kerry. The English assert that the garrison consisted of one hundred and forty chosen men. By their valiant defence of Dunboy, they have well merited the name and character of heroes.

The president proceeded with caution, and, before he began the siege of Dunboy, resolved to secure the places in his rear. The Irish had left some soldiers in the Castle of Dunmanus, whom it was deemed prudent for this purpose to dislodge.

Richard M'Geoghegan, commander of the Castle of Dunboy, is represented by an English writer as having had an interview, on the great island where the English troops were then posted, with the Earl of Thomond. After speaking on the subject in a mysterious manner, he

has this passage: "But of this I am sure, that the earl's meeting with him was not without the president's knowledge and allowance; all the eloquence and artifice which the earl could use, however, availed nothing, for M'Geoghegan was resolved to persevere in his conduct."

The president was in the habit of resorting to dishonorable means for seducing those whom he had to fear most amongst his enemies. He met, among the Irish themselves, agents obsequious to his wishes. He had already sent, through Owen O'Sullivan, a pressing letter to the cannoniers of Dunboy. These were three in number, two Spaniards and an Italian, whom O'Sullivan Bearre, when he became master of the castle, took into his pay. The deputy proposed to reward them liberally if they would spike the cannon and break the carriages when the siege should have commenced; but they proved themselves honorable to their trust, and incapable of being influenced by his bribes.

The president, having failed in the overtures made to the governor of Dunboy, sent his troops from the great to the lesser island, which was within about a hundred paces of Bearre, a position that afforded him the opportunity of viewing more closely the movements of the enemy.

A vessel was sent, in the mean time, by the court of Spain, to Kilmokillock, near Ardea, to discover if the Castle of Dunboy still held out. There were some passengers on board; among whom was a friar named James Nelanus, and Owen M'Eggan, who was appointed by the pope bishop of Ross and apostolical vicar of Ireland. This friar brought from the king of Spain twelve thousand pounds, to the chiefs of the confederacy, and some warlike stores, assuring them of further succor, which was coming. He was sent by the Spanish court to assure the Irish that the reënforcements intended for Ireland would be speedily forwarded, and that two thousand troops had already assembled at Corunna for that purpose. The confederates, trusting to the promises given them, formed the resolution of supporting the siege of Dunboy against the English, and forwarded despatches to the king of Spain, to assure his majesty of their determination. Brien O'Kelly, and Donogh, son of Mahon O'Brien, sailed on the 15th of June, 1603, for Spain, with these despatches of the confederates. After this, O'Sullivan Bearre sent part of the ammunition that had come from Spain to strengthen the garrison of Dunboy.

The deputy knew how important it would be to reduce the Castle of Dunboy. It was the only place of moment which the Irish of Munster still retained; it served them as an arsenal and a depot, and secured the means of holding a communication with Spain. He marched,



therefore, to within a mile of Dunboy, where his army encamped. Accompanied by Wilmot, and a corps of infantry, he proceeded to reconnoitre the castle, and to seek a platform on which to erect a battery; but the musketry of the castle forced him and his attendants to return to their camp.

The English general, anxious to shelter his troops, and to make the artillery advance against the castle, caused a trench to be opened. The work was frequently interrupted by the besieged, who continually sallied out, and kept up a constant fire from the castle. The English at length established their trench within a hundred and forty paces of the place. A battery of five pieces of cannon was then raised, which played upon the castle, whilst two falconets, placed on a point of land, destroyed the outworks. The president, in the mean time, sent a hundred and sixty men to attack Dorsie's Island. There was a small fort in it belonging to the Irish, and garrisoned by forty men. After a vigorous defence from the besieged, the English made themselves masters of this fort, and found in it a few barrels of powder, three pieces of cannon, and some warlike stores. Four of the besieged were killed in the action, two were wounded, and the rest made prisoners. These latter were executed immediately afterwards, though they had surrendered. The cruelty of the English was not confined to the defenders of the castle; they massacred, without distinction, all the inhabitants of the island. A mother and the infant on her breast were murdered; the children were barbarously stabbed, and raised, half dead, on pikes, for a spectacle; others were tied hand and foot, and thrown from the top of lofty rocks into the sea. This is but a faint description of the cruelties exercised by the English upon the inhabitants of Ireland—a specimen of the way in which they reformed the morals of the people.

The English battery played incessantly upon the Castle of Dunboy. Part of it had already fallen; and, the besiegers supposing that the breach was effected, an attack was ordered. They were repulsed, however, with vigor; several were killed on both sides, and the English were forced to retire. The fire from the battery was still kept up, by which a part of the vault fell in, and drew those that surrounded it into the ruins. The besiegers entered in crowds upon the breach, and renewed the battle, but, as before, without success; they were driven off with heavy loss, and hurled from the top of the breach. A third attack was equally unsuccessful as the two first; *for, after gaining the hall of the castle, the English were forced to abandon it.* It will be admitted that the garrison of Dunboy, which consisted of *but one hundred and*

*forty-three fighting men*, must have been considerably weakened from the continued assaults of the enemy. It might, indeed, be supposed that they would easily have been crushed by the overwhelming force of five thousand men, with a powerful artillery; and, though the efforts of the brave Captain Tirrell, with his flying camp, frequently alarmed the English, they were not sufficient to save the garrison from the unhappy fate that awaited them.

The president, Carew, seeing the obstinate and determined defence the Castle of Dunboy maintained, ordered a fourth attack, better planned than the preceding ones. For this purpose, a body of fresh troops was chosen, taken by lot from the regiment of the lord president. This body was to be supported by the remainder of the same regiment, and that of the Earl of Thomond; while those of Percy and Wilmot had orders to hold themselves in readiness to march, both to protect the camp, and to act with the others if necessary. The English artillery continued to play upon the castle from five in the morning until nine, when a turret of the castle, in which there was a falconet which greatly annoyed the English battery, was seen to fall. However, the firing was kept up still against one of the fronts of the castle till one in the afternoon, when, the breach being effected, and the plan of assault fixed upon, the detachment which was to begin the attack advanced. The Irish disputed the entrance by the breach for a long time, but were at length forced to yield to the overwhelming numbers of the English, who planted their standards on one of the turrets. *Roused by despair, the besieged renewed the battle, and fought with desperation until night, sometimes in the vaults of the castle, sometimes in the great hall, the cellars, and on the stairs, so that blood flowed in every quarter: several of the besieged fell during the attack, amongst whom was M'Geoghegan, their commander*, whose valor equalled the greatness of his mind and station. The castle was not yet in the possession of the English; they returned to the assault the day following, and, pretending a desire to spare the further effusion of blood, terms were proposed to the besieged. The few belonging to the garrison, who escaped the preceding day, having lost their chief, and being unequal to defend the castle, accepted the proposed conditions of having their lives spared. Richard M'Geoghegan, the commander, however, although mortally wounded, would not listen to any terms; and, seeing the English enter in crowds, he rose up, though already struggling with death, and, snatching a lighted match, made an effort to fire a barrel of powder which was placed near him; his intention being to blow up both himself and the enemy, rather

than surrender. He was prevented, however, by a Captain Power, in whose arms he was basely and inhumanly stabbed by the English soldiers. M'Geoghegan knew that no confidence could be placed in any treaty with the English, and preferred to die fighting, rather than surrender to men in whose honor he could repose no trust. "*The whole number of the ward consisted of one hundred and forty-three chosen fighting men, being the best of all their forces, of the which no man escaped, but were either slain, executed, or buried in the ruins.*" This garrison was not composed of mere mercenary soldiers, taken by lot, but of men of honor and principle, who willingly laid down their lives in defence of their religion and country: the English themselves admit *that so obstinate and resolved a defence hath not been seen within this kingdom.* They were worthy to have been citizens of ancient Sparta, from the mode in which they sacrificed themselves for the good of their country; and, if their example has not been followed by others, it will be at least a subject of reproach and self-confusion to those of their countrymen who took up arms against them. The siege of Dunboy lasted for fifteen days.

The Spanish army which was intended for the expedition to Ireland amounted to fourteen thousand men. They had assembled at Corunna, and were ready to sail, when intelligence was received of the fall of Dunboy; on which the Spanish court sent orders to the Count de Caracena, governor of Corunna, to countermand, for the present, the sailing of the troops. The queen of England had her emissaries in Spain, who informed her of all that had occurred. She therefore ordered her fleets that were cruising on the coasts of Spain to be revictualled, and to continue to watch the motions of the Spaniards till the end of September; she also sent two thousand more troops to Ireland, to reënforce the president's army in Munster.

The fall of Dunboy did not prevent the Prince of Bearre from still acting a brave and noble part. Dermot O'Driscoll having returned from Spain, Cornelius, son of O'Driscoll More, was sent in his stead to solicit speedy assistance. In the mean time, the prince and Captain Tirrell marched with a thousand men into Muskerry, and made themselves masters of Carraig-na-Chori, Duin Dearaire, and Macrumpe, where they placed a garrison.

O'Donnel continued still in Spain, where he was actively employed at court, in behalf of his country. He wrote at this time the following letter, dated Corunna, to O'Connor Kerry: "The doctor and Dermot O'Driscoll will give you an account of every thing that is passing here.

The king sends you money and stores. Believe me, that his majesty will omit no opportunity to gain Ireland, were it to cost him even the greatest part of his kingdom. Endeavor to secure this monarch's good opinion by your services. I beg that you will inform me of the news in Ireland, and against whom the queen's forces are now employed."

Soon after this, news arrived of the death of the great O'Donnel, in Spain.

If the submission of McCarty of Muskerry was fatal to the Irish cause in Munster, the news of the death of this great man was still more disastrous. The confederates of Munster, upon receiving the sad news, saw themselves deprived of all hope on the side of Spain; their courage was broken down; Daniel McCarty, the Knight of Kerry, Daniel, son of O'Sullivan More, and others, sought to be reconciled to the English government. Captain Tirrell led his troops into Connaught, which raised the courage of the English, five thousand of whom were collected, and the command given to Wilmot, with the title of *governor of Bearre*. He accordingly led the army to that part of the province, where he published a proclamation in the queen's name, promising pardon to all who would abandon O'Sullivan Bearre's standard. This prince was now forsaken by his allies; and his Connaught troops having left him, with their commander, Thomas Burke, to return to their province, he deemed it more prudent to follow them with the few that remained, than yield to an inhuman enemy.

On the last day of December, O'Sullivan Bearre, with O'Connor Kerry, and a few other noblemen, having joined his troops with those of Connaught, the whole amounting to scarcely four hundred men, set out upon their march, intending to take refuge with Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Though his shortest route would have been through Leinster, still, that province being in the power of the English, who had their garrisons in every quarter, he determined to gain the Shannon, in order to reach O'Rourke, Prince of Brefny, through Connaught. The badness of the roads and scarcity of provisions were not the only difficulties the Prince of Bearre had to encounter. He was continually obliged to fight his way with the enemy. We read nothing in history which more resembles the expedition of Zenophan, and the ten thousand Greeks, than this retreat of O'Sullivan Bearre.

The prince, having overcome the difficulties of a long and painful march, arrived, on the 7th of January, in the forest of Brosnach, above Limerick, near the Shannon, where he encamped with his little army. He here convened a council of war, to deliberate on the means of



crossing the river; in which it was decided that a number of boats, made of osier and the branches of trees, should be constructed for the troops; while, in order to prevent them from sinking, they were covered with skins of horses, provided for the purpose. These boats were used by the ancient Irish, and were called *curraghs*. The boats being completed, they were brought during the night to Portlaughan, on the banks of the Shannon, opposite to Portumna, and commenced crossing the river. O'Maily, who went by the first, was upset with ten soldiers, but the rest reached the opposite shore in safety. On reviewing his men, O'Sullivan found them reduced to two hundred. He marched, however, through Galway to Mainech, the country of the O'Kellys, where he had to contend with fresh enemies. Having met Captain Malby, an Englishman, Sir Thomas Burke, brother to the Earl of Clanriccard, and other chiefs, near Aughrim, at the head of a body of troops superior in number to his own, a battle began between them with equal animosity; but Malby, the English general, having been killed, victory declared in favor of the Irish. O'Sullivan continued his march to Brefsny, where he was honorably received by O'Rourke.

The inhuman butcheries of the English throughout Munster raised a new confederacy against them, led on by M'Carty, which, after a few ineffectual efforts, melted away.

This struggle of the inhabitants of Carbury was the last during this reign that was made, in the province of Munster, in favor of religion and liberty. It was too weak to have succeeded. The M'Cartys, having failed, solicited pardon from the president, through Captain Taaffe, and obtained it. Fitzmaurice, with a body of light troops, defended himself for a long time, in Slieve-Luachra, against the English; and was afterwards so fortunate as to redeem his property and title of Baron of Lixnaw, by his surrender. Thus ended the war in Munster.

Returning to O'Sullivan: He was not the only unfortunate prince who sought safety with O'Rourke. On his arrival there, he met the son of William Burke, chief of the noble family of the M'Williams of Connaught, and Maguire, Prince of Fermanagh. The same fate having brought O'Sullivan Bearre and Maguire together, they determined to have recourse to O'Neill, and induce him to renew the war against the English. Having, therefore, taken leave of the Prince of Brefsny, they set out, attended by Captain Tirrell and a few cohorts of armed men, and, notwithstanding the severity of the season and the badness of the roads, they proceeded as far as the banks of Lake Erne. They were then obliged to force the several posts belonging to the English, in

which they were successful. Maguire afterwards got possession of his principality of Fermanagh.

Whilst the Princes of Bearre and Fermanagh continued victorious on the banks of Lake Erne, Lord Mountjoy, the deputy, received intelligence, from England, of the queen's approaching dissolution. The deputy was alarmed; he knew the instability of human affairs, particularly among a haughty and seditious people like the English; and, apprehending a change of government, he wished particularly to put an end to the war in Ireland. O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, was the great obstacle to a general peace; he still kept up his troops, and continued on the defensive for some time, expecting foreign aid; the deputy, therefore, considered it of importance to gain him over, and made, through his friends, proposals to him. The terms were flattering; a general amnesty was offered to him, and to his allies, with the free exercise of their religion, and the peaceful enjoyment of their estates, on condition that they would lay down their arms. O'Neill and his friends, having accepted the terms that were offered, entered again into the possession of their inheritances, and enjoyed them for some years in peace.

A celebrated patent of Queen Elizabeth, addressed to Rory O'Donnel, Prince of Tirconnel, is stated to have been granted about this time; from the tenor of it, it appears to have been given by the advice of the lord deputy Mountjoy, and the council of Ireland. It was written in the Latin tongue, and in Gothic characters. In this patent, the queen offers to O'Donnel, and a great many noblemen, proprietors of estates which were held under that prince, a general amnesty and forgiveness of their crimes. After the different branches of the O'Donnels, the chief noblemen, who are named in the act, are, the O'Boyles, the O'Cahans, the O'Kellys, the O'Galtowes, the O'Crinanes, the O'Carwels, the M'Nenys, the O'Kennidies, the O'Mulrenins, the O'Rowartys, the O'Tiernans, the O'Creanes, the O'Dwyers, the O'Kierans, the O'Moyleganes, the O'Ruddies, the M'Awardes, the O'Dunneganes, the O'Meallanes, the O'Murrys, the O'Doghartys, the O'Miaghans, the O'Clerys, the M'Glaghlins, the O'Sheridans, the O'Cassidys, the O'Cashedians, and many others. This patent, (says the Abbé M'Geoghegan,) which is in my possession, is dated Dublin, 26th February, about a month before the death of the queen; it is sealed with the great seal of England, and signed Philip.

*Thus then, the great O'Neill, with a handful of well-disciplined soldiers, WITHSTOOD THE POWER OF ENGLAND IN THE FIELD FOR*

FIFTEEN YEARS, and compelled them at last to grant him peace, the sovereignty of his principality, and perfect freedom for his religion.

Queen Elizabeth died on the 24th of March, anno sixteen hundred and three. She lived sixty-nine years six months, and reigned forty-four years four months. Symptoms of rage, insanity, and heavy affliction, preceded her death.

Robert Naughton, an English writer, gives, in his *Regalia Fragmenta*, a true picture of Elizabeth, and ascribes her last afflictions to the ill success of her arms in Ireland. This Englishman was created Sir Robert Naughton, secretary of state, and master of the court of wardens, under James the First. He lived about the period of her reign, and was deeply conversant in political secrets.

“The war in Ireland, which,” he says, “may be styled the distemper of the reign of Elizabeth, having continued to the end of her life, proved such an expenditure as affected and disorganized the health and constitution of the princess, for, in her last days, she became sorrowful, melancholy, and depressed. Her arms, which had been accustomed to conquer, meeting with opposition from the Irish, and the success of the war for so long a time becoming not only doubtful but unfortunate, afflicted her to distraction.

“It may be imagined that England was at the time equal to undertake and maintain by her resources the war against the Irish. If we take a close view of the state of things at the period, and the number of troops in Ireland, as also the defeat at Black Water, (Benburb,) and the expenditure attending the attempts of the Earl of Essex, the reduction of Kinsale, under General Mountjoy, and of a short time subsequently, we shall discover, that, in horse and foot, the troops amounted to twenty thousand men, independently of the naval armaments connected with them. The queen was obliged to keep up a constant and powerful fleet, to watch the coasts of Spain, and blockade its harbors, in order to prevent the succors, which were intended for Ireland, from being forwarded. The expenses, therefore, attending the wars of Elizabeth against the Irish, amounted, at least, to three hundred thousand pounds sterling a year, for fifteen years, which was not half her expenditure in other quarters — an expense which could not be longer supported without the aid of the public. The frequent letters of the queen, and the constant requests to General Mountjoy to disband the forces as speedily as possible, furnish an irrefragable proof to what an extremity this princess saw herself reduced.”

Irishmen of the present day! read the admission of this English

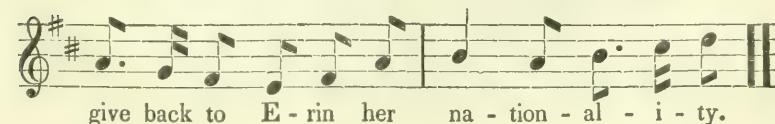
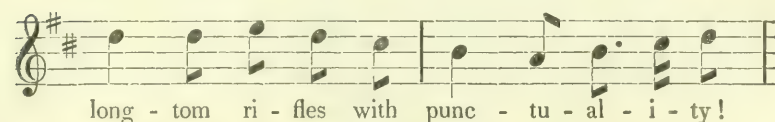
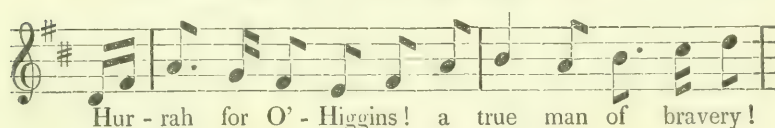
secretary of state, and learn from it that England put forth her whole power against Ireland during this FIFTEEN YEARS' WAR, and failed in subduing the valiant men of that generation. Ireland has broken the heart of many a British king, and queen, and minister, and deputy. The last deputy, De Grey, has just returned (July, 1844) from his futile though outrageous administration of government in Ireland; and Sir Robert Peel feels and admits Ireland to be his sole difficulty. Queen Victoria has no other trouble on earth but Ireland; and thus we are, at the end of two hundred and forty years from Elizabeth's attempts, as unconquered as *she found us* after four hundred years of previous war with her ancestors.

Amongst some of the last enactments passed by Queen Elizabeth was her celebrated poor law act, entitled "The Forty-third of Elizabeth." This act gave to the poor a right of maintenance in the land; it was rendered necessary by the countless swarms of poor and idle people, which appeared in England after the breaking up of the monasteries. Elizabeth tried all that coercion and cruelty could effect to punish and banish poverty, but its source lay in the uprooting of the whole social system, which took place since King Henry's first seizure of the church property. The poor laws of Elizabeth, for many years, afforded the people some protection against starvation; but within the last twenty years, they have been so altered in their essential powers, that it is degrading in the extreme to accept of relief under the conditions imposed, which reduces the *poor* to the degraded condition of *convicted criminals* ere they can taste one morsel of food provided by public charity. These degrading laws have been introduced into Ireland in latter years, but they have failed to afford any substantial benefit to the poor, whilst to the middle classes they prove a heavy and galling burden.



# HURRAH FOR THE STRIPES! HURRAH FOR THE STARS!

BY T. MOONEY.



Then high for the stripes! Hur - rah for the stars! Hur -  
 - rah for this land of true hos - pi - tal - i - ty!  
 Hurrah for the Bal - ti - more clip - pers and tars! They'll  
 help us to win back our na - tion - al - i - ty!

## 2.

Should Victoria go over  
 From Bristol or Dover,  
 They'll meet her with friendship, without formality;  
 And, ere she goes back,  
 They'll teach her the knack  
 Of treating her friends with more hospitality.  
 It's true she looks shy  
 On her neighbors that's nigh,  
 And wanders abroad for fun and frivolity;  
 But she'll shortly find out,  
 From within and without,  
 That Erin must have her old nationality.  
 Then high for the stripes, &c.

## 3.

'Tis said that John Bull  
 Has an obdurate skull,  
 And is sadly deficient of learning or modesty;  
 But, with heaven's own *blessin*,  
 We'll teach him a lesson  
 In morals, and laws, and political honesty.

Let no hero quail,  
 And no lady fail,  
 To pay up her dues to the Boston society;  
 Let us all come together,  
 In good or bad weather,  
 In virtue, in valor, and pure sobriety.  
 Then high for the stripes, &c.

## 4.

And who is afraid  
 Of what has been said  
 By the queen or her ministers in hostility? \*  
 They often talk big,  
 When they mount the big wig,  
 And put on the airs of royal gentility;  
 But Pat, like a block,  
 Or immovable rock,  
 Stands firm erect for civil equality;  
 He don't care a curse  
 For their army or purse,  
 For he's now wide awake to their wicked rascality.  
 Then high for the stripes, &c.

## 5.

And we'll meet on some day,  
 Just in our own way,  
 North, east, south, and west, in cordiality;  
 From the isle of our birth,  
 To the ends of the earth,  
 Her children shall strike for her nationality;  
 Then shall be unfurl'd,  
 Throughout the whole world,  
 The standard of Erin, in brilliant vitality;  
 The sunburst of gold,  
 On green, as of old,  
 With the harp, the marks of our nationality!  
 Then high for the stripes, &c.

\* The queen's speech denouncing repeal.

## 6.

Then hurrah for the ladies,  
That's willing to aid us  
With music and money, in true generosity!  
May angels for e'er  
Preserve in their care  
The hearts that throb for our nationality;  
And O, may they never  
From Erin dis sever  
Their patriot love for her civil equality;  
May they urge on our cause,  
With their smiles and applause,  
And help us to win back our nationality.  
Then high for the stripes! &c.

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## WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER?





## THE GATHERING OF LEINSTER.

[ By the writers of the "Nation." ]

1. O serf! with thy fet - ters o'er - la - den, Why  
 crouch you in das - tard - ly wo? Why weep o'er thy  
 chains, like a maid - en, Nor strike for thy manhood a  
 blow? Not thus would our fa - thers be -  
 - moan us; When tyr - an - ny raised the lash, then  
 They prac - tised the "Lex Ta - li - o - nis" Of  
 Feid - lim, and lashed it a - gain.

2.

For *this* did they humble the Roman?  
 And was it, pale Helots, in vain  
 That Malachy trampled the foeman,  
 And Brien uprooted the Dane?

Ye kings of our isle's olden story,  
Bright spirits of demi-god men!  
We swear, by the graves of your glory,  
To strike like your children again.

## 3.

Though beside us no more in the trial  
The swords of our forefathers wave,  
The multiplied soul of O'Nial  
Has flashed through our patriots brave.  
By each rock where our proud heroes slumber,  
Each grove where the gray Druid sung,  
No foreigner's chain shall encumber  
The race from such ancestors sprung.

## 4.

Ye swords of the kingly Temora,  
Exalt the bright green of your sod;  
The hue of the mantle of Flora;  
The Emerald banner of God!  
Leave, reaper, the fruits of thy labor;  
Spare, hunter, the prostrated game,  
Till the ploughshare is wrought to a sabre  
To carve out this plague-spot of shame.

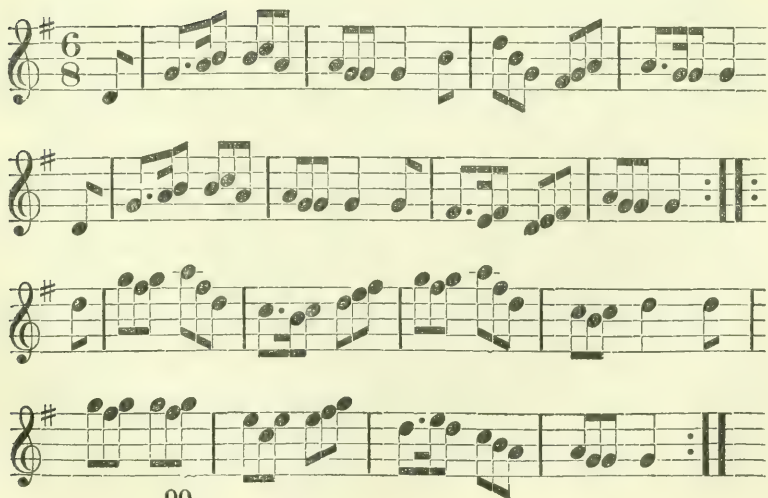
## 5.

Rush down from the mountain fortalice;  
From banquet, and bridal, and bier;  
From ruin of cloister, and palace;  
Arise, with the torch and the spear!  
By the ties and the hopes that we cherish,  
The loves and the shrines we adore,  
High Heaven may doom us to perish—  
But, *never to slavery more!*

## SOLDIER'S JOY.



## ELLA ROSENBERG.



## LECTURE XVII.

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FROM A. D. 1603 TO 1691

James the First. — New Confiscations. — Gunpowder Plot. — Guy Fawkes. — London Monument. — Persecution of the Irish Catholics. — The Puritans. — Plot against the O'Neills and O'Donnells. — Seizure of Ulster. — Mode adopted. — Parliament of James the First. — Charles the First. — The "Fifty-one Graces." — Perfidy of the King. — Beginning of the Scotch War. — The Presbyterian Worship. — "Irish Rebellion of 1641." — First Outrages on the Catholics. — Strafford. — Plot to exterminate the Catholics. — Catholic Confederation. — English Evidences. — Order to kill all the Papists. — Indiscriminate Massacre. — Resistance of the Catholics. — The King sends Commissions to the Catholics. — Temporary Peace. — The King's Dispute with the Parliament. — John Hampden. — Oliver Cromwell. — King Charles taken Prisoner. — His Trial and Death. — Government of Thirty-nine. — New Reformation. — New Sects. — Fanaticism. — War renewed against the Irish. — Second Battle of Benburb. — No quarter for the Irish. — Cromwell invades Ireland. — Massacre at Drogheda. — Blasphemous Letter of Cromwell. — Massacre at Wexford. — Cromwell repulsed at Dunganon. — Repulsed at Clonmel. — Heroism of a Catholic Bishop. — Cromwell baffled. — Returns to England. — Ireton commands. — O'Connell's Sketch of Cromwell. — Shocking Cruelties. — Immense Confiscations. — Cromwell assumes the Throne. — Calls Parliaments. — His Death. — Recall of Charles the Second. — Change in the Religion of the State. — "Act of Settlement." — Lenity of the Catholics. — Ingratitude of the King. — Calumnious Pamphlets. — Vacillation of the King in Religion. — His Death. — James the Second. — Discharges from Prison Catholics and Quakers. — Proclaims Liberty of Conscience. — The High Church Party oppose him. — Trial of the Seven Bishops. — The Irish Parliament. — Intrigue against King James. — Invasion of William. — Flight of James. — Affairs in Ireland. — A grand Irish Army raised. — Return of James to Ireland. — Siege of Derry. — James's Defeat in Derry. — His Imbecility. — The Battle of the Boyne. — Flight of James. — Defeat of the Irish. — Siege of Athlone. — Defeat of the English. — Siege of Limerick. — Heroic Defence. — Exploit of Sarsfield. — Assault on Limerick. — Heroic Conduct of the Women. — Defeat of the Invaders. — King James's bad Management. — Ginckle marches into Kerry. — Bravery of the Irish. — The Summer of 1691. — Movements of both Armies. — Second Siege of Athlone. — Brave Defence. — Heroic Action of twenty Irishmen. — St. Ruth's Joy. — Fourth Attack on Athlone. — St. Ruth refuses Aid to the Town. — Sarsfield indignant. — The Town lost. — Retreat on Aughrim. — Preparations for Battle. — Action begun. — The Tide of Battle. — The Irish so far victorious. — Joy of St. Ruth. — Disastrous Mistake. — St. Ruth killed. — Change in the Fortune of the Day. — Irish retreat on Limerick. — Remarks on the Battle. — Sarsfield now Chief in



Command. — Second Siege of Limerick. — Proposal of Peace from Ginckle. — Accepted. — The Treaty of Limerick. — Irish Commanders in this War: O'Neill, O'Reilly, O'Callaghan, Magennis, M'Mahon, O'Gara, Grace, O'Connell, O'Higgins. — List of Officers killed and wounded — Burke, O'Brien, Dillon, O'Regan, and several other Officers. — Future Dispositions. — Irishmen in foreign Service. — Sarsfield.

ON the death of Queen Elizabeth, the crown of England descended on the head of James the Sixth of Scotland, anno 1603. He was the son of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots; and the crowns of both nations uniting in him, he was, by law, king of England and Scotland.

James was a pedant — a learned but not an instructed prince. In religion, he was a rigid Presbyterian. The Duke of Sully said he was the wisest fool in Europe. Wade says, "He was weak, mean, and pusillanimous; the strong feature of his character was *insincerity*."

On his accession to the throne, he promised toleration to all religions; but he soon gave indications that he would not adhere to that promise. He brought with him from Scotland many political adventurers, who, under *pretence* of making a further and a purer reformation in religion, began a new persecution, and a further series of confiscations.

In the latter end of Elizabeth's reign, she relaxed somewhat in extracting fines from the Catholic gentry, who refused to conform to her worship. These fines fell into arrear; but the agents of James hunted them up and levied on such estates as had fallen into debt to the crown. A new reformation then commenced; the estates of the non-believers were all forfeited, and divided amongst the hungry followers of the king; and then came the conspiracy, called the *gunpowder plot*; this was concerted by William Catesby, a gentleman of family, and by Guy Fawkes, a soldier of fortune, by Percy, a relative of the Northumberland family, and by ten others.

The parliament of James was to meet on the 5th of November, 1605; previous to which, two hogsheads and thirty-two barrels of gunpowder were secreted in the cellar of the parliament-house. It is said that this was a Popish plot; it is true some of the conspirators were Catholics, but it should be remembered there were still some Catholic peers in this very parliament. It was a plot originating in deep resentment, and deadly resolve, as the event proved, to destroy by one effort a set of men who had trampled on the law, and seized upon a large mass of property, under cover of its outraged authority. Some one of the conspirators, however, in obedience to a compunctious visiting, intimated to *Lord Montegle* a hint to stay away from the parliament on the

appointed day. He communicated his suspicions to others ; the alarm spread ; the cellar was searched, and the powder there discovered. A watch was then set ; and long before daybreak, Guy Fawkes was apprehended entering the cellar, carrying a dark lantern, dressed and booted as for a journey, and three matches were found in his pocket.

Fawkes boldly avowed his object before the privy council, and added that *he* was prepared to be blown up in company with the tyrants, rather than not rid his country of their oppression. Fawkes and the others concerned were executed ; amongst the sufferers was Elizabeth's great favorite, Sir Walter Raleigh.

It was on this occasion, that the celebrated anthem of England, "God save the King," was composed and sung in the churches of London.

The courtiers of James turned this plot into capital ; they swore it was a *Popish plot*, instigated by the court of Rome ; and shortly after this, the great fire of London taking place, they built the celebrated monument, to commemorate the preservation of a portion of the city, the partial destruction of which they ascribed to the Papists.

Alexander Pope has branded the monument with the immortal character of *liar*, which will go down to posterity a long way farther than the monument itself —

"— London's column, pointing to the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts its head, and lies."

On the accession of James to the throne, he had it circulated in Ireland, that he was tolerant and favorable to the Catholic religion. It is said he wrote a letter to Pope Clement the Eighth, assuring his holiness that it was his majesty's intention to become a Roman Catholic. In one of the works which he has left behind him, he says, "For myself, if that were yet the question, I would with all my heart give my consent that the bishop of Rome should have the first seat."

The hopes thus held out to the Irish nation induced them to think that they could again exercise their religion unmolested ; but in this they were deceived. James's deputy, Lord Mountjoy, marched a force into the south of Ireland, and wherever he could discover a cross, or any building which indicated that the Catholic worship was there celebrated, he had that building seized and put into the possession of some of his followers.

In the reign of Elizabeth, a code of penal laws had been smuggled into the Irish parliament. They lay dead, however, for some

years ; they were now revived, and all men were called on to *conform* to the state religion, and appear on Sundays in the state churches. The members of the corporation of Dublin were Catholic, and all of them, but one, refused to attend ; that one was Alderman Archer : the remainder were fined in various heavy sums of three hundred to five hundred pounds each.

The old families took alarm, petitioned and remonstrated against this act, and the gentleman who carried the petition before the privy council, namely, Sir Patrick Barnwell, was *imprisoned*.

The most rigid persecution was instituted against Catholics ; yet, notwithstanding all the persecutions that took place, and, moreover, during the persecutions of Henry the Eighth, Edward, and Elizabeth, not more than *sixty* of the Irish people embraced the new worship, though the population was two millions before the reign of Elizabeth.

James himself was neither a Protestant nor a Catholic. He disliked the Puritans ; and, like all the Stuarts, was ever ready to sacrifice his friend to the fear of his enemy. At this time, the Puritan party had acquired an ascendancy in the political affairs of Ireland, and very many of the reformed clergy were inclined to their doctrines ; the most eminent of those was the celebrated historian, USHER, archbishop of Armagh, who, by his management, contrived to have the whole doctrine of *Calvin* received as the public belief of the church of Ireland, and ratified by *Chichester*, the king's lieutenant.

After this came the great plot for entirely subduing such parts of Ireland as had yet held out against the authority of England. Finding it compactly told by M'Geoghegan, I adopt his account.

"Cecil, the prime minister of James, a man of considerable talents, but of deformed person, together with some others connected with the government, acting on the weak king's fears, incensed him against the Catholics of Ireland. The instrument which Cecil chose to effect his wicked purpose was Christopher St. Laurence, baron of Howth, generally called the *one-eyed*, who received instructions to invite to a secret conference the leaders of the Catholics, in order to entrap them. The Earls of Tyrone, Tirconnel, baron of Delvin, and some other Catholics of distinction, appeared at this mysterious meeting ; St. Laurence made them swear not to divulge what he would communicate to them for their own safety. He then said, that he had information, through a channel which admitted of no doubt, that the court of England was determined to eradicate the Catholic religion out of Ireland, and force them to become Protestants ; that he himself, from a concern for their safety, advised them to defend themselves against the threat, until positive assurances would be obtained, that no change would be attempted against their religion. The noblemen present, however, struck with alarm, unanimously replied, that nothing would shake their loyalty to the prince,

in whose royal word they reposed every trust, he being their legitimate sovereign.

"These protestations of loyalty were not sufficient to protect them against St. Laurence; he accused them to the king, as capable of forming secret designs against his majesty and the state, though destitute of means to attempt any thing, having neither troops on foot nor a hope of receiving succors from Spain. Tyrone and others were summoned before the council. The Catholics declared that the accusation was a calumny; but, seeing themselves confronted by St. Laurence, they acknowledged that they attended the meeting much less for the purpose of entering into any plot against the king, than to hear what this treacherous man, who had brought them together, intended to propose; whose infamy they had unanimously condemned on sufficient causes, of which the present is an illustration. Having been severally examined, and only one witness produced against them, the council did not think prudent to put them under an arrest, but ordered them to appear on the day following. During this short interval, some false friends, who were of the council, advised them underhand to consult their own safety, stating that one more witness only, who might be easily suborned, was necessary to convict them. The perfidious advice was but too readily followed by the Earls of Tyrone and Tirconnel, who quitted Dublin. Upon this, they were proclaimed rebels, and not only their individual estates, but six whole counties in the province of Ulster, were confiscated for the benefit of the crown, without examination or trial. These counties were divided between several English and Scotch Protestants, under such regulations as were obviously intended to produce ruin both to the Irish people and their religion. Besides the pecuniary fines that were inflicted, and the other penalties that were enacted against Catholics, it was specifically inserted in the patents, that no portion of these lands should be sold, transferred, or farmed, except to and by Protestants exclusively. St. Laurence himself, who had hitherto affected a tendency in favor of the Catholic religion, declared himself a Protestant, and by doing so became a partaker of the spoils.

"This iniquitous proceeding being ended, Hugh O'Neill, earl of Tyrone, Rory O'Donnell, earl of Tirconnel, Maguire of Fermanagh, and some other noblemen, crossed over into France. The English ambassador of that court demanded of Henry the Fourth, that these fugitives should be sent back to the king his master. The French king, however, generously replied, that it was beneath the dignity of a monarch to arrest a stranger who seeks to save himself by flight: upon this, the earls took their departure for Flanders, where they were received with distinction by the archduke and archduchess, viz., Albert and Elizabeth, who governed the Low Countries. Thence they proceeded to Rome, where his Catholic majesty provided abundantly for their support, by pensions proportioned to their rank."

The young and gallant O'Dougherty, chief of the Inishowen district, seeing his countrymen doomed thus to extermination, took up arms in their defence; he raised what forces he could, and took some of the English garrisons in his neighborhood, exhibiting great bravery in the various assaults; he kept up a desultory warfare for a few months, in expectation of aid from some of the friendly powers of the continent,



with whom the great Hugh O'Neill was then in negotiation. O'Dougherty, having all the courage, but wanting the skill and caution of the great O'Neill, was, after five months' fighting with twice his numbers, killed while leading a charge in battle.

The hopes of Ireland from the north were now totally subdued; the heroic leaders were all exiled or killed; the successes of the English in Leinster had left that province destitute of a single military leader.

The whole province of Ulster was soon cleared of its old inhabitants by the sword. King James parcelled out the province to several companies of Londoners, who sent over from Scotland and from England, but principally from Scotland, a new race to plant it.

He contrived to confiscate a great portion of the lands of Leinster and Munster; but ere he forced his way to Connaught, death carried him off. The extermination of nearly a million of the Irish, in the reign of Elizabeth, by sword and by famine, left the country an easy prey to James. The form of inquiry into titles of estates was gone into; but juries which refused to find a title in the crown were imprisoned and fined.

To show the shameless means resorted to by James's followers, I quote from Leland: —

"It was an age of project and adventure; men's minds were particularly possessed with a passion for new discoveries, and planting of countries. They who were too poor, or too spiritless, to engage in distant adventures, courted fortune in Ireland. Under pretence of improving the king's revenue, they obtained commissions of inquiry into defective titles; discoverers were every where busily employed in finding out flaws in men's titles to their estates; the old pipe rolls, and the patent rolls in London, were searched to ascertain the original grants; and, as all the Irish descents came by *gavelkind*, no registry or patent was ever so much as thought of by the Irish landowners. He who could not establish his right by a patent from the crown was dispossessed. The most iniquitous practices of hardened cruelty, of vile perjury, and scandalous subornation, were employed to despoil the fair and unoffending proprietor of his inheritance."

In O'Connell's Memoir of Saxon atrocity, which substantially begins at the reign of James the First, I find many things which I would transcribe had I room. As the LIBERATOR's book is in the hands of almost every body, I refer the reader to its incontrovertible pages, for a narrative of well-attested English cruelty and treachery, such as disfigure no other page of human history.

Sir John Davies, the English lawyer, sent over by James the First, to act as attorney-general in Ireland, has borne evidence to the iniquity of the English invaders of Ireland, from the times of Henry the

Second, 1172, to his own time, 1610. It appears that Henry the Second marked out the whole of Ireland as confiscated from the original inhabitants to himself; that they were deprived of all property in the land of their fathers, an exception being made in favor of five families only, who were called, in pleading, persons of the five bloods, — “*de quinque sanguinibus*,” — namely, the O’Nials of Ulster, O’Melachlins of Meath, the O’Connors of Connaught, the O’Briens of Thomond, and the M’Murroughs of Leinster. Henry granted, it seems, some special charter to the citizens of Waterford, many of whom were Danes, on condition of remaining loyal to him.

It had been considered lawful, up to this time, for any Englishman to rob, despoil, or kill an Irishman, or ravish an Irishwoman; and, if brought to trial, it was enough to plead, as a defence, that the person robbed, despoiled, ravished, or murdered, was an Irishman or Irishwoman, not of the five bloods specially excepted, as above. This was the law, the justice, and the policy of the invaders for more than four hundred years. See *O’Connell’s Memoir*, Casserly’s edition, pp. 42, 43, &c. And, although in James’s time, at the recommendation of Sir John Davies, a seeming effort was made to extend one law to all throughout Ireland, we shall see the good intent effectually frustrated by the evergrowing antipathy, jealousy, or covetousness, of the English adventurers.

In this reign, the first general parliament, since the English invasion and the fall of Tara, was held in Ireland. To fill this parliament with Englishmen, King James created, in one day, forty boroughs, on each of which he conferred the right of electing two members, which right lay in the votes of thirteen only of the burgesses, whose chief qualification was the public profession of the Protestant faith. Sir John Davies was the speaker of this house. From such an assembly, it may readily be supposed, the Irish, who still adhered more fixedly than ever to the Catholic faith, experienced the excruciating torture of a burning stream of injustice, rendered the more galling by its emission under the forms of law.

Charles the First, son of James the First, succeeded to the throne of England, anno 1625. He, like his father, began his reign with promises of toleration. In religion, he was an Episcopalian, and endeavored to force Episcopacy on the Scots, which attempt they resisted successfully in the field, and compelled him to relinquish. To the Catholics of Ireland he was insincere.

In 1628, Lord Faulkland, his deputy in Ireland, advised the

Catholics to send agents to England, to make a tender of their services and pecuniary support to the king, with a view to be relieved from the fines imposed on those who refused to conform to the new worship. The Catholics, therefore, sent over their agents with an offer of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, then deemed a considerable sum : the king accepted the money, granting letters of grace towards them, which insured them freedom of their religion, the trial of all disputes and claims by respectable juries, the enjoyment of their properties undisturbed, and a limitation of the title of the crown to their lands. promising likewise to have these rights confirmed by parliament : to these conditions were given the name "*king's graces*."

The king took the first two instalments, amounting to one hundred thousand pounds, but never called the parliament to sanction the royal promise ; and thus he cheated them, in a most shameful manner, out of their money.

These "graces" consisted of fifty-one articles ; and, if honestly adhered to by the English parliament, the Catholics would, under all the circumstances, have been safe in the exercise of their religious worship, and secure in the enjoyment of their properties.

The Liberator, in his able memoir, has the following passage on the "graces : " —

"Thus the Irish, and especially the Catholic Irish, in order to obtain the confirmation of their titles to their own estates against an objection in its very nature frivolous and unjust, had, in 1628, agreed to pay, and actually did pay, one hundred and twenty thousand pounds to the king ; and, in 1634, the parliament I have spoken of, composed of Catholics and Protestants, granted supplies doubling in amount the expectation of the lord deputy, who gave thereon the most emphatic promise that the graces should be immediately conceded.

"Is it credible that, all this time, this very lord deputy had determined these concessions should *not* be granted ? that the people's money should be obtained under a false pretence, and no value given ? that the plighted honor — the honor of Protestant England — should be pledged to Catholic Ireland, and should be pledged only to exhibit another instance of shameless knavery, another most disgraceful breach of public faith ? Why, in its own nature, it is incredible ; **YET IT IS LITERALLY TRUE**, as may be seen from Strafford's, the deputy's, letters, and the king's reply ; first, the passage from the deputy's letter, addressed to Secretary Coke : —

"Both houses have, during this sitting, likewise extremely pressed for the graces, especially the law existing in England, for threescore years' possession to conclude the rights of the crown ; and, in the lower house, none so earnest as Fingal and Ranalagh, urging his majesty's promise at every turn. The commons have named a committee to attend the chancellor. \* \* \* \* So as consider-

ing that many of these graces are by no means to pass into laws, and not foreseeing what inconvenience might fall upon his majesty, if these pressures were suffered to go on too far, I consulted these two judges, and Sir George Radcliffe, how we might incline the board to *give them the negative answer, and take it off the king*, which, on Thursday last, I effected, being, in good faith, very excellently assisted at the table by them all three, so as now we are resolved not only privately to transmit our humble advices upon every article of the graces, but on Tuesday next, to call this committee of the commons before us, and plainly tell them, that we may not, with faith to our master, give way to transmitting of this law of three-score years, or *any other of the graces* prejudicial to the crown; nay, most humbly beseech his majesty they may not be introduced to the prejudices of his royal rights, and clearly represent unto the king, *that he is not bound, either in justice, honor, or conscience, to grant them*; and so, putting in ourselves mean betwixt them and his majesty's *pretended engagements*, take the hard part wholly from his majesty, and bear it ourselves as well as we may.' — *Stafford*, 279, 280.

"It may be supposed, that Charles was no party to this villanous duplicity. Alas, alas for poor human nature! and alas for royal nature, too! Pause and read his reply: the king thus writes to *Stafford*: —

"Wentworth, before I answer any of your particular letters to me, I must tell you, that your last public despatch has given me a great deal of contentment, and especially for keeping off the envy (odium) of a necessary negative from me of those unreasonable graces that people expected from me.' — *Stafford's State Letters*, Vol. I. p. 321.

"Both these men lost their heads upon the scaffold. *Stafford* was a consummate political villain; Charles was spoiled by his education and his advisers; but Ireland suffered, without any compensation, from the deliberate villany of the one and the regal treachery of the other." — *O'Connell's Memoir*, p. 179, Casserly's edition.

As for *Stafford's* grand scheme for confiscating the entire province of Connaught, by the establishment of juries to inquire into the king's title to all the lands in the country, beginning with the county Roscommon, and his barefaced mode of bribing judges and jurors, or fining, imprisoning, branding with hot irons, such jurors as refused to find for the king, I refer the reader to his letters, quoted at copious length in *O'Connell's Memoir*, p. 187.

To the people of England, King Charles the First proved a vacillating, absolute king, attempting to tax them by the force of his will alone, almost scorning the sanction of parliament. The house of commons containing many Puritan members, these opposed the king in any endeavor of his to establish Episcopacy. They held constant communication with the Presbyterians of Scotland. A book of common prayer, composed by the king and council, for Scotland, was ordered to be read in the churches of Edinburgh, by his majesty's command. The Dean of Edinburgh, in his surplice, undertook this



duty, but was assaulted by some person who flung a stool at him ; a mob was gathered, and the life of the dean was threatened. Immediately the Scots entered into the memorable compact, called the *Covenant*, which they compelled all people to subscribe. Archbishop Spottiswood, and several other archbishops, fled to England. The Scots formed themselves into four *tables*, as they termed it, to regulate their affairs ; all their political concerns were managed at their *devotions*, which imparted an extraordinary share of frenzy to their proceedings. The Marquis of Hamilton came from England, by the king's commands, to dissolve their convention ; but they continued to sit, in defiance, and appointed a Mrs. MITCHELSON to preside over their deliberations, who affirmed that God spoke through her mouth. This mixture of fanaticism and national spirit gathered into an immense, infuriate storm ; and although Charles sent twenty thousand men against the Scots, he was, after some hard-fought battles, and many defections from his standard, compelled to grant them the most unlimited terms. The Presbyterian worship was then established as the national worship of Scotland, and has remained so, with some modification, to the present time.

Passing over many of the events of this reign in Ireland, I come rapidly to what is called the "rebellion and massacre of 1641." The Catholics tried, by grants to the king, and by declarations of loyalty, to obtain liberty to enjoy their religious worship in peace. Hitherto, since the reign of Elizabeth, they paid a fine of twelve pence per week each, for refusing to attend the English church service. Twelve pence of those days were equal to three or four times the amount in the money of the present ; from which, we may form an opinion of the extent of their sacrifices ; and yet Lord Wentworth (Earl of Strafford) says of this fine, "As a matter of revenue, it should be continued ; but," adds he, "if it be held to, for *that which it was intended*, which was, *to bring the Irish to a conformity in religion*, it would come to nothing, and would prove a covering narrower than a man could wrap himself in."

Such is the opinion, put on record, as to the inflexible adherence of the Irish to their religious opinions, by the very best authority ; namely, the chief persecutor in the trying ordeal.

Charles, who at first appeared disposed to favor the free worship of the Roman Catholics, receded all at once from this position, through the intimidation of the Puritans, and from the meanness of his own nature. When he had got upwards of one hundred thousand pounds from the Catholics, he dropped his lenient tenderness for their consciences. Soon the system of terrorism recommenced. The Archbishop of Dublin and

the chief magistrate of the city, at the head of a file of musketeers, entered the Catholic chapel of Cook Street, on St. Stephen's day, whilst the congregation were at their devotion. They seized the priest in his vestments at the altar, hewed down the crucifix, and carried off all the sacred vessels and ornaments. After the first shock, occasioned by this unexpected act of violence, was abated, several of the congregation pursued the assailants with stones, and rescued their clergyman.

The representation of this incident to the English council produced an order for seizing fifteen religious houses for the king's use. The most rigorous execution of the penal laws was now every where put into operation; and the king gave an order that the army should be paid out of fines levied upon the Catholics who refused to attend the new worship. He commended the wisdom and energy of his Irish council, and directed them to "go on, till the work was fully done, as well in the city as in other places of the kingdom, leaving to their discretion *when*, and *where*, to carry a *soft* or *HARDER* hand!"—See *Carte's Ormond*.

Lord Strafford, who had been a member of the opposition, in the English house of commons, suddenly became a courtier, and won the confidence of the king so far as to be appointed the lord deputy of Ireland, where, on his arrival, he exceeded even the king's cruelty and dissimulation. He revived the court of inquiry into titles, which had been some time laid aside, and confiscated the entire province of Connaught. He did this by empanelling juries in each county, the members of which were heavily taxed, if they refused to find a title to the lands in the crown. The jurors who did not so find, were fined four thousand pounds each, and kept in prison till they paid it; four shillings in the pound were allowed to the chief justice and chancellor, upon all the annual value of the estates seized. Such a system of tyranny was likely to be effective; and county after county of the province of Connaught was thus vested in the king.

For nine years this wicked nobleman thus fleeced and persecuted the people of Ireland, endeavoring by every art to exterminate them. At length he was suspected and envied by his former party in the English house of commons, who had him impeached, tried, and beheaded. He defended himself with great eloquence; but he had proceeded too far in enforcing Episcopacy on the Irish Puritans, which was his real sin in the eyes of the parliament of England. He expected, all through, that the king would pardon him; yet the king signed his death-warrant by commission. The night before his execution, he offered twenty-

two thousand pounds to the keeper of the Tower to suffer him to escape ; but all could not save him.

Returning to the system of plunder and persecution fomented by this wicked man,—it produced the utmost ferocity, thirst for plunder, and intolerance, on the side of the Protestant Puritans, and a deadly animosity and a desire of vengeance in the minds of the Catholics.

Several Catholic priests were at this time put to death for merely exercising the functions prescribed by their church. Thomas Ballaker, Thomas Holland, Paul Heath, Francis Bell, Henry Morse, Morgan Philip Powel, Martin Woodcock, — Reading, and — Whitaker, were executed in England, under this charge, between the years 1641 and 1646: many priests were also hanged in Ireland, and some of these upon the lord deputy's warrant, as related by Strafford, in his defence, that it was the common practice for the lord deputies of Ireland to have men hanged upon their simple warrant, taking on themselves the responsibility. — See *Rushworth's Collections*, viii. p. 649.

“Some time before the rebellion broke out,” says Carte, “it was confidently reported that Sir John Clotworthy, who well knew the designs of the faction that governed the house of commons in England, had declared there, in a speech, that the conversion of the Papists in Ireland *was only to be effected by the Bible in one hand, and the sword in the other*. And Mr. Pym gave out that they would not leave a priest in Ireland. To the like effect Sir William Parsons, out of a strange weakness, or detestable policy, positively asserted, before so many witnesses, at a public entertainment, *that, within a twelvemonth, no Catholic should be seen in Ireland*. He had sense enough to know the consequences that would naturally arise from such a declaration, which he would hardly have ventured to make so openly, if it had not been agreeable to the politics and measures of the English faction, whose party he espoused, and whose directions were the general rule of his conduct.” — *Carte's Ormond*, vol i. p. 235, (English authority.) — And so it turned out to be: for it was afterwards a common thing for the English soldiers to kill the pregnant women, and take out the young children from their wombs, and sport them on the tops of their spears!

To see their lands and ancestral halls taken from themselves, and handed over to strangers ; to see their priests hanged, or hunted, and the exercise of their worship broken in upon by hardened, unfeeling ruffians ; to see their women and children thus butchered ; to find the king deceiving them whilst he took large sums of their money, — was quite enough to drive men to madness.

It becoming quite manifest to the Irish Catholics that a deep plot was hatching for their destruction, several of the heads of that body confederated for their mutual protection. Their alarm was increased by the discovery of a certain petition to parliament, which was secretly got up by the Puritans of Ireland, and had received many thousand signatures. This petition prayed that the Irish Papists should be obliged either to turn Protestants or quit the kingdom, and that those who would not submit to that law should be hanged at their own doors. The following Irish chiefs then resolved on seizing on the Castle of Dublin, and establishing, by a vigorous and well-concerted stroke, the independence of their country—Sir Phelim O'Neill of Tyrone, Rory O'Morra of Ballina, in the county Kildare, Maguire, lord of Enniskillen, M'Mahon of Monaghan, Philip O'Reilly, the chief of Cavan, and several other noblemen of Ulster and Connaught. The attack on the castle was fixed for the 23d of October, 1641. Lords Maguire and M'Mahon were appointed to head the attack; but one *Connolly*, Maguire's servant, gave information of it to the justices the day previous, when the leaders were seized. Maguire and M'Mahon were hanged at Tyburn. *Connolly*, who embraced the Protestant religion, was rewarded with large possessions, in the north-west of Ireland, as the wages of his perfidy.

Justices Borlaise and Parsons, who inwardly delighted at the idea of a general revolt, having in view the prospect of considerable confiscation, now despatched troops into every district of Ireland, to put down the threatened or partial revolt. Sir Phelim O'Neill had captured some English castles in the north, and O'Reilly of Cavan had seized upon Drogheda and some garrisons in its neighborhood. The English soldiery received orders to spare neither man, woman, nor child. Massacres were committed by them in Santry, Clontarf, and Bullock, near Dublin. The garrison of Carrickfergus massacred three thousand men, women, and children, near that place. Similar cruelties were practised by Lord Broghill in the counties of Cork and Waterford—by Coote in the county of Wicklow, where, to use the expression of Coote himself, "not a child, were it but a hand high, was left alive." Yet the Catholics, who, driven to madness by this inhuman cruelty, retaliated on their pursuers, are charged with massacring the Protestants in cold blood.

We have long been accustomed to hear the massacre of 1641 given as a Popish butchery.

But what does impartial history say?



Dr. Anderson, in his *Royal Genealogies*, has the following passage : —

“The native Irish being well informed, as they thought, that they now [1641] must either turn Protestant, or depart the kingdom, or be hanged at their own doors, they betook to arms in their own defence ; especially in the province of Ulster, where the six counties had been forfeited.”

The English Lord Clarendon says, —

“About the beginning of November, 1641, the English and Scotch forces, in Carrickfergus, murdered, in one night, all the inhabitants of the Island of *Gee*, to the number of three thousand men, women, and children, all innocent persons ; in a time when *none* of the Catholics of that country were in arms or rebellion.”

He adds the note, —

“This was the *first massacre committed in Ireland on either side.*”

The same noble author, further on, speaking of Munster, has the following : —

“In Decey’s county, the neighboring English garrisons of the county of Cork, after burning and pillaging all that county, they murdered above three hundred persons, men, women, and children, before *any rebellion began in Munster.* And the same party led one hundred laborers prisoners to Caperquin, who, *being tied in couples, were cast into the river, and made sport to see them drowned.*”

He continues thus : —

“Observe that *this county is not charged with any murder committed on Protestants.*”

Sir William Petty, an English Protestant, and secretary to Cromwell, assures us that, after the most minute inquiry, he finds the computed numbers killed on both sides, in battle and by massacre, did not exceed thirty-six thousand ; and it appears there were more Irish Catholics killed than of the opposite religion.

Other evidences might be given of provocations for what followed ; but these two are samples of all. That the motives and objects of these exterminators were plunder, is now admitted : to drive the unfortunate people to revolt, in order that their lands might be seized, was their aim. After Strafford’s death, the chief government of Ireland was lodged in the hands of the joint deputies, *Parsons* and *Borlase*. Dr. Leland, an historian on the English side, speaking of these men’s acts, says, —

“Whatever were the professions of the chief governors, the only danger they really apprehended was that of a too speedy suppression of the rebellion. Extensive forfeitures were their favorite object, and that of their friends.”

CARTE, the English historian, says, —

“They privately wrote to the Earl of Leicester not to accept of any overtures

from the northern rebels, because the cost of supplies from England would be amply compensated by the estates of the actors in the rebellion. And after Parsons's disgrace, [*says Carte,*] he owned to Clanrickard, that the English parliament's pamphlets were received in preference to the king's orders, as oracles, its commands obeyed as *laws*, and *extirpation preached as gospel*."

Such were the predispositions of the governors of Ireland, and their followers, previous to the explosion and massacre of 1641. That was an upheaving of the whole elements of society, a bursting up of the most wicked and exasperated passions of man. *Leland* says that the favorite object, both of the Irish government and English parliament, was *the utter extermination of ALL* the Catholic inhabitants of Ireland, even to the last human being! He is a Protestant historian. Their estates were already marked out and allotted to the conquerors, so that they and their families were consigned to irretrievable ruin.

On the 23d February, 1641, an order was issued from the council chamber of Dublin Castle, to kill every human being *supposed* to be a rebel, or who gave heritance to a supposed rebel. This dreadful order was literally carried into effect; and the justices declare, says *Leland*, (book 5,) "that the soldiers slew all persons promiscuously, not sparing the women or children." The Ormond Letters supply the following passage: —

"Sir William Parsons hath, by late letters, advised the governor to the burning of corn, and to *put man, woman, and child to the sword*, and Sir Adam Loftus hath written in *the same strain*." — *Ormond's Letters*, ii. 350.

The Liberator gives the following terrific page: —

"Here is a specimen of a massacre of prisoners in the streets of Dublin, who were taken at the battle of Rathmines. It is Lord Ormond who speaks. The army, [Catholic,] I am sure, was not eight thousand effective men, and of them it is certain there were not above six hundred killed; and the most of them that were killed were butchered after they had laid down their arms, and had been almost an hour prisoners, and divers of them murdered before they were brought within the works of Dublin." — *Ormond*, ii. 396.

"Their friars and priests were knocked on the head, promiscuously, with the others who were in arms." — *Whitelocke*, 412.

Again: —

"Sir Theophilus Jones had taken a castle, put some men to the sword, and *thirteen priests*." — *Whitelocke*, 527. "Monroe put sixty men, eighteen women, and two priests, to death in Newry." — *Leland*, iii. 203.

Castlehaven and Clarendon give details of thousands of women, and children, and old men, who hid themselves in furze, which was set fire to, and the people in it burnt; whoever tried to escape was shot.

The flame of revolt now broke forth from the north, west, and south ; the Catholics revenged themselves every where on the Protestants, whom they now regarded as their new enemies. The old English, inside the Pale, as well as the old Irish outside, were driven, by terrible persecution, to join this hatred of the new comers ; and, it is grievous to state, some eight hundred and fifty families, and five thousand men, of the new settlers, were massacred by the Catholics. Some of the historians magnify this ; but Dr. Warner, who took every possible pains to ascertain the truth, states this number as the result of his inquiry.

The king, becoming shocked at the rivers of blood, now let flowing from both sides, sent commissioners to Ireland to treat for a cessation of hostilities. But the lords justices in Dublin, and particularly *Ormond*, frustrated every such attempt. Plunder, plunder, plunder, was their object, though they swam to it through rivers of human blood.

The confederated Catholic lords, both of the English Pale and of old Irish blood, now assembled in Kilkenny, under a regular organization, and, having formed a supreme council, assumed the government of Ireland, for the protection of their religion, lives, and fortunes. The presence of clergymen at this assembly imparted to it a greater solemnity. The four provinces were represented by Thomas Preston, of the house of Gormanstown, for Leinster ; Barry, of Barrymore, for Munster ; Burke, of the house of Clanrickard, for Connaught ; and by Owen Roe O'Neill for Ulster. At this Catholic national council, laws, admitted by their enemies to be most equitable, were enacted. The grand council consisted of six delegates from each province, and they adopted and used a common seal ; ambassadors were sent from this council to foreign potentates, to negotiate for aid, and, although unprovided with arms, in less than two years they conquered back a great proportion of the lands which they lost in the last reign.

At length, by the king's repeated commands, a cessation of hostilities between the Catholics and new settlers was agreed to. The king's commissioners appeared at the Catholic council, in Kilkenny, with full powers to settle all things to their satisfaction. The king suddenly became most anxious to conciliate the Catholics, and attach them to his interest, and commanded Ormond, his lord lieutenant, to conclude a peace with them, whatever it cost. Here are the king's words : "*I command you to conclude a peace with the Irish, cost what it may.*" In another — "*I absolutely command you, without reply, to execute the directions I sent you on the 27th February last, which were, to make peace even without the council.*" *The treaty for peace* was signed at Kil-

kenny, by the Catholic confederates on the one hand, and by the king's commissioners on the other. But scarcely was it signed, when it was formally rejected by the northern army, who, though in the king's service, were under the influence of the Puritan party in the English parliament. An apprehension that I might weary my readers forbids me to quote here the monstrous, the incredible cruelties practised by the English government in Ireland, under the administration of Ormond, by their officer, Sir Charles Coote. The terrible doings of this monster may be seen in O'Connell's Memoir, pp. 200 to 206, &c., Casserly's edition.

It is worth our attention to inquire into the origin of that dispute, between Charles the First and the Puritan parliament, which ended in his execution. The king, having entered into war with Spain and France, fitted out a considerable fleet, and, to defray the expense, laid a tax on his subjects by the instrumentality of a simple proclamation. Mr. Chambers, a citizen of London, disputed the legality of this tax. The opinions of the twelve judges were demanded by the king; the judges sanctioned the demand; but Mr. Hampden, a gentleman of Buckinghamshire, also disputed and refused to pay the tax. The case was carried before the judges, where it was ably argued, when Hampden was cast, and ordered to pay twenty shillings, the sum originally levied. This, however, was still refused.

Shortly after this, the king went to Scotland, and while there, discovered that a secret correspondence was going on between the Scots, Puritans, and some members of the house of commons. Five of these he ordered to be apprehended, and their papers to be seized. The parliament then passed a vote, declaring the inviolability of the persons of its members, and that whoever would seize on their persons or papers should stand on his defence. Next day, the king, with five hundred armed men, went into the parliament-house to arrest the five members, and, not seeing them, exclaimed, "The birds are flown."

The excitement outside now rose to a high pitch; the sheriffs of London, with an armed multitude, carried the five obnoxious members to their seats. *Hampden*, on landing from his barge, was conducted to his seat by four thousand horsemen.

The king then retired to his country residence, Hampton Court, and from that to Windsor, from whence he sent pardons for the five members; but these were rejected by the parliament. Both houses petition the king to surrender the forts, the Tower, and other places of strength, into their hands. This was refused, and the parliament levy militia, appoint



commanders, organize a revolution, placing the chief command in the hands of Oliver Cromwell, meet the king's party in several engagements, and finally defeat him.

It is not a little extraordinary that Cromwell and some others, who were about leaving England, on the breaking out of the civil war, were seized at Plymouth, and detained by the king. At the celebrated battle of *Naseby*, that very *Cromwell's* right wing defeated the king's army, took possession of all his ammunition, his majesty himself escaping by the merest chance.

The Scots now invite Charles to come over the border, — assuring him that they will preserve him from his enemies. The king intrusts himself to their confidence, and is basely betrayed by them into the hands of the parliamentary leaders, and given up for two hundred thousand pounds paid them by parliament.

Although the army and parliament, or rather the Presbyterians and Independents, fell out, they subsequently agreed to impeach the king; seventy commissioners were appointed to try him; at the head, as president, was the celebrated *Bradshaw*.

They assembled in Westminster Hall. Bradshaw sat in a seat of crimson velvet; the others ranged themselves on either side, on benches covered with scarlet; at the feet of the president sat the clerks; on a table were the sword and mace, and directly opposite stood a chair for the king; when brought into court, and after hearing the charge read, he declined to answer, and refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the tribunal; whereupon the president recorded the "contempt and default of the prisoner." In four days after, the court met and adjudged Charles guilty of the charges, and sentenced him to death. On the 30th of January, 1649, he walked under guard from St. James's to White-Hall, where he was led through the banqueting room to the scaffold; here his head was severed from his body, and then given to his servants.

The death of the king was soon followed by the abolition of the house of lords, when the powers of the three estates of the realm merged in the house of commons. A new council, consisting of thirty-nine persons, took on them the whole functions of the executive. The crown lands, bishops' lands, the estates and revenues of the deans and chapters, were again seized by the new powers; in fact, a new reformation was effected by the parliamentarians; the *mass book* was abolished by Elizabeth; now, the *church book*, established by her authority, was abolished, and a *directory* substituted by the parliament.

The persons who obtained priory, abbey, and church lands and

tithes, in the preceding reign, for the support of the reformed church, were all ejected now. "And it was remarkable," says William Cobbett, "how loudly those persons exclaimed, 'Sacrilege, sacrilege!' against the new comers, whose own title to that property was founded upon no better authority."

As the Catholic bishops were shut out of parliament in the last reign, so the Protestant bishops were now excluded. Prelacy was denounced; to renounce prelacy and the liturgy were the only terms upon which the parochial clergy were allowed to retain their benefices.

Upon the ruins of the Episcopal church, two sects rose into importance — the "Presbyterians" and "Independents." The Presbyterians were for throwing off the authority of bishops, the religious ceremonies still observed, and the liturgies and form of prayer lately established. The Independents carried the change still farther; they were for the entire abolition of ecclesiastical government; they disdained creeds, abolished ceremonies of every kind, and contended for the sufficiency of individual judgment in matters of religion. Oliver Cromwell, Sir Harry Vane, and other leaders, belonged to this class.

The superior activity and energy of the Independents, their influence in the army, and the exclusion of their rivals — the Presbyterians — from parliament, gave them great power. The commonwealth became an oligarchy in the hands of about one hundred persons, supported by a standing army of forty-five thousand men. This oligarchy was supported by the sword. Cromwell soon obtained the mastery in the army by flattering the religious fanaticism of the soldiers, and encouraging in it principles of a levelling character. Many of the common soldiers claimed the right to interpret the Scriptures and preach the gospel. One of these fanatics went into the church of Walton-upon-Thames, while the congregation were at divine service, carrying in his hand a lantern and five candles, also a Bible: he said he had a message to them from God, and, if they did not listen, they would be all damned: he put out one light, as a mark of the abolition of the Sabbath; the second, as the abolition of tithes and church dues; the third, as a mark of the abolition of all ministers; the fourth, of all magistrates; and the fifth he applied to setting fire to a *Bible*, declaring that *that* also was abolished.

Such were the new chief governors of England. And now we cast our eyes again on Ireland. The Kilkenny confederates had made nearly a general reconquest of Ireland from the English; only two chief garrisons remained in possession of the British, namely, Dublin and Londonderry. The parliamentarians had taken ten

thousand Scotchmen into their pay : these were sent into Ireland, under Major-General Monroe, rather to watch the movements of the Irish than to reduce them entirely. This force was augmented, by the Scotch and English settlers in the country, to nineteen thousand men.

I take from M'Geoghegan the following graphic narrative of the second battle of Benburb : —

“ Monroe landed in Ireland in May. He marched to Carrickfergus, and seized on the castles of Newry and Carlingford, where he placed garrisons. The English commanders represented to him that the opportunity was favorable for continuing the conquest, and reducing the whole province ; but he refused to cross the River Bann, in which refusal he followed the directions of his masters. Having condemned sixty men, eighteen women, and two priests, to death, in Newry, he returned to Carrickfergus, and on his march laid waste the lands of Lord Iveagh and Maccartan. He carried away four thousand head of cattle, and other property ; the English forces expected a share in the booty, but the Scotch seized on all during the night ; and the English, seeing themselves deceived, mutinied, and would no longer join the Scotch in their robberies.

“ Owen Roe O'Neill was commander of the Irish in Ulster. He agreed with the pope's nuncio, regarding the peace of 1646, and the motives which influenced that minister to oppose it. In the spring of this year, he travelled to Kilkenny, to consult with that prelate on the state of religion and the country ; and, having received the succors he expected, he returned to Ulster.

“ This general collected his forces in the month of May, amounting to about five thousand infantry and five hundred cavalry, with which body he marched towards Arinagh. Monroe led his army, consisting of six thousand infantry and eight hundred horse, Scotch and English, and encamped within ten miles of the same place. Being informed that O'Neill was on his march, with a design of taking the city by surprise, the Scotch general decamped on the 4th of June, and, advancing towards the city, arrived at midnight, with a view of attacking O'Neill. Being informed that O'Neill was encamped at *Benburb*, Monroe marched the next day to attack him ; but, though superior in numbers to O'Neill, he sent orders to his brother, George Monroe, who commanded a force at Coleraine, to come and join him at Glaslough, near Benburb. O'Neill, having information of the time he was to pass, immediately despatched Colonels Bernard, M'Mahon, and Patrick M'Nenay, with their regiments, to meet him and prevent a junction with General Monroe. These two officers performed their trust to the satisfaction of their commander. They cut the enemy, commanded by young Monroe, to pieces, and returned next day to Benburb, where they shared with O'Neill the honor of the victory they had gained over the Scotch and English. O'Neill was favorably posted between two hills, his rear being enclosed by a wood, and his right extending itself along the Blackwater. Being apprized that Monroe was at Glaslough, O'Neill moved his cavalry to a height, from whence he viewed the Scotch army on the opposite banks of the river. In the mean while, the Scotch crossed the river, where it was fordable, near Kinard, and were marching to Benburb. O'Neill sent Colonel Richard O'Ferral to occupy a defile through which the enemy had to pass ; but their cannon prevented him from keeping it, and he was forced to retire, which he did in good order.

"The two armies began to prepare for battle. O'Neill kept the enemy employed for a while with light skirmishing and musketry, while waiting for the sun, which annoyed his troops during the day, to go down. He was expecting also the arrival of a detachment, which he sent the preceding evening against some of the enemy at Coleraine. When Monroe saw this force arrive, he thought that they were coming to join himself from the same place, but found his mistake on seeing them enter O'Neill's camp. O'Neill now commanded his men to advance within reach of the pike, and to begin with close fighting. His orders in this were most valiantly executed. The English regiment, commanded by Lord Blaney, after a vigorous defence, was cut to pieces; and the Scotch cavalry being broken by those of O'Neill, the rout became general. There was but the one regiment of Sir James Montgomery that retired in a body, the remainder of the army that escaped being thrown into the greatest disorder. Colonel Conway, who had two horses killed under him, accompanied by Captain Burke and about forty horsemen, reached Newry. Lord Montgomery was taken prisoner, besides twenty-one officers, and about a hundred and fifty soldiers; *three thousand two hundred and forty-three of the enemy fell on the field of battle*, and several were killed the day following in the pursuit. The loss on the side of O'Neill amounted to about seventy men killed and two hundred wounded. The whole of the Scotch artillery, arms, tents, baggage, and thirty-two stand of colors, were taken. The booty was immense; it consisted of fifteen hundred draught horses, and provisions of every kind for two months. General Monroe saved himself with difficulty on horseback, and fled without either hat or wig. After this defeat, he burned Dundrum, and abandoned Portdown, Clare, Galway, Downpatrick, and other strong places. The consternation of his army was so great that numbers fled to Scotland for safety.

"The victory gained by General O'Neill seemed to portend the complete conquest of Ulster. His respect, however, for the orders of the nuncio lost to him the fruits of his success. His excellency wrote to him in June, complimenting him on the victory he had gained, and beseeching him to march into Leinster, to the support of those who opposed the peace. The messenger found O'Neill at Tenrage, ready to fall upon the Scotch. However, in obedience to the nuncio's request, he assembled a council of war, when it was decided to march directly to Kilkenny, in conformity to which decision he issued his commands."

The monarchy and house of lords being some time overthrown in England, the government of Ireland became an object of dispute to all parties in England. The Presbyterians were for conferring it on Waller; the Independents were inclined towards Lambert; but, after some debating, they all finally agreed that Oliver Cromwell was fittest for that important trust. For some time previous, a war of extermination had been declared against the Irish Catholics.

On the 24th October, 1644, the English House of Commons passed the following among other resolutions: —

"The lords and commons, assembled in the parliament of England, do declare, that no quarter shall be given to any Irishman, or to any Papist born in Ireland,



which shall be taken in hostility against the parliament, either upon sea or within the kingdom or dominion of Wales; and, therefore, do order that the lord-general, the lord-admiral, and all other officers and commanders, both by sea and land, shall except all Irishmen, and all Papists born in Ireland, out of all capitulations hereafter to be made with the enemy, and shall, upon the taking of every such Irishman, and Papist born in Ireland, as aforesaid, *forthwith put every such person to death.*"

Cromwell, like some of the reformers who went before him, knew the inflexibility of the Irish character in matters of religion. For the purpose of reducing them to obedience to the new powers in England, and under pretence of effecting a *further* reform of religion, he landed in Dublin, with about twelve thousand of his choicest troops well armed, bringing an extensive park of artillery, and twenty thousand pounds in money. His army was composed almost entirely of religious fanatics; they were denominated *levellers* in England; and they saw before them in Ireland a rich prospect of plunder.

In the latter part of Charles's career, he caressed the Catholics of Ireland, and induced them to believe that he was persecuted for countenancing the free exercise of their religion. This caused them to espouse his quarrel, and to furnish soldiers and money to the royal army. The Catholics were, therefore, now marked by Cromwell and his levellers as their victims; their private resolve was, *no quarter to the Papists*, and this they put into execution to the letter.

Cromwell acted, on his arrival, as lord lieutenant of Ireland, in the name of the parliament of England. No parliament was called or suffered to be held in Ireland for thirty years after this; the city of Dublin submitted, but the provinces prepared for resistance, in the name of "Charles the Second," son of the decapitated king.

To Drogheda Cromwell first marched. The town was defended only by four or five thousand men, who bravely prepared to resist the usurper. He appeared before it with ten thousand men, summoned it to surrender, and, on refusal, thundered with his cannon at the strong walls for two days, until he made a breach: the word for assault was then given; his men were twice repulsed with great slaughter; the garrison behaved with the utmost bravery. Cromwell, seeing that all depended upon his success at this point, with the bravery of a Napoleon, drew his sword, and, rallying his desponding soldiers, entered the breach with great fury, and, breaking through the first resistance, promised quarter to all those who should submit: this quarter was continued as long as resistance appeared in any part of the town. A submission was thus temporarily procured; and no sooner

were the arms of the brave defenders given up, than, says Leland, "Cromwell, with an infernal calmness and deliberation, resolved, by one effectual execution, to terrify the whole Irish party; he issued his fatal orders that the garrison should be put to the sword. Some of his soldiers with reluctance butchered their prisoners; the governor and all his gallant comrades, numbering three thousand men, were butchered in cold blood. A number of ecclesiastics were found within the walls, and these seemed to be the more immediate objects of his vengeance; he ordered his soldiers to plunge their weapons into the helpless men's bodies. *For five days, this butchery continued*; thirty persons only, out of the whole garrison and citizens, remained unslaughtered, and these were transported as slaves to Barbadoes."

Cromwell sent to the parliament, on this occasion, a blasphemous despatch; it is worthy of perpetuation: —

"Sir, — It has PLEASED GOD to *bless* our endeavors at Drogheda; after battering, we stormed it. The enemy were about three thousand strong in the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives, and those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. This hath been a marvellous great mercy. *I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom, indeed, the honor belongs.* For instruments, they were very inconsiderable to the work throughout.

"O. CROMWELL."

Upon which the parliament of England resolved, 2d October, 1649: —

"For this important success of the parliament's forces in Ireland, the house appointed a thanksgiving day, to be held on the 1st November ensuing throughout the nation; and further, a letter of thanks was voted to be sent to Cromwell, lord lieutenant of Ireland, in which notice was to be taken that the house did approve of the execution done at Drogheda, as an act both of justice to them, and mercy to others, who may be warned by it." — *Parliamentary History*, vol. iii. p. 1344.

How can any Englishman feel surprised at the natural hatred which Irishmen entertain towards his country? Let every honest Englishman, who blushes for this horrible resolution of the English commons, join those patriotic men in England, Ireland, and America, who are trying peaceably to get justice done to Ireland. By such a course alone can that well-grounded hatred ever be removed.

Cromwell spread terror and consternation far and wide: he despatched part of his army to the north, and repaired himself to the south. Wexford he took easily, by the treachery of one Stafford, and, as in Drogheda, butchered the inhabitants, numbering five thousand.

Dr. Lingard, describing this massacre, says, "No distinction was made between the defenceless inhabitant and the armed soldier; nor could the shrieks of three hundred females, who had gathered round the great cross, preserve them from the swords of those ruthless barbarians."

He next proceeded to *Duncannon*; but he was met here by a brave and unexpected resistance from *Wogan*, the governor, who made a sally which destroyed many of the besiegers, and obliged them to retire.

At Clonmel, he met with still greater resistance from *Hugh O'Neill*, who commanded only twelve to fourteen hundred of the provincials, and who yet made such a resistance, that, in the first assault, two thousand of the besiegers were killed. He was, therefore, content to surround and starve the city rather than storm it. Lord Ormond sent some assistance to the fort, but they were intercepted by the besiegers, and scattered or taken prisoners.

Amongst the prisoners taken at Ross, by Cromwell's forces, was a Catholic bishop, who had been active in preaching up resistance to the invader. He could expect no forgiveness, yet forgiveness was promised him, if he would use his great influence in inducing his friends in Clonmel to surrender; he was taken before the town, but the gallant captive, unshaken by the fear of death, when he came within sight of his countrymen, implored them to maintain their post resolutely against the enemies of their country and their religion, and be ready, as he was, to die in their defence; and then instantly resigned himself to execution.

Such a deed is worthy of a Spartan or a Roman fame, and ought to bring crimson to the cheeks of those Irishmen who refuse to stir hand or foot for the liberties of their country.

After a brave resistance of two months, during which Cromwell lay around the town with twenty thousand men, many thousands of whom were destroyed by repeated sallies, the garrison, having exhausted their ammunition, secretly withdrew to Waterford, evacuating the town; and those who remained obtained most advantageous terms from the usurper, under an impression that he had got hold of the garrison, which, on finding how he was baffled, sorely vexed him, for he had lain before the town all that time, unable to proceed farther in his conquest southward.

He had already taken several thousands of the poor, defenceless peasantry, and shipped them as slaves to the West India colonies, when he was called back to England, to oppose Prince Charles, (son of Charles the First,) who had left the Hague, by invitation of some leading royalists of Scotland, and proceeded from the

continent, in a small convoy, under the command of the Baron Von Tromp. Arriving safe in Scotland, the young prince, though a Protestant, was compelled to swear to the covenant of the Scottish Presbyterians, and had already made considerable headway.

On Cromwell's hasty return to England, he left the army in Ireland, under *Ireton*, who was his duplicate, in cruelty at least.

I cannot even touch one tenth of the terrible events of this cruel usurper's career.

One chief cause of the submission of Ireland to Cromwell was the death of O'Neill, and the treachery of Lord Inchiquin, who commanded, for the Irish confederation, nearly all the strong posts of Munster, and whose surrender of these posts, and accession to the enemy, was a severe blow to the cause of Ireland.

Limerick was obtained by the treachery of one or two within, and the garrison and citizens put to the sword. Galway and several other towns ultimately fell into the hands of the parliament. Lastly, Cromwell, having obtained several victories over the troops of Prince Charles, in Scotland, and compelled him to fly, was enabled to send fresh forces to Ireland, which were poured in in such masses, that they became inconvenient to each other.

I will introduce here a powerful summing up of Cromwell's atrocities, from O'Connell's Memoir : —

"Cromwell gorged himself with human blood; he committed the most hideous slaughters, deliberate, cold-blooded, persevering; he stained the annals of the English people with guilt of a blacker dye than has stained any other nation on earth; and, after all, for what? *What* did he gain by it? Some four or five years of precarious power! and, if his loathsome corpse was interred in a royal grave, it was so only to have his bones thence transferred to a gibbet! Was it for *this* that he deliberately slaughtered thousands of men, women, and children? female loveliness, and the innocent and beautiful boy — aged but seven years — of Colonel Washington? The natural result of the promiscuous slaughter of the unarmed peasantry, wherever the English soldiers could lay hold on them, was, as a matter of course, an appalling famine; the ploughman was killed in the half-ploughed field; the laborer met his death at the spade; the haymaker was himself mowed down; a universal famine covered the land. An eye-witness, employed in hunting to death the Irish, has left the description which follows: 'About the years 1652 and 1653, the plague and famine had so swept away whole countries, that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles, and not see a living creature, either man, beast, or bird, they being either all dead or had quit those desolate places. Our soldiers would tell stories of the place where they saw a smoke, it was so rare to see either smoke by day, or fire or candle by night; and, when we did meet with two or three poor cabins, none but very aged men, with women and children, were to be seen, and those, like the prophet, might have



complained, We are become as a bottle in the smoke ; our skin is black, like an oven, because of the terrible famine, &c. &c.' — *Colonel Laurence's Ireland*, pp. 86, 87."

Cromwell now instituted trials of all those who assisted the "rebellious" of the last ten years. But so many had been killed, so many of the original movers were butchered, or had fled to Spain and France, that only two hundred suffered death : thousands upon thousands had forfeited their estates, and escaped to the continent.

We see, from Broudin and Lingard, that Cromwell sent away one hundred thousand Irish to foreign countries ; they were principally the flower of the Irish armies. Several thousand young girls and women were seized, and sent to the West India and American colonies, under pretence of making them English and *Christian* ! These unhappy exiles perished in hundreds and thousands ; many thousands were crowded beyond the Shannon into Connaught, to live as best they could, or to die of hunger from excessive numbers. The rest of Ireland was then coolly divided amongst the soldiers of Oliver, he reserving to himself the whole county Tipperary for a demesne. An edict was at the same time issued from Dublin Castle, signed by Fleetwood, Ludlow, and Jones, commanding that every Romish priest found in Ireland was deemed guilty of rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged till half dead — *then to have his head taken off, and his body cut in quarters, his bowels taken out and burnt, and his head fixed upon a pole in some public place* ; five pounds were offered for the head of a priest, which was the sum given for the head of a wolf.

The Liberator quotes an extract, from a rare tract published the year after Cromwell's death, which, after describing the horrid deaths of about twenty-four of the most illustrious Irish commanders, concludes thus : —

"What shall I yet say ? Time would fail me to narrate the martyrdoms of chiefs, nobles, prelates, priests, friars, citizens, and others, of the Irish Catholics, whose purple gore has stained the scaffolds almost without end, who, by faith, conquered kingdoms, and wrought justice, of whom some had trials in mockeries and stripes, moreover, also, in chains and prisons ; others were stoned, cut asunder, racked, or put to death with the sword ; others have wandered over the world in hunger, thirst, cold, and nakedness, — being in want, distressed, afflicted, — wandering in deserts, in mountains, in dens, and in caves of the earth."

It was after having read these things in O'Connell's Memoir, that the patriot, Robert Tyler, exclaimed, at Philadelphia, in reply to Brougham, "*Thank God, I am not an Englishman !*"

The lands of Ireland were now parcelled into small allotments, among

Cromwell's army. This rule applied to every part of Ireland save Connaught, which was appropriated by the English parliament, in a general treaty with the Irish, for their reception; all beyond the Shannon was appropriated for their use; and the rest of Ireland was divided amongst the adventurers of the previous reigns and the present. This took place anno 1654; but the parliament found it impossible to forcè all the Irish from their homes, without encountering another war, to which Cromwell was now averse.

At length, having influenced a majority of the English parliament to his interest, Cromwell had himself proclaimed lord protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland; he sent his son Henry to Ireland, who suddenly changed the system of government to comparative mildness. Meditating now the seizure of the crown of England, and the establishment of himself as monarch, he soon found an opportunity to carry his ambitious views fully into effect. Having secured the army, and generated distrust of the parliament in the minds of the people, he boldly took a file of musketeers to the house of commons, and bid them "disperse—they had sat long enough"! To one, he said, he was a drunkard; to another, a cheat; and finally directed his officer to "carry off that shining bauble," pointing to the mace. In short, having turned them all out, he locked up the doors, and coolly put the keys of the parliament-house in his pocket.

He soon called another parliament, but quickly dissolved it; called a second, and dissolved that; a third, and a fourth, and found them all untractable. He assembled and dissolved his parliaments as he would his courts martial. His government was a naked despotism, depending entirely on the soldiery for support. No parliament had been suffered to assemble in Ireland for many years; that country was given up to the management of his son. His internal government was distinguished by watchfulness and energy; by means of his spies, he frustrated every effort of his enemies; but death put a period to his career, after a stormy existence. He reigned as lord protector four years, but was military dictator for ten or twelve.

Although his son, Richard Cromwell, was proclaimed hereditary protector, yet his authority was soon overthrown; and the young Prince Charles, having now a considerable party in England, Scotland, and Ireland, had himself recalled to the throne of England; which event is denominated, in English history, the "*restoration*."

Charles the First, when beheaded, left three children—two of

whom successively became monarchs of England, as *Charles the Second*, and *James the Second*; the first now filled the throne.

Anno 1660. On the arrival of Charles to power, he was beset by intrigues. The various parties into which the three kingdoms were split, contended for favor. The king introduced Episcopacy again, as the religion of the nation, admitted bishops to the house of lords, and also some Catholic peers to the same assembly, and drove the Presbyterians and Independents from all offices of trust and power. The Presbyterian clergy, especially, were driven from their livings.

This was the state of things in England. The condition of Ireland was miserable in the extreme: the people had continued fighting for the royal cause three years longer than any other part of the British empire; subject, for the previous hundred years, to the subduing influences of the sword and of famine; driven from their homes into wilds and fastnesses; and their houses and lands occupied by a new race, who seemed bent on their extermination. It was thus the 'unfortunate wrecks of the native Irish were penned up like hunted beasts in the wilds of Connaught. When Charles the Second came to the throne, before he even landed in England, commissioners were sent to induce him to exclude the Catholics of Ireland from parliament, and to confirm Cromwell's soldiers in their holdings: this he promised, and, though the Irish Catholics were the first to declare for his restoration, he, like a true Stuart, when he reached the goal of his ambition, became the bitterest enemy they had in all his dominions.

The very men, *Coote* and *Broughill*, who most opposed the Stuart cause, under Cromwell, — these, who hunted the old native Irish like wolves, were the two men whom Charles now placed as chief rulers over Ireland. The clamors that beset him, about the lands and spoils of Ireland, were such as baffle all description. The English were all for sweeping confiscations; and the king was too much dependent on his English supporters to refuse them any thing they asked in Ireland. An act of "settlement" was, therefore, brought into parliament, which confiscated from the Catholic Irish EIGHT MILLIONS OF ACRES OF THE BEST LAND OF THE KINGDOM.

As for the mock "Court of Claims," established by him in Dublin, one sentence will describe it. Before one thousand of the Catholic proprietors had preferred their claims to be restored to their possessions, — which claims, being resisted by the most barefaced perjury, were generally rejected, — Clarendon, his lord lieutenant, *dissolved the court, though there were yet SEVEN THOUSAND CLAIMS REMAINING UNHEARD.*

The old Catholic families met, and appointed agents to proceed to England, to remonstrate against this sweeping and cruel confiscation; but they were neither heeded, nor even treated civilly, by Charles or his ministers.

The Catholics were charged with the murder of fifty thousand Protestants, since 1641; and, though *the Catholics dared their accusers to a solemn investigation of the origin of the spilling of blood*, and the greatest sufferers thereby, no inquiry ever took place. It is proved, by Protestant historians, in numberless instances, where Catholic generals saved the lives of Protestants during this sanguinary war. O'Connell quotes three English historians to this effect:—

"But," he says, "with what proud and glowing gratulation do I turn to the conduct of the Irish Catholics during the civil war! I collect from Protestant historians; for on this subject I shall scarcely use one other: 'Multitudinous facts of lenity, forbearance, and mercy—the horrors of war mitigated by the multiplied exercise of the tenderest humanity.' What a glorious contrast! a contrast rendered more striking when we bear in mind, that all this time the English Protestants were committing the horrid cruelties I have been citing. We find preserved by *Carte* (English and Protestant) the following fact: 'The Irish made proclamation, on pain of death, that no Scotsman should be molested in body, goods, or lands.' p. 178. The next admission is from *Temple*: 'It was resolved by the Irish party *not to kill any*, but where of necessity they should be forced therunto by opposition.'—*Temple's History of the Rebellion*, 65.—Even Leland himself—the anti-Irish, the anti-Catholic Leland—has the same admission: 'In the beginning of the insurrection, it was determined by the Irish, that the enterprise should be conducted in every quarter with as little bloodshed as possible.'—Book 5, c. 3."

See *O'Connell's Memoir*, for further evidences.

The doom of Ireland was, however, now sealed, and her choicest spirits were driven into exile, and, for the first time, sought employment in the armies of Spain and France; in which service, as we shall see hereafter, they distinguished themselves by bravery, ability, and genius. All the old inhabitants became victims, in some way or other, to the reformation.

"That spirit was broken which never would bend."

The ingratitude of Charles the Second to the Catholic Irish ought to cause them to hate forever the name and race. This king, who had twice owed his life to *Catholic priests*; who had, in *fifty-two instances*, held his life at the mercy of Catholics, and, when Cromwell's bloodhounds hunted him through Scotland, had been concealed, and then guided in safety past his enemies, by one of those Catholics, a poor man, who could have had a great reward for giving him up,—this



very king — profligate in manners, mean and corrupt in principles — has placed upon the page of history the most memorable instances of baseness and ingratitude that ever it received.

Derrick, in his entertaining letters, relates the following anecdote — one instance in a thousand of the ingratitude of that most heartless and profligate member of a worthless race : —

“The conduct of Charles the Second, on his restoration, is notorious; he confirmed the grant made to Oliver’s soldiers, while his most loyal subjects were betrayed and abandoned to misery. Among these unhappy sufferers, no man’s case was more deplorable than that of Lord Viscount Fermoy, the head of the Roches, a numerous and loyal clan in the county of Cork. This nobleman, refusing to compromise with the usurper, abandoned a very fine estate, and in 1652 went abroad, and entered into the Spanish service. When Charles was at Brussels, Fermoy, being a colonel of a regiment, assigned to the king almost all his pay, reserving a mere trifle for the maintenance of himself and family. This generosity having ruined him, he was obliged to sell his regiment to pay his debts; and after the restoration, coming to London with a wife and six children, the king, though pressed by the Duke of Ormond and Lord Clanricarde, far from restoring him to his honors and estate, refused to hear of him; and had it not been for the benevolence of these two illustrious noblemen, this unhappy lord and his family must have starved.” — *Virtue’s Scenes in Ireland*.

On another occasion, Colonel Costello, who had sacrificed his entire fortune in the king’s service, thus addressed the ungrateful monarch in reply to his customary cant of condolence : “Please your majesty, I ask no compensation for my services and losses in your *majesty’s cause* ; I see that to your friends, and to my countrymen in particular, you give nothing, and that it is your enemies alone who receive favor and reward. For ten years’ service, for many wounds, and for the total loss of my estates, I ask nothing ; but in the ardor of youth, and in the belief that I was asserting the sacred cause of liberty, I fought for one year in *favor* of the usurper, and against your majesty : *give me back such portion of my estates as that year’s service entitles me to !*”

During the reigns of James the First, Elizabeth, and Cromwell, pamphlets, defaming the Irish, were constantly issuing from the press of England. These pamphlets were issued in periods of strife, for the purpose of palliating, before the more humane portion of the people of England, the atrocities of their agents and armies in Ireland. For sixty years these pamphlets continued to be issued in England : not one of them but contained wilful, detailed falsehoods ; even *John Milton* blotted his pages with enormous calumnies on the Catholics, and retained vigor enough to abuse the Irish Presbyterians in his old age. Throughout the last century, the English historians copied into their books the wretched

effusions of these party pamphleteers. The English acts of parliament, through every preamble and clause, contained calumny and abuse of the Irish. And from these lying pamphlets, and lying acts of parliament, has the history of England, relating to this period, been compiled. Those things were encouraged, for it was comfortable to them to hear ill names applied to a race they had robbed and slaughtered. Those calumnies were worked into the histories of England. Falsehoods, once brought into life, take ages to die. English conversation, literature, public documents, all convey a disparaging account of the resources, military achievements, and abilities, of the Irish. Of course, this is done to discourage all attempts of the Irish people to recover their independence; but the fifteen years' war with the English Puritans was as well sustained by the Irish, though not with equal success, as the war against Elizabeth.

I will not consume valuable space by dwelling on the events of Charles the Second's reign. At one period, he swore to the covenant of the Scotch Presbyterians; again he sold himself to Louis the Fourteenth of France, and promised that king to restore the Catholic religion. On obtaining power by this very means, he became the greatest persecutor of the Catholics. Towards the close of his reign, he relaxed somewhat towards the Catholics, and admitted them to the corporations, magistracy, and the free exercise of their religion. During all his reign, plots and conspiracies against his power succeeded each other, in which Russell, Sidney, Oates, Rathbone, and others, were the chief, but unsuccessful actors: his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, who was principally bred to the sea, professed himself a Roman Catholic; and an immense outcry was got up against the pope and Catholics. It seemed to be the bugbear cry of the age, and was industriously propagated, for mere political purposes.

On the appointment of the notorious Ormond to the lord lieutenancy of Ireland, an outcry against popery was got up there. *A plot* was said to be hatched by *Titus Oates*, which had for its object the murder of all the Protestants, the overthrow of the monarchy, and the resumption of the forfeited estates; that the Jesuits were at the bottom of it, and that they instigated the burning of London, and were now meditating the burning of all the ships in the harbors of England and Ireland; that Ormond himself was to be the first victim, &c. The supposed Irish leaders in this plot were *Peter Talbot*, the Catholic archbishop of Dublin, who had latterly distinguished himself by the grandeur with which he celebrated the Catholic worship, Lord Mountgarrett, and others.

Terror seized the whole nation, and the whisperings of reason were drowned in the hurricane of indignation that immediately broke out. At first, men walked the streets as if their steps were dogged by assassins, and turned a corner as if death lay in wait to seize them. Some Protestants really imagined they were doomed to death by the pope and his agents. At length indignation succeeded terror, and nothing but blood would satisfy the public appetite.

Oates, who now offered himself as an informer to government, received from them the greatest encouragement, and a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year. There were many marked out for destruction; and as Oates, in his own person, proved that a Protestant witness against the Catholics was a good speculation, there were many who now contended for the honor and profit of disclosing the names of conspirators to the government. The names of many persons who had no existence were given in — amongst these a “Colonel Peppard,” who was never before or since heard of. The Catholic priests were held accountable for the acts of their people, and imprisoned on suspicion. Catholics were driven from every office they filled, and a sudden and general persecution commenced, during which several great men fled from England and Ireland, among them the Duke of York. Numbers of criminals, who were confined in the jails, now offered to become informers. Upon the evidence of three of those loathsome wretches, Archbishop Plunkett, the Catholic primate of Ireland, was apprehended, and, contrary to the laws of the realm, sent over to England to be tried, where he was found guilty and condemned to death, though some difficulty was experienced in accomplishing his destruction, even by a Protestant jury. He was hanged in Tyburn; and *Burnet*, the Protestant historian, says of him, “He was a wise and sober man, fond of living quietly and in due subjection to the government, without engaging in intrigues of state; he had nothing to say in his defence but to deny all; so he was condemned, and suffered very decently, expressing himself in many particulars as became a bishop.” — *Burnet*, vol. i. p. 230. At last, after a number of lives had been taken, the people awoke from their frenzy, and found they had been made the dupes of faction.

In this reign, the celebrated George Fox founded the society of Quakers. He was imprisoned and persecuted by Charles and his ministry: so were the Scotch Presbyterians, and the Irish Catholics.

Charles died on the 6th of February, 1685, in the midst of political troubles, and was succeeded by his brother, the celebrated JAMES THE SECOND. On the king's accession to the throne, he released from

prison several thousand Catholics, who were kept on fines for not attending Protestant worship; he also discharged twelve hundred Quakers, who were imprisoned for a like offence. His clemency and justice were applauded by the whole nation. King James publicly professed his Catholic principles, and, very shortly after his coronation, PUBLISHED A DECLARATION, ALLOWING LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE TO ALL HIS SUBJECTS. He dispensed with all penal laws and tests. Even the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, on entering office, were abolished. The Catholics, Presbyterians, Quakers, and all other religionists, were thus made eligible to all offices in the state. Perfect freedom of conscience was universally established.

Addresses of thanks for this liberty were daily presented to him, by dissenters, Presbyterians, Quakers, Catholics, all of whom made the highest professions of loyalty and gratitude. The Quakers, without compromising their principles, left their hats in the privy chamber, ere they entered the king's presence.

The Catholics of Ireland had resumed their position in the state. Many of the Irish chiefs returned to their castles and estates, and had turned the Cromwellians out. The Catholic Earl of Tyrconnel was made lord lieutenant of Ireland; a parliament was called in Dublin, which was composed two thirds of Catholic members, one third Protestant; and it is admitted this parliament passed a series of excellent laws for the promotion of trade and manufactures, and not one law of a penal or persecuting character. Ireland began again to assume the features of civilization and prosperity. The following are a few of the principal acts passed by that parliament, which, however, were afterwards expunged from the statute-books of England: —

An act declaring that the parliament of England cannot bind Ireland. — Against writs of errors for removing suits out of the Irish courts to the courts of England.

An act for repealing the acts of settlement. An act for taking off all incapacities of the natives of this kingdom.

AN ACT FOR LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE, and repealing such acts and clauses in any act of parliament which are inconsistent with the same.

An act for the encouragement of strangers to inhabit and plant in the kingdom of Ireland.

An act for investing in his majesty the goods of absentees.

An act for the advance and improvement of trade, and for the encouragement and increase of shipping and navigation.

These acts are evidence of the liberal spirit of the Irish Catholics,



when in possession of supreme power, and ought to go far in removing from the minds of all reasoning men any apprehensions about the future exercise of power by that calumniated body of Christians.

But this liberal conduct begot in the hearts of the Episcopal party a fiery animosity, which soon displayed itself. The vice-chancellor of the University of Cambridge opposed the king's tolerant wishes, by rejecting one Francis, a monk, from the fellowship of that college. The king issued a mandate to this college, and to that of the College of St. Mary Magdalene, at Oxford, directing them to admit Catholics to study, and to degrees. The colleges refused to obey the king; and thus was the religious quarrel again opened by the intolerance of the High Church Protestant party in England.

At this time, a political conspiracy against the king of France begot a religious persecution of the Protestants in that country, many of whom were killed. Some of them fled to England and Ireland. Those were called the French Huguenots, and the whole of this massacre grew *from a political plot*, for the particulars of which, see Cobbett's History of the Reformation. King James, by an order in council, ordered a collection to be taken through all the churches, for the relief of those persecuted French Protestants, *when sixty-three thousand pounds sterling were made up for their use*. They were also kindly and hospitably received in Ireland, and were the means of reviving the silk manufacture in that country. The La Touchés, the wealthy bankers of that city, are descendants of some of those Huguenots. About the same time, a rebellion broke out in England, headed by Monmouth, the professed object of which was the reëstablishment of the Protestant ascendancy. It was suppressed. Monmouth was executed, with accompanying circumstances of horror, *Judge Jeffries*, who was as bloody-minded as any judge that ever sat, under the authority of England, condemned hundreds to death for aiding in this rebellion, upon slender evidence. This begot in the hearts of many men a well-founded hatred of the king and his government.

The king, adhering to his resolution of declaring conscience free, issued a further declaration to a like effect, which he commanded all bishops, deacons, presbyteries, elders, and religious teachers, of every denomination, to read amongst their congregations, on three successive Sundays. This very fair and liberal declaration was refused to be read by the Protestant archbishop of Canterbury and six other bishops, which refusal created considerable excitement. The bishops petition the king, in which they deny his power to grant such liberty; *though they had*,

*by the oath of SUPREMACY, sworn the kings of England to be chiefs in religious matters.*

The bishops were then imprisoned by the king, (a very foolish act,) and tried for contempt, by a jury, who, after great debate and a long stay in the jury-box, brought in a verdict "not guilty." This verdict was received with applause by some persons in the court, and reaching the king's army, who were stationed near London, a cheer was also raised by the soldiers, which the king hearing, while at dinner in the neighborhood, he asked an attendant what the cheer was given for, and received for answer, "Nothing, my liege, but the acquittal of the bishops." "Call you that *nothing*?" rejoined the king.

Several earls and lords of the Protestant party, highly incensed at the favor shown to the Catholics, entered into a confederation to change the succession: these sent deputies and an address to William, Prince of Orange, inviting him over, and offering him their support on his arrival. This address was confided to the celebrated Bishop *Burnet*, who afterwards wrote a history of his times. *Burnet*, with much plausibility, painted to William the dazzling prospects of possessing the crown of England, and actually enticed him to the enterprise, though it was to dethrone James, his own father-in-law.

The prince at length, after many disappointments, landed at Torbay, on the 5th November, 1688, with only seven hundred men; and, but few persons joining his standard, he made preparations to return. He seemed disheartened for want of success, and continued for a week to remain close to his ships, for the purpose of returning, threatening, at the same time, to publish the names of all those who had invited him over, as a reward for their treachery and cowardice. By degrees, accessions came dropping in. Lord Colchester deserted from King James's army, with a few men under his command; Lord Cornby was the next; and so, after the examples of only two or three of this sort, hundreds, and then thousands, flocked to his standard. Meantime his main army arrived from Holland, which amounted to fourteen thousand men. He then marched, with all his forces, towards London. The king met him, with thirty thousand men, at Salisbury; but, instead of fighting, his principal officers joined the invaders. The king now fled to London, from whence he subsequently retired to France. James was betrayed by his secretary, the Duke of Sunderland, who, the better to effect his treachery, affected to become a Catholic, but gave the king's secrets to the Protestant confederation all the time. Louis the Fourteenth offered to send James thirty thousand men; but this Sunderland strongly opposed,

on the ground that it would shake the loyalty and confidence of the English people in the king. William entered London in the midst of burning Catholic chapels and desecrated altars.

James reigned only three and a half years; all his relations deserted him at the very crisis of his fate. Even his daughter Anne, wife of the Prince of Denmark, with her husband, fled, in the night, from his palace to the Prince of Orange's camp, which made the wretched monarch exclaim, "God help me; my very children have forsaken me." And now it will be necessary to follow the fortunes of his cause to Ireland.

The declarations of freedom of conscience in England, had been likewise made and published, and carried into effect in Ireland, by his command. A parliament was called, to which Catholics were invited with Protestants; and a spirit of emulation, enterprise, and public virtue, seemed for a short period to take the place of the demon of discord and rapine. All religions were tolerated, and the Catholics were admitted to places of trust, to the corporations, and to the command of the army. Good feeling and conciliation were the order of the day; but the High Church party, and others, who had been put in possession of the old Catholic property, feared much that, should this state of things continue, some of that property would be put back to its original owners. It is to be noted here that the English house of lords debated as to whether they should support King James after his flight. The vote was taken on the following question: "whether James had *broken* the *original compact*, and thereby made the throne *vacant*." *Negatived* by a *majority* of two; which proves that one branch of the British legislature had agreed with the Irish people in sentiment.

Sir Jonah Barrington puts the case of the Irish people, at this period, in the following terse and pithy style:—

"James, a monarch *de jure* and *de facto*, expelled from one portion of his empire, threw himself for protection upon the loyalty and faith of *another*; and Ireland did not shrink from affording that protection. She defended her *legitimate* monarch against the usurpation of a *foreigner*; and whilst a *Dutch* guard possessed themselves of the British capital, the Irish people remained faithful to their king, and fought against the invader.

"In strict matter of fact, therefore, England became a nation of decided rebels, and Ireland remained a country of decided royalists. Historic records leave that point beyond the power of refutation. \* \* \*

"James was the *hereditary* king of both countries, jointly and severally.

The *third* constitutional estate, only, of *one* of them, (England,) had deposed him by their own *simple vote*; but Ireland had never been consulted on that subject; and the deposition of the king of *Ireland* by the *commons of England* could have *no* paramount authority in Ireland, or supersede the rights and dispense with the loyalty of the Irish parliament. The Irish people had held no treasonable intercourse with William; they knew him not; they only knew that he was a foreigner, and *not* their *legal* prince; that he was supported by a *foreign* power, and had succeeded by *foreign* mercenaries. But even if there was a doubt, they conceived that the most commendable conduct was that of preserving entire their *allegiance* to the king, to whom, in conjunction with England, they had *sworn* fealty. The British peers had showed them an example, and on that principle they fought William, as they had fought Cromwell; and again they bled, and again were ruined, by their adherence to *legitimate monarchy*."

The High Church party now prepared to coöperate with their friends in England. King James, having retired to France, negotiated with Louis the Fourteenth for military and monetary advances, to enable him to attempt the preservation of Ireland as an independent dominion.

An attempt was now made, in the north of Ireland, to raise the standard of revolt against King James, by Major Poor, and some others, turning out in arms, in the name of the Prince of Orange. Poor and his party were met and defeated by young Bellew, of Lowth, in the name of King James.

It was then that the nobility of Ireland raised, clothed, equipped, and armed, partly at their own expense, thirty thousand men for the king's service. There were already some old corps in Ireland, viz., the regiments of Mountcashel, Tyrconnel, Clancarty, Antrim, and some others. The regiments of Enniskillen, of Hugh M'Mahon, Edward Boy O'Reilly, M'Donnel, Maginnis, Cormac O'Neill, Gordon O'Neill, Felix O'Neill, Brian O'Neill, Connact Maguire, O'Donnell, Nugent, Lutterrell, Fitzgerald, Galmoy, O'Morra, and Clare, &c., soon appeared in the field. There was no want of soldiers, but the soldiers were in want of almost every thing, except courage and good-will; and the nobles, who underwent the first expense, were not able to support it long. There were also but few officers who knew military tactics, or who had time to train and discipline the new levies. In the month of March, the Earl of Tyrconnel sent Richard Hamilton, lieutenant-general of the king's army, at the head of two thousand men, against Hugh Montgom-



ery, Lord Mount Alexander, who had raised a regiment for the Prince of Orange, and was at the head of eight thousand rebels in Ulster. Hamilton set out from Drogheda on the 8th of March, and came up with the enemy, who were boldly drawn up in order of battle at Cladyfort. Notwithstanding the superior number of the rebels, the royalists attacked them so vigorously that they took to flight, and retreated in disorder towards Hillsborough, where Montgomery left two companies of infantry in garrison. He sent the remainder of his forces to Coleraine, under Sir Arthur Rydon, and sailed for England from Donaghadee. The resistance of Derry began in the following way.

"Tyrconnel had withdrawn the garrison from Londonderry, on the first intelligence reaching him of William's invasion of England. But soon perceiving the error he had committed in leaving this important place to the government of its Protestant inhabitants, he despatched the Earl of Antrim to take possession of it with a body of twelve thousand Scottish Highlanders. This wild and savage-looking force, whose exploits in the west of Scotland had spread a general horror throughout the land, had halted at the village of Limavaddy, about twelve miles from the city, at the very time when the rumor of the intended massacre reached the ears of the people of Londonderry. The citizens, alarmed at the approaching danger, were collected in the streets, consulting as to what was to be done, when messengers arrived from the village where the Highlanders had halted, giving the most alarming account of their numbers and savage appearance. There was obviously no time to lose. Already were two companies of the force in sight, and two officers of the corps were actually in the town seeking quarters for their men, when, at this critical moment, nine young men of the populace, 'prentice lads,' as they were termed, drawing their swords, snatched up the keys of the city, and making towards the ferry-gate, they suddenly raised the drawbridge, and shut the gates in the face of the approaching enemy. The adventurous spirit of the youths spread like wildfire. They were soon joined by numbers of citizens of their own class, and the guns were pointed against the advancing troops, who retired without further trouble. The example of Derry quickened the Protestant spirit of the north; numbers of men from the surrounding neighborhood flocked into the city to aid in its defence; and several other places, Enniskillen among the number, determined also to hold out for the Protestant cause."

King James was still in France, and saw how favorably disposed his Irish subjects were towards him, the greater part of whom had continued faithful; only three small towns, Londonderry, Coleraine, and Culmor, having rebelled in favor of the Prince of Orange. The English party in Ireland pressed William to send the necessary succors to support these towns. The royalists thought James's presence might be a check to the enemy; and being encouraged and assisted by France, he set sail with the celebrated Gabaret, and landed at Kinsale in March, accompanied by some French officers. At Cork he was joined by the Earl of Tyrconnel,

whom he created duke, and proceeded to Dublin, in the midst of a magnificent procession of forty thousand courageous Irish soldiers.

The Duke of Berwick, his natural son, accompanied by several officers, arrived in the camp of Hamilton before Coleraine; and the same night the general was informed that the enemy had abandoned the place, after having broken the bridge. The day following he entered Coleraine, and having repaired the bridge, and given the command of the place to Colonel O'Morra, he marched to Strabane, where he refreshed his troops and held a council of war. Here it was understood, through a letter, that the troops of Enniskillen and Derry, making in the whole about ten thousand men, were collected at Clodybridge, on the River Finn, under the orders of Major-General Lundee, for the purpose of opposing the royal army. After the contents of this letter were communicated, the council determined to march and attack the rebels. Hamilton set out with his army, and found, on his arrival, that the first arch of the bridge was broken, and a fort built on the other side, defended by two thousand men, drawn out in order of battle, upon an eminence near the fort. To surmount these difficulties, General Hamilton posted six companies of musketeers, with orders to fire on those who were guarding the fort, for the purpose of covering some workmen sent to repair the bridge. Every thing was done with the greatest order: the arch being repaired with planks and pieces of wood, the infantry passed over without difficulty, while the cavalry was crossing the river in view of the enemy. This intrepid act disconcerted the rebels: not only those who were guarding the fort, but the whole army took to flight, some of whom retreated to Derry, and some to Enniskillen. They were pursued to Raphoe by the royalist troops, who killed many of them, without any loss on their own side, except that of Robert Nangle, major in the regiment of Tyrconnel. After this advantage over the rebels, General Lundee, who commanded them, surrendered at Culmor, and embarked for England. Several other lesser battles were fought between both parties, too tedious to be inserted in this work.

Hamilton found abundance of provisions at Raphoe, where he stopped, and was joined by Lord Galmoy at the head of eight hundred men from the garrison of Trim. During his stay there, *he received some deputies from Derry, who offered to capitulate.* This garrison consisted of six thousand men; and the general, who knew the importance of the place, promised them their lives, properties, and protection, on condition that the city would surrender at twelve o'clock next day, which terms *were accepted and ratified on both sides.*

The king, who had stopped in Dublin, wishing to benefit by the first

moments of ardor which his presence excited among those of his own party, marched directly to the north. The rebels were not a little alarmed at this, having previously given up Coleraine and Culmor. The prince, accompanied by M. Rose, the deputy-marshal of France, Lord Melford, and some troops, arrived at St. Johnstown, between Raphoe and Derry, on the same day that Hamilton was in treaty with the deputies. The eagerness of the general to compliment the king on his arrival, made him likewise eager to give him an account of the campaign. *The monarch signified to General Hamilton his displeasure at the terms he was about to grant to the rebels of Derry*, and marched himself directly for that town, with the fresh troops he had with him, and immediately summoned it to surrender at *discretion*. This change made by the king, from the terms previously agreed upon, gave great alarm to the garrison. It had been stipulated that the king's troops should not advance till the place would be evacuated; and now they began to doubt his sincerity. It was determined, therefore, to defend the town to the last extremity, while waiting for succors that were expected from England. At this juncture, a Protestant minister, named Walker, took the command of the garrison, and infused great courage into the hearts of his party.

The siege was now begun. The royal army was reënforced by some newly-raised troops, who were as yet undisciplined. The whole then amounted to ten thousand men. The trenches were opened before the place, and the garrison was so straitened for provisions that they were at length forced to eat dogs, cats, &c. To lighten their numbers, six companies, belonging to Lord Mountjoy's regiment of infantry, were embarked and sent away. The garrison was well provided with warlike stores of every kind, and it had *forty pieces of cannon* planted upon the walls, which played on the besiegers. The succors by which the Prince of Orange intended to relieve Derry soon made their appearance. An English fleet of twenty ships of war, and three hundred transport-vessels laden with provisions, warlike stores, and six thousand troops, under the command of Major-General Kirke, appeared in Loughfoyle, in the beginning of August. Having relieved the besieged, just as they were on the point of surrendering, the royalists were forced to withdraw on the 10th of August, after a siege of seventy-three days, resisted with extraordinary bravery by the Protestant garrison. King James then ordered Hamilton to lead the army towards Dublin, to oppose Marshal Schomberg, who was expected to land with an army in the neighborhood of that city. Hamilton obeyed the king's

orders, first placing a garrison in Charlemont, under Captain O'Regan, an officer of high repute.

In the mean time, Schomberg landed between Carrickfergus and Belfast, and besieged the former town, which was under the command of M'Carty More, who, having but one barrel of powder, was forced to surrender the castle after a feeble defence. Schomberg then proceeded towards Dundalk.

The king, being arrived at Drogheda, sent two lieutenants, Butler of Kilcop, and Garland, each at the head of a detachment, to reconnoitre the enemy. They brought back word that Schomberg was encamped; that his right wing was stretched along Castle-Bellew, his centre extended towards Dundalk, and his left towards the sea. Upon this, the king marched towards Ardee, where he stopped, and, the day following, sent General Hamilton, with the whole of the cavalry, to the village of Aphene, where he was separated from the enemy by a bog and a small river. The king arrived, after a few hours, with the infantry, and encamped, for some days, in presence of the enemy. The Duke of Tyrconnel, M. Rose, and other general officers of the army, were for attacking the enemy. The opportunity was a favorable one, as sickness had got in among Schomberg's troops, and out of twelve thousand men, of whom his army was at first composed, there were not more than three thousand remaining in health; so that, if the proposed attack had been undertaken, Schomberg would have been forced to decamp, and return to his ships, three of which were in the harbor of Dundalk.

The king, by the advice of his general officers, put his army in order of battle, and marched with a design of turning the enemy, on the side of the morass. This proved only an ostentatious parade; as scarcely had they marched a league, when *he ordered the troops to return to their camp, where they continued till October, without making any further attempt.*

"If it were permitted to censure the conduct of a wise and virtuous king," says M'Geoghegan, "James the Second might be reproached with having committed two egregious oversights, which deeply affected his cause, and eventually caused the loss of Ireland. At Derry, he rejected, contrary to sound policy, a capitulation entered into between General Hamilton and the garrison of that city. This would have put into his hands that important place. It was the magazine of the north, and, besides being an arsenal, it afforded to his enemies, by its situation, an easy entrance into the kingdom. At Dundalk, he showed a weak compassion for the English, and an imprudent clemency towards subjects



armed against their sovereign, and ready to tear the sceptre from his hands, after they had violated all the respect due to royalty. It was in these circumstances that Monsieur Rose, according to Larrey, observed to the king, ‘Sire, if you possessed a hundred kingdoms, you would lose them.’”

King James and his army decamped the 10th of October, in presence of the exulting enemy, and lay all the winter idle in their quarters. Towards spring, he withdrew to Ardee and to Drogheda, and was soon joined by Sarsfield, from Sligo, who had routed and destroyed all the king’s enemies there. And had James now marched against Schomberg, with the victorious Sarsfield, all would have been saved.

At length, King William came over in person, bringing with him as strong a force as he could muster; joining Schomberg, and increasing his army to thirty-eight thousand men. With this force he marched towards King James’s army, now stationed on the Boyne. The Duke of Berwick makes James’s army twenty-three thousand, and that of the enemy forty-five thousand; of which M’Geoghegan proves that thirty-eight thousand were at the Boyne, under the command of William.

Finding the most circumstantial history of the celebrated battle of the Boyne in an English historian, (Smiles,) I transcribe it entire:—

“William reached the Boyne, at the head of his advanced guard, early on the morning of the 30th of June. After carefully surveying the lines of the Irish on the opposite side of the river, he resolved to force the passage on the following day. As his army was marching into camp, he himself went out to reconnoitre with some of his staff. The rich plains of Meath were within sight; the clear and joyous river ran sparkling through a fair and fertile pasture land; and the very summits of the hills were clad in verdure. ‘Behold,’ said William, turning to his officers—‘behold a land worth fighting for!’ As he advanced along the left bank, however, a circumstance occurred which had nearly proved fatal to William, and checked the career of his ambition. He had advanced to within musket-shot of Oldbridge, on the opposite side, when he fixed on the place where his batteries were to be planted, and decided upon the spot at which his army should pass the river; after which, he alighted, and sat down to refresh himself on a rising ground. The motions of William and his staff were carefully watched from the other side of the river. Berwick, Tyrconnel, Sarsfield, and some other generals, observed the position of William, and ordered up a detachment of men with two field-pieces, which immediately opened a fire on the opposite party. William, however, saw his danger, and took to horse; but, ere he could do this, a man and two horses alongside of him were killed by the first shot; the second had like to have proved fatal to him; the ball, having struck the bank of the river, rising *en ricochet*, slanted on the king’s right shoulder, took out a piece of his coat, and tore the skin and flesh. Some confusion immediately took place among the attendants of William, and he rode off, stoop-

ing in his saddle; on seeing which, the report immediately arose in the Irish army that the Prince of Orange was killed. This intelligence was immediately conveyed to Dublin, and from thence to the continent, where it caused both sadness and rejoicing. At Paris, the guns of the batteries were fired, the church bells were set ringing, and bonfires were lit in the streets, in commemoration of the event. William, however, was but slightly hurt; and, having got his wound dressed, he continued on horseback during the greater part of the day.

On the side of James, there was little of the resolute determination that was so conspicuous on the part of his opponent. After his sudden bravado, the cowardly monarch gradually cooled down, until he at length became as anxious to avoid an engagement as he had formerly been to court one. At the appearance of William's army marching into quarters, on the opposite side of the Boyne, the last vestiges of James's courage completely evaporated. A council of war was held late in the evening, when the French generals, who had perceived William's superiority in numbers and artillery, seconded James in his efforts to avert an encounter. On the other hand, the Irish generals were eager to engage with the enemy, and urged that William's passage of the Boyne should be desperately resisted. The result was, that James resolved to risk a partial battle, keeping himself out of harm's way the while, and then to retreat, by the pass of Duleek, without risking a general action. Hamilton, the Irish general, advised the sending of eight regiments to protect the bridge of Slane, a post of great consequence, inasmuch as it commanded the left of James's position, and there was little doubt that William's right wing would there attempt a passage; but James received the proposition with indifference, and said he would order thither fifty dragoons! Hamilton, surprised and chagrined, bowed, and was silent. In the mean time, James, in anticipation of a retreat, ordered the baggage and the principal part of the artillery to be immediately sent forward to Dublin. The fighting part of the affair on the morrow was intrusted to the Irish; while the six thousand French, the best-appointed part of the army, were to take care of the wretched monarch, and conduct him in safety from the field of battle. Thus did James deliberately make his preparations to throw away his last chance for his own throne, and to sacrifice, without a struggle, his brave and loyal adherents among the Irish people.

At William's council, a very different spirit prevailed. The mind of the leader gives the tone to every council. William was resolute, and bent on an engagement. He at once declared his determination to cross the river, on the morrow, in front of the enemy. The hazardous nature of such an attempt, however, startled some of William's best officers. Duke Schomberg, now above eighty years of age, endeavored to dissuade him from the enterprise. When he could not prevail, he urged that a strong body of men should be immediately detached to secure the bridge of Slane, so as to flank the enemy, and cut them off from the pass of Duleek. Schomberg's advice was received with indifference, and the old general retired, it is said, in disgust: he afterwards received the order of battle in his tent, remarking, that it had been 'the first ever sent to him.' The order of William was, that the river should be passed in three places—by his right wing, commanded by Count Schomberg (son of the duke) and Lieutenant-General Douglas, at the fords near the bridge of Slane,—the former commanding the cavalry, the latter the infantry; by the centre, commanded by Duke Schomberg;

and by the left wing, commanded by William in person. Orders were issued that every soldier should be provided with a plentiful stock of ammunition, and that all should be ready to march by break of day, and that every man should wear a green bough or sprig in his hat, to distinguish them from the Irish, who wore the white cockade. He rode through his whole army, about twelve o'clock at night, inspecting them by torch-light; and, after giving out the pass-word, 'Westminster,' he retired to his tent, impatient for the struggle of the morrow.

The shades of night lay still and quiet over the sleeping host. The stars looked down in peace upon these sixty thousand brothers of one great human family, ready to rise with the sun, and imbue their hands in each other's blood. God and nature had formed them in one common image, and breathed into them a deep sympathy for their kind; but tyrant factions and warring creeds had set them at bitter enmity to each other, and turned all the sweetness of their existence into gall. Nature now lay peaceful around them, as a sleeping child; a few twinkling lights gleamed through the dark, from the distant watchtowers of Drogheda; the murmur of the river which separated the two armies fell faintly on the ear; and the only sounds of life which arose from the vast host that now lay encamped in the valley of the Boyne, were the hoarse challenges of the sentinels, as they paced their midnight rounds.

The sun rose clear and beautiful. It was the first day of July—an ever-memorable day to poor Ireland. The *générale* was beat in the camp of William before daybreak; and, as soon as the sun was up, the battle commenced. Count Schomberg and General Douglas at once moved forward with the right wing towards Slane. The Irish also brought up their left wing towards the same place; but they were too late, owing to James's indecision of the previous night. Before their resistance could be brought to bear with effect upon the enemy's ranks, they had dashed into the river and forded it there. After a smart fight, the Irish retreated, and ten thousand English horse, foot, and artillery, gained a firm footing upon the right bank of the Boyne. There still, however, lay between them and the Irish position several fields enclosed by deep ditches difficult to be crossed; and beyond these lay the morass, which was a still more embarrassing obstacle in their way. They forced their way through, nevertheless; when the Irish fled towards Duleek, and were pursued with great slaughter.

The centre, under Duke Schomberg, so soon as it was supposed that the right wing had effected their passage, prepared to enter the river at Oldbridge. The Dutch blue guards, beating a march till they reached the water's edge, then went in eight or ten abreast, the water reaching above their girdles. When they had gained the centre of the stream, they were saluted with a tremendous fire from the breastworks, houses, and hedges, on the Irish side of the river. But they pushed on, and, reaching the opposite bank, drove the Irish skirmishers before them. Hamilton now brought the Irish battalions of infantry to bear on them, but without effect. The Irish cavalry also charged them with vigor, but the Dutch squares remained unbroken. William, observing that his favorite troops were hardly pressed, ordered two regiments of French Huguenots and one English regiment to their assistance. Hamilton's infantry met them in the stream, yet they made good their passage. But a body of Irish dragoons, at the moment of their landing, charged them on their flank, broke their ranks, and cut the greater part of them to pieces. Caillémote, their commander, was killed, dying



like a Frenchman, with the words in his mouth — '*A la gloire, mes enfans! A la gloire!*' [To glory, my sons! to glory!] A squadron of Danish horse now pushed across; but the Irish dragoons, in another of their dashing charges, broke and defeated them in a moment, driving them back across the river in great confusion and dismay.

The brilliant, rapid, and successful attacks of the Irish cavalry spread a general alarm through the ranks of the enemy. As they approached, the general cry of 'Horse! horse!' was raised, which was mistaken, by William's advancing soldiers, for 'Halt! halt!' The confusion was rapidly extending, when old Schomberg, perceiving the disorder, and that the remaining French Huguenots had no commander to lead them, crossed the river with a few followers, and put himself at their head. Pointing to the Frenchmen in James's ranks, he cried, '*Allons, messieurs, voilà vos persecuteurs!*' [Onward, men! behold your persecutors!] and was preparing to rush forward; but scarcely were these words out of his mouth, ere he was shot through the neck by an Irish dragoon, or, as some supposed, by a fatal mistake of one of his own men.

The critical moment had now arrived. The enemy's centre was in complete confusion. The Irish cavalry rode through their ranks. Their leaders, Schomberg and CailleMOTE, were both killed; and the men were waiting for orders, exposed to the galling fire of the Irish infantry and the furious charges of their cavalry. Had James improved the moment, and ordered the French troops to the instant aid of the Irish, there can be little doubt but the day would have been decided in his favor. *But James looked idly down from the heights of Donore, surrounded by his unoccupied French body-guard of six thousand men,—a safe and inglorious spectator of a struggle, on the issue of which his crown depended.* He watched the tide of battle veering, now here, now there; his enemies pushing their way in triumph, and the brave Irish falling beneath the swords of the foreigner; then the dashing charge of the Irish cavalry, the rout, the *mêlée*, the pursuit. Now was the time for the electric word, 'Onward!' to be sent along the line. But no; the miserable monarch did not even sympathize with the success of his own soldiers; for it is said that, on observing the Irish dragoons of Hamilton cleaving down the cavalry, and riding over the broken infantry, of William, he exclaimed, with a mawkish sensibility, 'Spare, O spare my English subjects!'

The firing had now lasted, uninterruptedly, for more than an hour, when William of Orange seized the opportunity to turn the tide of battle against his spiritless adversary. He entered the action at the head of the left wing, which consisted chiefly of Dutch, Danish, and English cavalry, and directed it upon James's centre, where the Irish now had the decided advantage. Crossing the river through a dangerous and difficult pass, in which he was exposed to considerable danger, he made his appearance at the head of his squadrons, with his drawn sword, and soon forced back the Irish infantry. But the Irish dragoons still maintained their superiority. They again vigorously charged the foreign troops, and completely broke their ranks. William hastened up to the Enniskilleners, and asked, 'What will you do for me?' They answered by a shout, and immediately declared their readiness to follow him. They advanced; but at the first volley from the Irish ranks, they wheeled and fled. On William bringing up his Dutch cavalry, they returned again to the charge. The struggle now became very close, and the superior strength of William began to tell. The



Irish, unsupported as they were by their French allies, while William's entire army was in action, slowly gave way; but again and again they rallied, driving back the enemy; the Irish cavalry dashing in among the advancing troops, scorning all toil and danger. William fought with great courage, mingling in the hottest part of the fight. Several times he was driven back by the Irish horse; but at last his superior physical power enabled him to force back the Irish troops, and they retired slowly towards Donore. Here they again made a gallant stand, beating back the troops of William several times. The farm-house of Sheephouse for a long time withstood their attacks, and was taken and retaken again and again. Again Hamilton endeavored to retrieve the fortune of the day, by a desperate charge at the head of his horse. The British infantry withstood the furious shock; the cavalry were repulsed; and Hamilton, their general, was left a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Having thus resisted to the last, the Irish retreated slowly to the pass of Duleek.

James had already meditated a retreat with his French troops. Sarsfield had implored him to put himself at their head, and make a last effort for his crown. With six thousand fresh men coming into the field when the enemy's troops were exhausted by fatigue, there is little doubt but James would have succeeded. But the effort would cost him trouble, exertion, danger, — neither of which the royal poltroon would risk. Accordingly, James put himself at the head of his French troops, — the first occasion on which he had led in the course of the day, — and set out on his route towards Dublin, leaving the rear of his army to shift for themselves.

The Irish army now poured through the pass; and when they had reached the other side, they faced about, and vigorously defended it with their scanty artillery. From Duleek they pressed forward towards the Neal, another defile on their route, the enemy following without pressing upon them at all, until night closed upon the rival armies, and William sat down with his army on the ground which James had occupied in the morning.

Though 'the Boyne' has since become a party word of triumph among the Protestants of Ireland, it seems to us that, after all, there was very little to boast of at the close of that day's battle. All the advantage that William had gained was, that he had succeeded in crossing the Boyne, in the face of a very inferior force — inferior in numbers, in appointments, in discipline, and in artillery. His best troops had been repeatedly repulsed; his best generals killed. William himself was compelled to fall back, and more than once was in danger of overthrow; and would have been overthrown, but for his great superiority in cavalry, infantry, and artillery. The best part of James's force, the French, were never brought into action. Yet, with all these disadvantages, the issue was doubtful even to the close of the day. William gained nothing but the ground on which his army encamped at night, and the dead bodies with which the field was strewn; for, with the exception of Hamilton, he made no prisoners; neither did he take any spoil from the Irish, who retreated in excellent order, with all their baggage and artillery. There is little doubt that, had not the Irish the misfortune to be commanded by a coward, the result would have been very different. The cry of the Irish, after the battle, was, 'Change generals, and we will fight the battle over again.' The brilliant and successful charges of the Irish cavalry under Hamilton, showed what might have been accomplished had James but possessed a tithe of the chivalrous spirit of this leader. The Boyne was neither more nor less than

a drawn battle, though to William it had all the advantages of a complete victory."

I compress from O'Callaghan a few additional remarks on this unfortunate battle: —

"The attacking force at the Boyne was thirty-six thousand men, wanting for nothing, with **FIFTY** pieces of cannon; that of the Irish was fourteen thousand Irish, six thousand French, — total, twenty thousand men, with only *six* pieces of cannon. The Irish were newly-raised, undisciplined troops; while those of William were veterans, most of whom had fought on the Continent, and led by William, one of the most indefatigable captains of his own or any age. On the other hand, if it be true, according to Chabrias, the Athenian general, that 'an army of stags led by a lion would be better than an army of lions led by a stag,' what a great disadvantage and discouragement the Irish suffered in being led by such an *imbecile*, nay, such an absolute *runaway*, as James; yet, after the action, which lasted from six in the morning till night, the Irish were found to have lost only one thousand men and one cannon; while the English lost five hundred men, and their best general, *Schomberg*; and it is supposed their loss was far more than five hundred, for, on the review of their army at Finglas, after the battle, the muster-roll did not exceed thirty thousand. The pass at Oldbridge was guarded by the Irish with great valor. The English charged *ten* times, and were as often repulsed in the course of the day. The Irish yielded *that* point to a force more than double their number."

The Irish army, under Tyrconnel and Sarsfield, made good their retreat to the fortifications on the western side of the Shannon, fighting their way with their pursuers the entire distance. They secured their positions, however, in the strongholds of Sligo, Athlone, Limerick, and Cork.

King William sent General Douglas, with eight thousand men, to take Athlone. It was well fortified. The town was built on both sides of the River Shannon, over which there was a single connecting bridge. On the English side of the town, the fortifications were light; but on the Irish side, the batteries were stoutly built, and well furnished with heavy guns. This garrison was under the command of Colonel Grace, a brave old Irish officer, who had fought against Cromwell, and defended Athlone twice before. His effective force was eight hundred men, though the English make the eight hundred two thousand. However, the English brought before the town eight thousand seven hundred and ninety-four men, twelve cannon, and two mortars. At the approach of the enemy, Colonel Grace broke down the bridge, and betook himself to the Irish side of the river. When called upon to surrender, that heroic chieftain replied by firing a pistol over the messenger's head, exclaiming, "These are my terms." The assault commenced, and was continued day and night, by the assailants, with the greatest fury, resisted

with heroic bravery, accompanied by the shouts of hearty defiance from the besieged.

After seven days' firing on the town, Douglas, having lost three hundred and thirty men, drew off his forces to Limerick, where he joined King William, who was now preparing to attack that city.

Having now Dublin, Drogheda, Carrickfergus, Londonderry, Armagh, Wexford, Waterford, and Duncannon garrisons in his possession, William laid furious siege to Limerick, as being the key to the west and south of Ireland. About three eighths of the kingdom were still in possession of the Irish. Their king, for whom, and for the rights of conscience, they had taken up arms, had left them to their fate. The half of their French allies had returned to France, at the instigation of the French commander, the ignoble *Lauson*, who marched out of Limerick just as King William appeared before the walls. But who could be expected to support the cause of a runaway prince? The Irish, under all these circumstances, had determined to make a death-like stand for their country and their freedom.

King William's besieging army, before the walls of Limerick, now amounted to twenty-five thousand men, with a considerable train of artillery; that of the Irish on the other side amounted to twenty thousand, of which ten thousand only were armed. The Irish lay within a strong-walled garrison, protected by the current of the river, which washed part of its base, and, being considerably animated by the bravery of the Athlone garrison, awaited the attack with undaunted hearts. King William had ordered to his assistance a considerable park of artillery, and great quantities of ammunition, which were on their way to him from Dublin.

Sarsfield, hearing of it, went up the river twelve miles from Limerick, and, with a party of chosen cavalry, crossed over to the rear of William's army, hung in the mountains, and waited the coming of those supplies from Dublin. William, hearing of his move, sent an additional guard of five hundred cavalry to protect the ammunition, which met the cavalcade and artillery, and conducted them to within five miles of William's camp; and here, thinking Sarsfield would not have audacity enough to come near them, being overborne with fatigue, encamped for the night. Sarsfield watched them, fell on them while their horses were grazing, destroyed them as they rose to meet him, leaving not one of them alive to escape. He then filled all their cannon with their own gunpowder, buried the muzzles in the earth, piled their baggage and waggons on the top, and, by a well-fixed train, blew all up into atoms,

the explosion of which was heard in William's camp, and fifteen miles' distance all around.

Although the English were now out on all sides to intercept Sarsfield, yet he cut his way through his enemies, carried off a considerable booty, recovered his position behind the walls of Limerick, by the morning's light, and there communicated the utmost enthusiasm to the garrison.

King William was amazed at the bravery and skill of Sarsfield, whom, as he said, he did not believe capable of such an able manœuvre. William, though disturbed in his operations, prosecuted the siege with vigor. Playing with forty pieces of ordnance, for twenty-seven days, on the walls, he at length effected a breach thirty-six feet wide. He now ordered an assault, which was made by six thousand men, supported by a reserve of eight thousand, all excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by the presence and example of their king.

The besieged watched all the preparations of the enemy, and were ready for a desperate resistance. A dead silence reigned alike in the camp of the besiegers and in the city. The silence was broken by three cannon-shots, the signal of attack. And now the stormers spring forward to the breach: as they approach, the Irish open on them a terrible discharge. They press on to the breach amidst a tremendous fire, fighting foot to foot, and hand to hand; and now the advance men enter; the Irish close behind them, they are all cut to pieces; new chargers press on; they come faster and more furious; the shouts of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded, are drowned by the din of the besiegers' cannon thundering against the walls; the Irish oppose themselves in masses to the progress of the invader. The invaders enter the breach, fight for *four hours* under cover of the thunder of thirty pieces of artillery, and what remain unkilld of them retreat dismayed. The Irish women fought with desperate fury; they flung themselves into the ranks with the men, which greatly animated them; and a struggle was sustained which illumines the page of Irish history, and flings a radiance on their posterity that yet will light them to victory.

The English, under cover of their artillery, returned a second time to the breach, but were equally unsuccessful. On this occasion, they were driven out quicker than before, and pursued to their very camp by the Irish, to the great distress and dismay of King William, who rebuked his commanders with bitterness. If the Irish lost one thousand men at the Boyne, the English lost more than two thousand men here, together with one hundred and fifty-eight officers killed and wounded.



The English Parson *Story*, who accompanied William, and wrote an account of his wars in Ireland, thus describes the bravery of the Limerick women ; to be seen in O'Callaghan's *Green Book*, 200 : —

"The Irish then ventured upon the breach again, and from the walls and every place so pestered us upon the counterscarp, that after nigh three hours resisting bullets, stones, (*from the very WOMEN, who boldly STOOD IN THE BREACH, FIGHTING WITH SUCH WEAPONS AS THEY COULD CATCH FROM THE SLAIN, AND WERE NEARER TO OUR MEN THAN TO THEIR OWN!*) and whatever ways could be thought on to destroy us, our ammunition being spent, it *was judged safest* to return to our trenches." — *Impartial History*, by Story, p. 129.

"The battle was described as so terrific, by a looker-on," says O'Callaghan, "that, with the thunder of the cannon and the roar of the musketry, the very skies appeared rending asunder ; the smoke that came from the town reached, in one continued cloud, to the top of a mountain at least six miles off" ! And yet the women and the men of Limerick stood, during this thunder, in the very eye of death, and clashed with the lightning of the invader, and struck him to the earth.

O illustrious women and men ! where is the hand to sound your praises ! Where are "Cormac's bards," to give your deeds to immortal song ! But your bright deeds shall live in our hearts, and light the patriots of other ages to victory !

I pity the cold heart that can read these things unmoved. I agree with O'Callaghan that —

"The MAN that is not moved with what he reads,  
That takes not fire at *such* heroic deeds,  
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,  
Is *base in kind*, and *born to be a slave!*"

I am not one of these. I feel the influence of their inspiring deeds enter into my soul, and I inscribe to their glorious memories the homage of my heart in song : —

Hurrah for the heroes of Limerick town !  
Whom the power of William could never put down !  
Hurrah for brave Sarsfield ! though dead in his grave,  
His spirit yet fires the valiant and brave.  
And if ever the day shall come again,  
When Lim'rick women and Limerick men  
Shall be called to the breach to defend their own land,  
May *we* be all there just to give them a hand !

The Prince of Orange asked the garrison for a cessation of arms, to bury his dead, which was "haughtily refused ;" and, finally, in a few days after this defeat, he was compelled to raise the siege. The Eng-

lish army decamped in great disorder under General Ginckle, after setting fire to the houses in which the sick and wounded lay. They marched from thence to Birr, while, in the mean time, King William had himself escorted to Waterford, where he embarked for England.

I cannot dismiss this brilliant page in Irish history, without weighing and considering the discouraging circumstances under which so signal a victory was won.

In the first place, King James refused to confirm the terms of capitulation, made by his able General, Hamilton, with the Derry men, by which they agreed to give up the garrison, containing *forty pieces of cannon and sixty thousand stand of arms*, to Hamilton; which the king refused to confirm unless they submitted to his *mercy*, thereby rendering them liable to be tried and hanged as *rebels*, which they apprehending, returned to their defence, and fought it out bravely, living on dogs, cats, and rats, for several weeks, till succor arrived, which obliged King James to raise the siege, after his army had dwindled away to half their original number.

In the second place, King James allowed the invading army, which first arrived in Ireland under Schomberg, to remain unmolested *several months* in Newry, though fully able to attack them; especially, moreover, as the majority of Schomberg's twelve or fourteen thousand men were taken ill with a sort of plague, which rendered more than five thousand of them totally unfit for service; and this, forsooth, out of *humanity towards his English subjects*.

In the third place, King James refused, though strongly pressed by his Irish commanders, Tyrconnel, Sarsfield, and Sir Neal O'Neal, the night before the battle of the Boyne, to place a strong guard at the pass over that river, at Old Bridge, the neglect of which enabled the British to come upon the flank of the Irish army.

In the fourth place, King James, instead of coming to the aid of his troops in the crisis of that battle, with his reserve of six thousand French, fled the field ere it terminated, and, instead of rallying an Irish regiment, that temporarily gave way near him, he himself, who had all at stake, took to flight! for which the Irish have called him, from that day to the present, "*Shemus a hochu*," which, in English, means *Jemmy the dirty*.

In the fifth place, King James, on his return to France, met with a French fleet, under De Seignelay, sent to his support by the king of France, whose orders were to cruise round the coast of Ireland, to watch and destroy the transports bringing ammunition and provisions to King William; but, instead of allowing them to proceed on their duty, he induced the fleet to return, as a convoy to protect himself in his flight.

In the sixth place, *Lauson*, the French commander, who retreated on Limerick, with the Irish army from the Boyne, withdrew from the aid of that garrison. "As soon as the enemy had appeared before Limerick, the French general, with *all* his troops, marched straight to Galway, taking with him a great quantity of ammunition," &c. — Vide *King James's Memoirs*.

In the seventh place, *Boislau*, the French governor of Limerick, during the assault, ordered several battalions from the breach, which HAD HE BEEN OBEYED IN, THE TOWN HAD BEEN LOST. This is proved by King James's Memoirs; and Mr. O'Callaghan considers that these French generals had been bribed to act in this way, and, to justify this view, produces the postscript of a letter written from King William's camp before Limerick, by Sir Arthur Rawden, three days after the battle, namely, 29th August, 1690. After having said, "We never have received such a foil," the writer adds, "We got *their* countersign — got into the breach — but were beaten back." — *Rawden Papers*, pp. 337 and 338.

So that, considering all these circumstances, — the mismanagement of the king, the abandonment or treachery of allies, and the unlucky reverses previously encountered, — the defence of Limerick by the Irish alone equals, if it does not surpass, the bravest and brightest military exploit on the page of universal history.

Soon after this, the famous *Marlborough* was sent by King William to Cork, with ten thousand men and some ships of war. Cork and Kinsale were reduced by him, after a brave defence of some days on the part of the Irish under Magelligot in Cork and M'Carthy in Kinsale, who, however, ere their little band surrendered, had consumed all their powder, and obtained a capitulation as "prisoners of war," which was perfidiously broken through by Marlborough. The prisoners were starved in prison, the dead left unburied, and disease carried off the majority of four thousand men who surrendered. These English have no honor in war or in peace. — See *O'Callaghan*, pp. 204 and 205. — It may be mentioned that these Irish commanders were advised to burn the cities of Cork and Kinsale, and retire to the mountains of Kerry, which would have been wiser, though perhaps less brave.

Marlborough, Ginckle, and Douglas, King William's chief generals, now concerted a grand plan for the winter campaign. Their united forces spread along the frontier line, from Cork to Enniskillen, amounted to about forty-three thousand men. The war had already cost King William a loss of about five thousand men, together with a considerable amount of ammunition. Something decisive must be done, or his chances of conquest would become precarious. A southern division of two thou-

sand horse and foot were ordered to penetrate Kerry, under the English General Tatten, but were so harassed by the nimble Irish on their light, unshod, mountain horses, that, after two or three months' skirmishing among the mountains, and a repulse by Colonel M'Carthy, from his strong castle of Ross, the invaders returned to winter in Cork. Ginckle, the commander-in-chief of the English, subsequently marched into Kerry with a great force, but was even less successful than Tatten, which he avows in his letter to the government at Dublin, in which he strongly urges King William to treat with the Irish Catholics upon fair and liberal principles. See *O'Callaghan's Green Book*, 208 and 209. General Douglas was equally unsuccessful against Sligo; and the troops of the Duke of Berwick, stationed on the Connaught side of the Shannon, kept the English army busy all the winter; insomuch that Captain O'Connor, with only one hundred and twenty men, chased the English, at one time, as far as Philipstown, in the King's county, which he entered sword in hand, killed upwards of one hundred troopers, and burnt the town. The English Parson *Story* thus writes about the relative prowess of both armies, during this winter: "We retired farther into the country, (towards Dublin,) and left them (the Irish) all the passes and forts upon the Shannon, by which means they are not to be kept in their own province of Connaught, as they might have been, but can keep us out, and also come amongst us when they have a mind to it." — *Impartial History*, p. 147. I insert an appropriate note from O'Callaghan.

"It is needless to say that the Irish *had* 'a mind to it,' since, in aid of those 'trips over the water,' the territory nominally in possession of the English was overrun and ravaged as far as Kildare, Wicklow, and the counties adjacent to Dublin, by different light parties, under various Rapparee leaders, such as Macabe, Grace, Higgins, Callaghan, Cavanagh, the 'White Sergeant,' and 'Galloping Hogan,' who were called 'robbers, thieves, and bog-trotters,' by the English and *their* faction, for only levying contributions and waging a system of defensive and patriotic warfare, with the approbation of their legitimate sovereign, James the Second! similar to the hostilities which Alfred, entitled the *Great*, because *successful*, carried on with *his* Rapparees from the woods and bogs of Somersetshire against the Danes and the advocates of a Danish 'connection' and 'glorious revolution!' 'He sought,' says the historian, speaking of Alfred, 'the woods and deserts to conceal himself . . . where there was a peninsula *surrounded by swamps*. . . . Fortified in his island against a surprise from the enemy, by entrenchments of earth and wood, *he led the HARD and SAVAGE life reserved, in every conquered country, for such of the vanquished as are TOO PROUD FOR SLAVERY* — that of a *FREE-BOOTER in the woods, morasses, and defiles!* At the head of his *friends*, formed into bands, *he plundered the DANES, laden with spoil*, and, if Danes were wanting, *the Saxon who OBEYED the FOREIGNERS and saluted them as his masters!*' — *Thierry*, vol. i. p. 110 — 112. The most distinguished, however, of those



brave Irish partisans who infested the Irish territory occupied by the enemy, — one who, in the language of Milton, —

‘————— above the rest,  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower,’ —

was a gentleman of Tipperary, Anthony Carroll, surnamed Fada, or *the Tall*, who possessed an estate there, and, by his influence among the Rapparees, could, according to Story, ‘upon any alarm bring together to the number of at least two thousand!’ This gentleman (who, unlike our *heroes* of the present day, required no special commissions or insurrection acts to protect him from *his* tenantry!) seized on, garrisoned, and held the Castle of Nenagh, taken from the English after their defeat at Limerick, and gave ‘plenty to do,’ through the autumn and winter of 1690, and part of the spring and summer of 1691, during which he maintained himself in that stronghold, whence he made frequent excursions through the country till the 2d of August, 1691, when, on the collection, in his neighborhood, of ALL the English forces, after the battle of Aughrim, for the second siege of Limerick, the gallant castellan of Nenagh evacuated that fortress, burned the town, and brought away the whole of his garrison of five hundred men in safety, towards Limerick, in spite of the pursuit of a strong party of Ginckle’s cavalry, under Brigadier Leveson and Major Wood.”

With such persevering bravery, though deserted by a great portion of their French allies, did the Irish keep up the war all that winter; and, surprising as it appears, it is actually true that the regular army of the English amounted to forty-one thousand men, when the entire population of Ireland did not exceed one million and a half — the half of which were in the English interest. And yet, with that thundering army harassing them, — a greater than England ever since brought to bear on any point of Europe, — the Irish were able to *gain* on the invaders, to cut up their encampments and their troops. “Their way was,” says Story, speaking of the Irish irregulars, “to make a private appointment to meet at such a pass or wood, precisely at such a time of the night or day as suited their conveniency; and though you could not see a man over night, yet, exactly at their hour, you might find four or five hundred, all well armed and ready for what design they had formerly projected; but if they happened to be discovered or overpowered, they presently dispersed, having beforehand appointed another place of rendezvous ten or twelve miles distant from that where they were, by which means our men could never fix any close engagement on them during the winter.”

The summer of 1691 now opened. King William was pouring troops into Ireland all the spring, and there was, in fine, sixty-seven English regiments, consisting of thirty thousand foot and about seven thousand five hundred horse, with immense quantities of arms, ammunition, clothing, and money, to carry on the war; besides which, there were under

arms, on William's side, twelve thousand militia, who were placed in the defence of towns, forts, &c. Arms were sent into the settlements of Protestants, who were inflamed by religious fears and frenzy towards the Irish Catholics. Besides all which, William had now in Ireland thirty-nine heavy cannon, twelve field-pieces, and six mortars.

On the Irish side, there were about fourteen thousand natives, with six thousand French allies. Of the latter three thousand were prisoners of all nations, taken by the French, in their battles in the Low Countries, some of whom were actually English; and at the Boyne three hundred of these "allies" deserted to William's side, in presence of both armies. Louis made great promises of assistance to King James; he sent him two thousand barrels of powder, eight thousand stand of small arms, — very bad, and of little use, — but no cannon, and one million five hundred thousand *copper* crowns, bearing King James's effigy, which were prepared at Brest. The French assistance arrived in May, under St. Ruth. That general brought over some provisions, ammunition, and clothing; and now the entire force of Ireland was placed, by James, under the chief command of the French Marshal St. Ruth, and amounted to twenty thousand men, the chief part of which moved on the western side of the Shannon, towards Athlone, which is in the centre of Ireland. The Irish had in their possession all Connaught onwards to Sligo, on the north-west, together with the counties of Clare, Limerick, Kerry, and part of the county Cork, in the south. They were protected along their front by the Shannon, and in their rear by the Atlantic Ocean.

Ginckle, at the head of seventeen thousand men, with twenty pieces of cannon, moved from Dublin towards Athlone. At Ballimore, within ten miles of Athlone, he encountered the first resistance, where a garrison defended by one thousand men, under Uliake Burke, bravely fought, until their powder was exhausted, when they surrendered. Ginckle sent seven hundred of the Irish soldiers, found here, to starve on the Island of Lambay, near Dublin, from which none of them ever returned. Before Ginckle captured this garrison, he encountered, in his way to it, an old castle, guarded by a sergeant and fifteen men. When called upon to surrender by the general, at the head of seventeen thousand men, this undaunted fellow, with that reckless courage for which the Irish are remarkable, *fired upon the enemy*, and made a desperate resistance, until he was dislodged by superior numbers; when the English general, instead of applauding him for his bravery, *hanged* him for his *rashness*. The delays offered to Ginckle by the resistance at Ballimore enabled the Irish, encamped near Athlone, to get into a state of defence.

Ginckle moved on Athlone at four o'clock in the morning of the 18th June, 1691, with twenty-five thousand men, and a considerable park of artillery. General Fitzgerald, who commanded the outposts of the Irish, sent out two or three hundred men to harass and delay the approaching enemy; which service they performed so skilfully, that Ginckle's advance-guard did not get to the walls of Athlone for five hours after he set out, though the distance from his bivouac was only five miles.

St. Ruth, who lay a few miles from Athlone, neglected to send forward a sufficient force to defend the garrison. The outer fortifications, on the Leinster side of the river, were now attacked by Ginckle's main army; thirteen pieces of cannon played upon the walls for forty-eight hours. The English were refreshed by relays from their numerous army, while the Irish, consisting of only a little band, between three and four hundred, defended the outward garrison with great bravery, working all the time, night as well as day, every moment expecting reënforcements from Field-Marshal St. Ruth.

At five o'clock, on the second day, the English cannon made a breach in the walls, and four thousand men rushed to the assault. The gallant band within the fortification fought till half their number were killed, and then, with consummate address, a party of them went to work to destroy the stone arches of the bridge which led across the river to the Irish side; while the remaining handful withstood the murderous bayoneting of the four thousand invaders, *until the two stone arches of the bridge were demolished, and then only the remnant retreated within the Irish walls.*

Never, surely, was there performed, by a besieged few, a more glorious defence than this!

In three or four days, Ginckle had his preparations made for cannonading the Irish town. He was soon able to point at least twenty cannon and mortars against the walls. These walls had been, the previous year, especially the *castle*, lined by clay walls, eighteen feet thick. The English batteries had been playing away, for five days, on the walls and castle, without doing any great damage. On the 27th June, the *eighth* battery, of five guns, was planted in a meadow below the town, to rake the flanks of the Irish garrison. Ginckle had fired away nearly all his cannon-shot. A hundred cart-loads of cannon balls arrived from Dublin on the 26th. The English guns now blazed away night and day; not a cat could safely expose its head on the Irish ramparts: the Irish army worked like horses, in filling up the breaches with clay and stone, and ventured, with the rashness of desperate men, to the eye of

danger. No sooner was a breach made in any part of the walls, than hundreds of stout hearts and willing hands flew to repair it, though every moment some one of them was shot off by a cannon ball. Sometimes they drove up oxen into the breaches, which were shot by the enemy's balls, and falling into them, the Irish adroitly covered over the carcasses with clay and stones, which made excellent ramparts. The English were amazed at the bravery and tact of their adversaries, and the French officers acknowledged they never saw more resolution and firmness in any men or in any nation.

The great struggle of Ginckle was to get the bridge; but this was contested by the Irish inch by inch. At length their wooden fascines having been set on fire by the English grenades, the party in defence of the bridge had to retire within the fortress. Ginckle now threw beams over both of the broken arches, and was preparing to put planks across them, intending to pass directly over, boasting to his officers that he would spend Sunday (the next day) in the Irish fortress.

At this moment, a brave dragoon sergeant, named Custume, offered with his own guard to stop the enemy. The offer of the sergeant and his ten daring companions was accepted; and in the face of the English firing, they began, with courage and strength, to pull away the English beams and planks, and fling them into the water. A tremendous fire of great and small arms from the whole English line was directed upon those gallant fellows. They were all slain before they could complete their desperate task. Undeterred by *their* fate, eleven more then sprang forth to continue what remained to be done. Another general discharge of cannon was now directed on the spot; *the smoke cleared away; nine of the eleven had fallen*; but the beams were all thrown into the river. The bridge was rendered impassable, and two of the gallant fellows returned in triumph within their walls.

May not Irishmen be forgiven for pausing on this heroic deed, and expressing their admiration of these unparalleled defenders of their country's liberty?

Ginckle, foiled a second time in his efforts to cross the bridge, now directed his artillery with terrific fury on the town. The Irish guns were disabled. Thirteen squadrons of horses and carriages were sent to Dublin for more ammunition. All that had been brought down previously was nearly used. The garrison had stood an incessant fire, for *nine days and nights*, from the "whole artillery" of Ginckle.

The English general now determined to ford the river, which, in the memory of man, was never known to be so low. This enterprise having



been communicated to St. Ruth by his spies from the English camp, he instantly made preparations to drive the enemy back into the water, should he be daring enough to cross. The next morning, a bridge of boats was got ready by the English. The broken bridge was approached under cover of moving galleries and breastworks. The Irish, on the opposite side, were not idle. A grenade, flung by an Irish soldier into the English works on the bridge, set them on fire, and their men had to fall back. This disaster retarded the plan of Ginckle; and observing how well prepared St. Ruth was to receive them, they thought it prudent to give up the attack, after expending already in the siege fifty tons of powder, six hundred bombs, twelve thousand cannon balls, and several tons of stone, shot from the cannon!

Ginckle's officers knew not what to think, seeing themselves a third time defeated in so great a project. The Irish were filled with joy at what they thought was an abandonment of all further design upon the town. St. Ruth, when he saw the English retire, marched his own army back to his camp, two miles from Athlone, where, to commemorate the enemy's defeat, he gave an entertainment to the ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood — a fatal trick of the French, by which Ireland was twice lost; first by this very carousing of St. Ruth after the victory, and again by the French officers who landed from Tone's expedition, in Killala, in 1798, under Humbert, who, having, with the United Irish, beaten twenty thousand British troops, in three field battles, and driven them from Castle-bar into the heart of Ireland, instead of pursuing the victory, gave a series of balls and entertainments to the gentlefolks of Castle-bar, and remained ten or twelve days loitering in pleasure, until the enemy, recovering his strength, returned and defeated them. *Men who struggle for liberty should never taste of pleasure till it is won, and secured beyond the possibility of danger.*

And here I must remark how frequent and unfortunate it is that the liberties of mankind are jeopardized, and even lost, by the paltry jealousies of chiefs. The Duke of Tyrconnel, who had been twice in France, the successful ambassador of the Irish; who had commanded in many well-contested actions, and had been always lucky and victorious, was doomed to become a victim to a cabal raised in the Irish army, and countenanced by St. Ruth; and he was finally so disgusted, that he quitted the ranks of his countrymen, whose ingratitude, more powerful than the steel of the enemy, had entered his great soul.

The English government at Dublin were at this time in the deepest gloom. The noble defence of the Irish astonished and confounded them.

In anticipation of their defeat in the west, they began to barricade the city of Dublin, to secure a retreat; and Ginckle had actually withdrawn some of his cannon from the walls, with the intention, it is said, of retiring. Ginckle, mortified beyond measure at his failure, after all his boastful promises, now held a council of war, at which it was determined, on the afternoon of the 3d, to ford the river at six o'clock, on the ensuing morning, and fight a way to the Irish ramparts, which were now so much damaged as to be accessible by assault.

The attack was commenced at six o'clock in the morning of the 1st of July, 1691, by two thousand grenadiers, commanded by General Mackay, led on by Captain Sandys, and —

“Under cover of the British cannon,  
 Their grenadiers in armor crossed the Shannon;  
 Led by brave Captain Sandys, who, with fame,  
 Plunged to his middle in the rapid stream.  
 He led them through, and, with undaunted ire,  
 They gained the bank in spite of all our fire.”

St. Ruth, at this time, lay with his main army two miles to the rear of the town. He did not dream that the English would have made this *fourth*, or “forlorn hope” attack, until roused from his bed the morning after the ball, by the roar of the enemy’s cannon. The town was unprotected against such an attack, it having not more than twelve or thirteen hundred men for its defence; and St. Ruth, by the most unlucky obstinacy, and unaccountable pride, REFUSED TO SEND AID IN THE MORNING, WHEN WARNED OF THE PREPARATIONS OF THE ENEMY by the commanding officer of the town, who sent out to the general for a reënforcement, but was instantly answered, “if *he* was afraid, *another* general officer would be sent there.”

Meanwhile the English gain the Irish side of the river. The example of the advance companies animated those behind, and soon several thousand of the English were seen rushing headlong into the stream, while their artillery, from their high batteries, with well-pointed aim, cut down the Irish as fast as they appeared on their ramparts. At another part of the river the English threw over a bridge of boats, over which a column of two thousand men soon passed. Enough is stated. The town was encompassed with English soldiers on every side. The Irish fought, and fell in vain, against so overpowering a force. The pride of their French chief would not allow him to send them that timely succor, which, had they obtained when first demanded in the morning,

would have enabled them to destroy a third part of Ginckle's army, and mayhap decide the campaign.

Fate, however, ruled it so. The perverse Frenchman refused a *second* application from the town, made when Mackay's troops plunged into the water. He is described as having been then quite at his ease, sitting in his tent, signing articles against the patriotic Duke of Tyrconnel, and about to set out on a shooting excursion: "It is impossible," he exclaimed, on hearing the news, "that the English should attempt to take a town, and I so near, with an army to succor it!" To this the brave Sarsfield, who was present, replied, that he *knew* the enterprise was *not* too difficult for English courage to attempt. He urged the immediate despatch of succor to the town; but, St. Ruth continuing to make a jest of the news, a quarrel between those two chief commanders was the unfortunate result.

St. Ruth was convinced, when too late, by the thunder of the British cannon, that the action had commenced, and then sent on two brigades of infantry, which were useful only in covering the retreat of the remnant of the Irish garrison, who were driven from the town, and were found contending the ground, inch by inch, with their pursuers. The English, seeing the reinforcements arrive, retired behind those walls from which they had dislodged the Irish; and the latter, dispirited by the misconduct of their chief, and the loss of five hundred of their body, who were slain that morning, retired to the main body at the camp.

"Thus," says O'Callaghan, from whose very minute history of King William's invasion I have partly compressed the foregoing outline, "not through *native*, but *foreign* misconduct, not through the fault of the *Irish*, but of their general, Athlone was at length taken, after a resistance that does honor even to Irish valor." The loss of the Irish, in defending this place during twelve days, was about thirteen hundred men, with all their cannon, &c.

St. Ruth, though an able general, had, by his arrogance towards the Irish commanders, and his loss of Athlone, so disgusted and dispirited his army, that upwards of five thousand of them abandoned his camp. Finding his fame and cause endangered, he suddenly altered his bearing towards his companions, sought a reconciliation with Sarsfield, and busied himself up and down to conciliate and encourage every body. He retired to the hill of Kilcommoden, where he posted his entire army most advantageously. A bog or morass secured his front. (This morass is now a rich meadow.) The only approach to his ground lay through two narrow passes, about two miles apart; the one called the *pass of Au-*

*ghrim*, and the other the *pass of Urrachree*. That part of his ground faced by the morass was most favorably shielded by several white-thorn hedges and ditches, in which his infantry were posted, flanked by cavalry and a few cannon. He had now but nine pieces of cannon remaining. His reserve was strongly intrenched on the hill, from which he could observe the entire movements of the enemy; and behind him all approach was cut off by rivers, broken bridges, woods, and strong detachments of troops.

St. Ruth was unquestionably a man of first-rate military talent, and seemed now determined to make up for past faults and follies. Though he had not yet become reconciled to Sarsfield, still the army, seeing him do his part so well, determined to die or conquer. The English, after some ten days spent in fortifying Athlone, posting troops at several points on the English side of the Shannon, receiving supplies of men and ammunition from England, &c., now approached Aughrim, which lies about three miles south-west of Balinasloe.

St. Ruth, on the Irish side, flew through his ranks, and addressed the men and officers in the most enthusiastic language. The clergy also exhorted them, and prepared the whole army for death, by hearing confessions and administering to them the last sacrament. The entire of Saturday and Sunday was spent in those solemn devotions: every man was fortified, by all his hopes of earthly happiness and eternal bliss, to do his duty, in the coming battle, to his country, liberty, and his proscribed religion. St. Ruth had now, according to King James's Memoir, but fifteen thousand men and nine pieces of cannon; but every man was not only a soldier, but a hero. His French auxiliaries were reduced to some ten or eleven hundred.

Ginckle approached with fifty regiments, full five-and-twenty thousand men, the flower of Europe, composed of Danes, Dutch, Germans, and English, besides an unlimited park of artillery. He saw from the opposite hill the advantageous position of the Irish, and calculated on a hard battle. The morass appeared to be impassable, and the only two passes, of *Urrachree* and the Castle of *Aughrim*, were strongly guarded. The first move made by the English was on the pass of *Urrachree*, on Monday, the 12th of July, 1691. The morning was foggy, and little was done till about twelve or one o'clock. A skirmishing party were sent over by Ginckle, consisting of two to three hundred men, who were decoyed by a feint battle and retreat of the Irish into their ambuscades, and were nearly destroyed. A few of them, retreating quickly, were supported by a new detachment of nine hundred from Ginckle's



main. The Irish were, in turn, reënforced, and charged the enemy so vigorously that he had to retire quickly. Upon this Ginckle ordered a further supply of cavalry, four hundred and eighty strong. Soon additional forces from both sides came on the ground to succor their respective sides, and a sort of general engagement was now hotly carried on. At length, about three o'clock, a fresh body of Irish horse, by an impetuous charge, drove back the English, with great slaughter, to their own lines.

This first skirmish altered the plans of the English. A council of their officers was held, at which it was debated whether the battle should be continued that night. Mackay, the Scotch general, who had so bravely crossed the Shannon at Athlone, urged that the battle should be continued that night, and, by bearing on Urrachree with large numbers, compel St. Ruth to weaken the Aughrim pass in drawing off his men to defend the former, when as the English reserve were to pour unexpectedly upon the pass of Aughrim, the morass was also to be sounded, and, if found passable, a division of infantry was to force the Irish ground in front.

The attack was thus begun by the English, in overwhelming numbers, and with all the impetuosity of which the human heart is capable. The Irish received them bravely. We had better let the English Parson *Story*, who was amongst the English troops at that moment, tell their tale. "Here we fired one upon another for a considerable time, and the Irish behaved themselves like men of another nation, defending their ditches stoutly; for they would maintain one side till our men put their pieces over at the other, and then, having lines of communication from one ditch to another, they would presently post themselves again, and flank us."

St. Ruth despatched part of his left centre to support his men in this hot battle. He comprehended the plan of the enemy, which was, to weaken him at the Aughrim pass, and felt well persuaded he should disconcert and overthrow them; for he was truly delighted at the manner in which the Irish fought that day, their guns being muzzle to muzzle with the invaders.

Two thousand of the English had now crossed the bog, plunging, at every step, to their middle in mud, and appeared at the foot of the hill on which St. Ruth's reserve was posted. The Irish received them with a murderous fire from their hedges, whence they retreated from hedge to hedge, half a mile up the hill, destroying part of the enemy at every discharge, and decoying them nearer and nearer to St. Ruth's main

centre. Too far advanced to recede, and seeing the Irish now prepared to return on them in an overwhelming avalanche, the English commander of this attack tried to rally his men by exclaiming, "*There is no way to come off but to be brave!*" But to no purpose: the remnant of this daring band were driven back into the bog.

Mackay, who was now crossing another part of the bog with four or five thousand men, directed his advance, under Prince *Hesse*, not to engage the Irish until he and his entire body got over; but St. Ruth bore down upon the young prince, who was too proud to be still when attacked, and, forgetting the orders of his wary Scotch general, attacked St. Ruth's reserve, who enticed him on as the others had been, and returned with a murderous charge, driving the remnant of his brigade back upon Mackay's reserve, who were yet wading through the bog. The English were thus repulsed in every quarter, and the fortune of the day seemed to be with the Irish: yet the English fought with uncommon bravery. "Three times did they roll the tide of battle against the Irish across the bog, though three times they were driven back to the mouths of their cannon, by the victorious Irish," says their own writer.

Ireland had at Aughrim, like France at Waterloo, her *Grouchy*. A recreant commander, named *O'Donnell*, who was marching from Connaught with eight thousand men, destined to act on Ginckle's rear, was expected up by the Irish all that day. The troops were in motion, and heard the roar of the artillery; but the wretch detained them, traitorously, as afterwards appeared by his junction with William's army, at the siege of Sligo. The traitor, however, met his fate in William's service in Flanders.

Ginckle now commanded his entire army to a general engagement at all those passes from which they had been already driven, he himself leading and fighting like a common soldier. He had some French Protestants in his army who also fought desperately; but the repulse from the Irish was such, as their account of the battle evidences, that "they resolved, having no other way, to sell their lives as dearly to the Irish as they could." Instead of being able to dislodge the Irish, they were repulsed on every side. "The Irish," according to the French accounts, "made a great massacre of the enemy's broken foot." Even the London Gazette of the day says, "The Irish were never known to fight with more resolution, especially their foot."

St. Ruth, in a transport of joy, seeing how the Irish infantry fought, flung his hat up into the air, and, turning to those around him, exclaimed, "*I will now beat their army back to the gates of Dublin!*" Ginckle

and Mackay, the best English generals, were defeated in the pass of Urrachree, and in the two passes across the bog, and the fortune of the day seemed setting on the Irish side, when a very trivial circumstance turned the fate of war. The pass at Aughrim, which had been up to this but little assailed, and which was deemed, by both English and Irish, the strongest, for it was so narrow that only two men could ride abreast, and was covered by an impregnable old castle, which belonged to the chieftain O'Kelly, — was guarded by one thousand nine hundred men, under Colonel Walter Burke. As the English advanced on this point, the Irish prepared to fire. After firing the first few rounds, and when a supply of ammunition was required, it was found that casks filled with cannon-shot, instead of bullets, were sent to the castle. Here was, indeed, an untoward mistake. The Irish were panic-stricken; but, resolved not to give up cheaply, they fired their ramrods, pieces of copper and silver coins, *and even the buttons of their clothes, at the enemy*, which, however, only wounded them.

Where so few of the English fell, for want of bullets in the guns of their adversaries, it is not to be wondered at that they forced the pass of Aughrim, and thus secured the very best ground of the field for attacking the Irish. Although the English were twice driven back, yet, supported by several regiments, they forced back the Irish here. St. Ruth, observing the progress of the enemy, and not knowing the cause, was dashing down from his position on the hill with a splendid body of cavalry, leaving Sarsfield behind with another fine body, but with strict command not to stir till he received orders. St. Ruth, placing himself at the head of his choice body of cavalry, was so completely sure of success, that he said, "Now we will beat them to some purpose;" and giving the word to charge, his troops dash down upon the enemy; but his hour had come. A well-aimed cannon ball, from the English side, took off his head; and in that head were contained *alone* all the plans of the battle. The brilliant dress of the French marshal identified him to the enemy — a hint which should induce all skilful commanders to avoid making their persons conspicuous by tawdry trappings.

The Irish were panic-stricken. Sarsfield, on whom the command devolved, was yet on the hill, and, owing to the coldness that prevailed between himself and St. Ruth, knew nothing of his plans, or even of his death, until the English had gained the hill. Nearly at the same moment, the Rev. Mr. Stafford, a zealous priest, who animated the troops during the day, met his death; and a "great delay" in action having taken place on the part of the Irish by these two unfortunate

circumstances, — and where, as in battle, *seconds* decide the fate of empires, — nearly half an hour elapsed before any regular action was adopted on their side, the enemy gaining ground all the time. Yet, in the language of *Story*, the Irish contested the ground inch by inch, though irregularly and without a commander. “There was nothing,” says he, “but a continued fire all along the line, the Irish endeavoring to defend their ditches, and our men as forward to beat them from thence.”

The English now pushed up the hill in three columns, the Irish fighting their way, and Sarsfield still ignorant of St. Ruth’s death, and afraid to stir lest he should give cause of umbrage; yet, had he pushed down the hill earlier with his fine body of reserve, there is no doubt, says Captain Parker of Ginckle’s army, but he would have turned the tide of battle. And now, seeing that all was confusion and dismay, he was obliged to join the retreating crowd of his countrymen, who fled from a foe double their number, after fighting the hardest-fought field that probably the history of Europe records.

A good retreat was now Sarsfield’s object. He saw himself chief in command of the remnant of his brave countrymen, and he determined to proceed at once to Limerick, the theatre of his former glory, where he foiled King William, and there make a last brave stand for

“His king, his country, and his lost estate.”

Two battles were fought by the encircled Irish, at two different points of the field, at which they behaved gallantly for half an hour, cutting their way through hostile ranks, rather preferring to die than submit as prisoners to the faithless invaders; in which they were quite right, for nearly two thousand Irish, captured during the day, including those taken in the Castle of Aughrim, were inhumanly butchered on the field *after the battle!* The loss of the Irish was, according to King James, about four thousand men: (the English make the loss more.) In this number, there were killed of chief officers *six hundred*, and taken prisoners one hundred and eleven, — evidence enough *that the Irish fought well “at home” that day.*

Captain Parker, on Ginckle’s side, estimates the English loss at three thousand men, besides seventy-three general officers killed, and one hundred and eleven wounded. The battle began at one o’clock, and lasted until sundown.

Harris, who wrote the *Life of King William*, has the following paragraph on this battle:—



"It must in justice be confessed that the Irish fought this sharp battle with great resolution; which demonstrates that the many defeats before this time sustained by them cannot be imputed to a national cowardice, with which some, without reason, impeached them, but to a defect in military discipline, or to the want of skill and experience in their commanders. *And now, had not St. Ruth been taken off, it would have been hard to say what the consequences of this day would have been.*"

"This admission from a Williamite," says O'Callaghan, "is every thing."

Such was the field of Aughrim, bravely fought, and lost without dishonor; gained by the enemy more through one of the accidents of war, — the sending casks of *cannon-shot* to Aughrim Castle, instead of bullets, — than to his bravery or skill. Let us, who live, perhaps, to fight the battle over again, be more circumspect in *packing our shot*; and let us, in the words partly of Moore, —

"Forget not the fields where they perished,  
The truest, the last of the brave;  
The bright hopes, when living, *they* cherished,  
Shall live with *us* on to the grave."

The Irish now rallied upon the strong forts yet in their possession. The principal of these were Limerick, Galway, and Sligo; which covered a considerable belt of the western part of Ireland. Messengers were despatched to France with a report of the war, and a pressing request for further assistance in arms and ammunition, which was now the principal want of the Irish. Limerick was strongly fortified, and the garrison consisted of four to five thousand stout courageous men, some of whom had fought at Aughrim, and others that had so bravely fought in the former siege. Galway was garrisoned by about the same number, and Sligo by as many; while Sarsfield, at the head of a splendid body of four thousand cavalry well mounted, scoured the open country between the enemy's lines and the various garrisons in possession of the Irish. This brave officer did the English considerable damage, surprising and cutting off whole detachments at a time, which obliged them to keep near to their strongest fortifications.

Ginckle now laid siege to Limerick, whilst another division was sent to Sligo, to force that city to surrender, which was defended by Sir Teague O'Regan. The English army lay before Limerick from the middle of July to late in September, pouring a continued volley of cannon balls and bombs on the town. This continued night and day, for sixty or seventy days, without any other intermissions than those created by the occasional heroic sallies of the garrison on their assailants. Upon

these occasions hundreds upon hundreds of both sides were slain, without disturbing the general order of the siege. Upon one occasion, a party of one thousand five hundred of the Irish who sallied out were so closely pursued to their gates, that, whether from accident or design, five hundred of their number were shut out by Colonel Luttrell; and every one of the poor fellows was butchered at the very gates of the garrison.

The Irish garrison was at length gradually encircled by the British, and all intercourse with their friends in the country was cut off: their provisions were greatly reduced, and Sarsfield tried to get some horses into the town for food, but found it impossible; and what was still much worse, their ammunition was gradually decreasing, without any hopes or means of being replenished. Still no one thought of surrendering an inch but with life.

On the other side, the affairs of King William in the Low Countries, where his armies had been considerably reduced, fighting against the combined forces of Spain and France, caused him to send word to Ginckle to conclude the war with the Irish upon *any terms*, provided they submitted to own him as king. This soon got wind, and it encouraged the Irish considerably. In the mean time, private messengers arrived from France to Sarsfield, intimating that King James's hopes of reëstablishing his power in Ireland were declining; whereupon Sarsfield, Sir Toby Butler, and others of the Irish leaders, thought it best to come to terms of peace with the English general, hearing that *he had power and directions to grant them every advantage which they could reasonably hope for, if they had conquered for King James.*

To be brief, after several negotiations between the parties on both sides, a cessation of hostilities took place, and a PEACE was agreed to, highly satisfactory and honorable to the Irish. The civil articles, — which, with the military articles, are forty-two in number, — guarantied to the Irish Catholics a *free exercise of religion*; the *privilege of sitting in parliament*, as enjoyed in the reign of Charles the Second; a *freedom of trade*, and the benefit of domestic legislation by the national parliament in Dublin; the guaranty of their estates to all those Catholics who had taken up arms for King James the Second; a general amnesty and forgiveness of all offences on either side. The *military articles* guarantied to the Irish troops, on their submission, all the honors of war, as may be seen by the twenty-fifth article subjoined: —

“XXV. That it shall be lawful for the said garrison to march out all at once, or at different times, as they can be embarked, with arms, baggage, drums beating,

match lighted at both ends, bullet in mouth, colors flying, six brass guns, (such as the besieged will chose,) two mortar-pieces, and half the ammunition that is now in the magazines of the said place; and, for this purpose, an inventory of all the ammunition in the garrison shall be made in the presence of any person that the general shall appoint, the next day after these present articles shall be signed."

Transports were to be provided to send to France such of those soldiers as wished to embark for that country. These articles, which run to great length, may be seen in Leland, Plowden, or M'Geoghagan's *Histories of Ireland*.

The following is the preamble to these articles, and the names of the high contracting parties on both sides:—

*"Articles agreed upon the Third Day of October, One Thousand Six Hundred and Ninety-One,*

"Between the Right Honorable Sir Charles Porter, Knight, and Thomas Coningsby, Esq., lords justices of Ireland, and his excellency the Baron de Ginckle, lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief of the English army, on the one part;

"And the Right Honorable Patrick, Earl of Lucan, [Sarsfield,] Piercy Viscount Galmoy, Colonel Nicholas Purcel, Colonel Nicholas Cusack, Sir Toby Butler, Colonel Garret Dillon, and Colonel John Brown, on the other part:

"In the behalf of the Irish inhabitants in the city and county of Limerick, the counties of Clare, Kerry, Cork, Sligo, and Mayo, *and those under their protection*, [which words in *Italic* were omitted in the clean copy, though inserted in the rough one, but afterwards confirmed by King William.]

"In consideration of the surrender of the city of Limerick, and other agreements made between the said Lieutenant-General Ginckle, the governor of the city of Limerick, and the generals of the Irish army, bearing date with these presents, for the surrender of the said city, and submission of the said army: it is agreed," &c. &c.

These binding articles between the English and Irish nation were solemnly signed the 3d day of October, 1691, in presence of both garrisons, on a large stone that stood in the midway ground between the two armies. The stone on which this charter of civil and religious liberty was signed is yet preserved conspicuously, and held in great veneration by the people of Limerick, and is appropriately called the *Treaty Stone*.

In two days after this treaty was signed, a French fleet arrived in the mouth of the Shannon, bringing an army of reënforcement to Sarsfield. This created considerable emotion on both sides; some of Sarsfield's captains urged him to avail himself of this aid, and to return to the combat and extinguish the English army. He exclaimed, "No! I have set my name to the contract, and I will never disgrace the name of a soldier, or an Irishman, by erasing it." Alas for Sarsfield's con-

fidence in British honor ! We shall by and by see that treaty deliberately broken in every particular by Britain.

And now, after a war of two hundred and fifty years between the Irish and English, the *principle* for which the Irish first took the field was established, namely, *religious liberty*. It had been wrung from Elizabeth, after a fifteen years' war ; subverted again by James, the First, Cromwell, and the parliamentarians ; partly restored by Charles the Second ; fully established by James the Second ; subverted by King William ; and now, after many a hard-fought field, again wrung from a reluctant enemy by the indomitable valour of the Irish heart.

This is the natural place from whence to glance back at a few of those bright names who, during the wars from Elizabeth to William, took a leading part in our eventful history — names that fling a radiance over the past, and a gleam of bright light through the future, which cannot but guide the votaries of Irish liberty for ages to come.

About nineteen thousand men and officers, most of whom fought in those latter battles, availed themselves of a free conveyance to France, and were afterwards employed by the French king, Louis the Fourteenth. They were offered their choice, whether to serve in the army of William or Louis : a day was appointed for testing this. The Irish commanders having resolved to go to France, most of the soldiers decided on following them. About three thousand went into the English service. The Irish who now embarked for France formed the celebrated "Irish Brigade," which so valorously distinguished themselves under the French colors at various battles, to whose brilliant deeds upon the continent I shall by and by allude.

Amongst the names which shine out most frequently in Irish story are the O'NEILLS. Every reign and every campaign had its "O'Neill" among the rebels to English domination ; and I do not remember to have read of a traitor or runaway of that name but one in our whole history. In short, to do justice to this great family would be to write over again the history of Ireland. Hugh O'Neill, in the reign of Elizabeth, and Owen Roe O'Neill, in the beginning of Cromwell's invasions, were men whom, as military commanders and patriots, any nation might well be proud of. In the parliament of Ireland, called by King James the Second, there were seven O'Neills representatives of northern counties and boroughs. Those O'Neills, indeed, were, in O'Callaghan's words, "glorious fellows," worthy descendants of the race that held the Irish sceptre for six hundred and ninety-nine years.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Lord Mountcashell, deserves special notice. He



had maintained the brunt of James's battles before his arrival with French aid, and had been eminently successful in the north of Ireland, where he fought against those foolish Protestants who espoused King William's cause from a mere fanatical hatred of Popery. He was, however, captured by his opponents at Newtown Butler, and kept imprisoned several months, but escaped to France. The M'Carthys were a very ancient stock of the southern race of Milesian princes, and, for nine hundred years previous to the invasion of Henry the Second, were the hereditary princes of *Desmond*, or South Munster, who enjoyed the right with the O'Briens, who were princes of North Munster, of nominating alternately a king of the province. The counties of Cork and Kerry were their principal territories; and the families of O'Callaghan, O'Donovan, O'Connell, O'Donoghue More, and O'Donoghue of the Glen, O'Mahony, O'Keefe, O'Sullivan More, and O'Sullivan Beare, besides several other septs, were their hereditary vassals, and paid them tribute. The M'Carthys, as well as the men bearing the above honorable names, took their distinguished posts on the side of King James. They fought, were killed, or were made prisoners, according to the indiscriminate laws of war. A most interesting note on the distinguished house of the M'Carthys will be found in the *Green Book*, p. 235. Their immense estates, worth sixty thousand pounds a year, were unjustly seized by the Williamites, clearly *contrary to the treaty of Limerick*. The last of the family, the Comte de M'Carthy Reagh, left behind him, at Toulouse, a splendid library, second only to that of the king of France. In this magnificent collection there were eight hundred books in *manuscript*, of the utmost value: they were sold, and were scattered amongst the libraries of Europe.

The family of O'KELLYS, of Hy-Maney, a county comprehending the northern parts of the county Galway, and the southern parts of the county Roscommon, was founded in the fifth century, and distinguished themselves in the Danish wars: one of the race commanded the left wing at the battle of Clontarf. The name gave many commanders to King James's army; and the head of the family lost his estate at Aughrim by the loss of that battle. Many officers of this name rose, by their valor, to distinction in the French and Austrian services during the last century. — See *Green Book*, for further particulars, p. 255.

Colonel FITZGERALD fought nobly in the defence of Athlone, when attacked by Ginckle before the arrival of assistance from St. Ruth. The name of Fitzgerald, though belonging to the Norman invaders, has re-

deemed the sin of its first conductors into Ireland, by giving many a martyr to the cause of Ireland; the last being the adored Lord Edward Fitzgerald, — of whom more hereafter.

Colonel Edmund *Bui* O'Reilly, who so ably fought under the Duke of Berwick in the battle of Cavan, which took place before the arrival of Schomberg, was the head of the ancient and powerful house of O'Reilly, descended, like their neighbors, (the O'Rourkes,) from Heremon, son of Milesius. The O'Reillys were princes of East Brefny, or the modern county of Cavan, as the O'Rourkes were of West Brefny, or the modern county of Leitrim. The O'Reillys were the unconquerable frontier power which, for so many centuries after the English invasion, kept the English Pale in check, and forbade its advance. They distinguished themselves nobly in the fifteen years' war against Elizabeth. On the fall, by treachery, of the great O'Neills, *their* patrimony was nearly all seized about the same time, — 1607. One of the sept commanded bravely in the confederated Catholic army, who fought for their religious freedom in the times of Charles the First and Cromwell. There were *several* of the name killed, as commanders in King James the Second's army, at the Boyne, Athlone, and Aughrim; one of the name was chaplain to King James himself, and another was master in chancery under the same monarch. There were three of the name members of King James's parliament. Many flourishing offshoots of the family have survived in the counties of Cavan and Meath, all of whom, as well as the O'Kellys, have given many shining lights to the Catholic church. And the armies of Louis the Fourteenth, the Empress Maria Theresa, and even of Napoleon, had, amongst their most heroic corps, some members of this noble and patriotic house.

Andrew, Count O'Reilly, general of cavalry in the Austrian army, may be considered as the last warrior of that distinguished class of Irish officers, the contemporaries or élèves of the Lacys, Dauns, Loudons, Bradys, and Browns, so renowned in the reigns of Maria Theresa and Joseph the Second. He was the second son of James O'Reilly, of Westmeath, Ireland. By the brilliant charges of his dragoons, he saved the remnants of the Austrian army at Austerlitz, and was the only commander, according to Napoleon, on the Austrian side, who saved his cannon. The men who fought under him were "'98 men," and his lieutenant was Aylmer, of Painstown, in the county Kildare. In May, 1808, he was governor of Vienna, and on him devolved the task of honorably capitulating to Napoleon, the victor of the age. Count O'Reilly died at the age of ninety-two, in Vienna, in

1832, holding the rank of general of cavalry in the Austrian army, and chamberlain commander of the imperial order of Maria Theresa. His sister is Lady Talbot, of Malahide.

In August, 1844, William O'Reilly, the head of the sept in our times, died at the old castle, county Louth. He was a distinguished member of the Catholic Association, and served in parliament for Dundalk, after the triumph of the Catholic cause, in 1829. He is succeeded by Miles O'Reilly, who, it is said, inherits the talent and patriotism of his family. Mr. O'Reilly's uncle is the present attorney-general of Jamaica. A member of the family in exile, according to Mackenzie, has written a history of Rochester.

A pretty good brigade could now be raised in Ireland for the defence of the country, composed exclusively of the O'Reillys.

The O'CALLAGHANS, or O'Ceallahans, of the Heberian line, had distinguished themselves in defence of their country, since the hero of that name defeated the Danes in many battles, down to the war of William. Some of this name commanded under Desmond in the wars of Elizabeth. The regiment commanded by Maxwell, at Athlone, had a Major O'Callaghan, who well distinguished himself. It is hardly necessary to state that the talented *military* writer of the *Green Book* comes from that ancient and noble stock.

The MAGENNISES were a most ancient family, that gave kings to Ulster for many centuries after the first Milesian settlement. They were conquered by the O'Neills, when the great palace of Emania was destroyed, and the *royal* lineage of their line terminated. They, however, continued as chieftains to defend their country from invasion; their possessions chiefly lay in the county Down, called *Dabriada*, now forming part of the baronies of Upper and Lower Iveagh, and the barony of Moy-Inis, now called *Lecale*. The chief of this noble house, Lord Iveagh, furnished King James with two regiments of infantry, and one of dragoons, who fought well during the Williamite war. Three of the name were members of King James's parliament, returned by popular constituencies in their native districts. Two of the family fell at Athlone, bravely leading their men to the breach. At the end of the war, Lord Iveagh entered the Austrian service with five hundred men, the remnant of his brave legion, who fought in the new service against the Turks, in Hungary.

The M'MAHONS were lords of Monaghan, formerly called *Uriel*. It was an extensive tract, and we find, from Sir John Davis, there were

ninety-six thousand acres of M'Mahon's land, set apart, in various parts of his territory, for the support of public hospitality. These lands were managed by that ancient public officer, the *beteagh*, whose duty, as I have already described, was to keep food and beds continually ready for the traveller and the needy. "They were a race," says the venerable Charles O'Connor, "which were the subject of much panegyric in the works of our annalists and *fileas*; they were of the Heremonian line, and their chiefs, in every age, won the laurels due to the brave, the patriotic, and the hospitable." The last of this illustrious house was the Reverend Father M'Mahon, who studied and taught in Spain, having been driven from his priory in Ireland, by the Orange act of parliament of 1697. Colonel *Art Oge M'Mahon*, one of the house, fell at the siege of Athlone. This distinguished commander was King James's lord lieutenant for the county of Monaghan. Two or three more of the family commanded in the same service; and three others were members of King James's parliament. Captain Hugh M'Mahon went to France, after the surrender of Limerick, and entered the French king's service. These northern M'Mahons must not be confounded with the southern M'Mahons of Clare; the latter were of the Hiberian line, and were called *Dalcassians*.

The O'GARA family — of whom Colonel Oliver O'Gara distinguished himself at Athlone and Aughrim — were the lords of the barony of Colavin, in the county of Sligo; which immense tract was forfeited from them (robbed) by the English, in 1641. This distinguished officer, after the capitulation of Limerick, retired to France, where he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of King James's regiment of foot, which was one thousand four hundred strong.

Notice ought to be taken of the brave old Colonel Richard GRACE, who fell defending Athlone. He was not of the Milesian race, but of the Norman clan that followed Strongbow into Ireland. Raymond *le Gros* was the founder of the family; and, in the course of ages, that family became more Irish than the Irish themselves. The southern family, ennobled as Earls of Desmond, gave evidence of this in the times of Elizabeth. Colonel Richard Grace, who so bravely fell at the head of his regiment, was a singularly brave and chivalrous person. He was beyond eighty years of age, and was in charge of Athlone, when Douglas attacked it, after the battle of the Boyne. When called upon to surrender by that officer, he fired a pistol over the head of the messenger, exclaiming, "Tell your master, these are my terms!" He ably defended the fortress against the invaders on the first occasion, and



drove off three thousand, after a long and fruitless siege. The English commander had previously sent an emissary to him, with an offer of a considerable bribe and dazzling honors, if he would join King William. The brave old hero instantly wrote upon a card, (the six of hearts,) which was accidentally near him, a stern and haughty refusal. This card goes by the name of "Grace's card," in Ireland, to this day. He had in his youth fought at the head of five thousand of his own men against Cromwell, and was never defeated; but, on capitulation, left the country with one thousand two hundred men, returned with Charles the Second, and fought for Ireland, in his old age, against King William, falling in the trenches of Athlone, which town he had three times before successfully defended against English invasion. His estate lay in the neighborhood of Kilkenny.

The O'CONNELL sept gave commanders to Ireland before now. Without going into the deeds of that family, until I come to treat of its present chief, I will merely notice that Colonel O'Connell was taken prisoner at Aughrim, which proves that he was in the thickest of the battle. The Liberator tells an anecdote of a soldier who fought on that day, under the command of his gallant relative, which strongly indicates the resolution that pervaded the entire Irish army at that memorable battle. On Colonel O'Connell asking this poor fellow, the morning of the battle, why he appeared unshaved, it being the Sabbath, he replied, "*Arrah, curnil, the man that has the head TO-NIGHT may shave it.*"

The O'HIGGINS's were distinguished in those and the preceding wars. The family gave three martyrs of distinction to the cause of Ireland within the seventeenth century, — of whom two, bearing the name of *Peter*, suffered death, in Dublin, for their faith. It must be noted, also, that an excommunicated priest of that name became a traitor in the Williamite war; but his baseness has been outbalanced by the numerous great spirits given by that family to the liberty of Ireland, and his treachery was punished with death by the guns of his comrades, who killed him while fighting in the ranks of their enemies. About the year 1610, there were two distinguished poets of this name in Ireland; one of whom was archbishop of Tuam. In the last century, Sir John O'Higgins, first counsellor of state to Philip the Fifth of Spain, rendered himself remarkable as the discoverer of the works, in manuscript, of the Irish poet and scholar, *Sedulius*, [Shiel.] This Sir John O'Higgins, says O'Callaghan, was the great-grandfather of Don Bernardo O'Higgins, president of the republic of Chili, so distinguished in the annals of the South American struggle for independence; in the success of which, as in the contest for freedom in the United States,

Irish blood so amply contributed. The original founder of this old Irish name, which is also written without a final *s*, — *O'Higgin*, — was a son of Niall the Grand, of the Nine Hostages, who drove the Romans out of Britain, in the fourth century.

The man who, in our days, bears that name most prominently before his countrymen, is the illustrious Dr. Higgins, bishop of Ardagh, whose reply to Sir Robert Peel, in 1843, deserves to be engraved in gold on columns of marble in the chief cities of Ireland, and to be committed to the memories of the whole population. "I have sprung," said this illustrious man, at the monster meeting of Mullingar, where two hundred thousand of his countrymen assembled, "I have sprung not only from the people, but from the very humblest classes of the people. I disdain and condemn all the pride of aristocracy. I am of the people, and I sympathize in their privations. We seek for a repeal of the union, to put an end to those privations. The minister of England refuses this measure, and threatens us with physical force, — to put us down by the sword, — should we persist in the demand. I speak now the sentiments of the entire priesthood and hierarchy of Ireland. They are unanimous in their resolve to obtain a repeal of that union. We are now all unanimous on this point, and I defy Sir Robert Peel to put down the repeal agitation in the single diocese of Ardagh! [Here O'Connell cheered, which the entire multitude reëchoed again and again. 'That's the best news,' said the Liberator, 'I ever heard.'] They may drive us from our fields; they may deprive us of the open light of day to assemble under; but we will retire to our churches, and there, when we have addressed our people on the duty they owe to God, we shall then lecture them on the duty they owe to their country. The myrmidons of England may follow us into our sanctuaries; *but we will prepare our people for the scaffold, and bequeath our wrongs to posterity!*"

Let those who have the honor of bearing this name imitate their illustrious namesake in love of Ireland and exertion for her freedom.

The following is a correct list of the officers who were killed and wounded at Aughrim: —

"KILLED. — The commander-in-chief, Lieutenant-General St. Ruth; Lord Kilmallock, (Sarsfield;) Lord Galway, (Burke;) Brigadier William Mansfield Barker; Brigadier H. M. J. O'Neill; Brigadier O'Connell; Colonel Charles Moore; Colonels David and Ulick Burke; Colonel Cuconacht or Constantine Maguire; Colonel James Talbot; Colonel Arthur; Colonel Mahony; Colonel Walter Nugent; Colonel Felix O'Neill; Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan; Major Purcell; Major O'Donnell; Sir John Everard, &c.

"TAKEN. — Lord Duleek, (Bellew;) Lord Slane, (Fleming;) Lord Bophin,

(Burke;) Lord Kenmare, (Browne;) Major-General Dorrington; Major-General John Hamilton, (who died of his wounds, and was brother to the gallant Lieutenant-General Richard Hamilton, captured at the Boyne, and to the brave and accomplished Colonel Anthony Hamilton, who fought against the Enniskilleners, and wrote the well-known Memoirs of Grammont, &c.;) Brigadier Tuite; Colonel Walter Burke; Colonel Gordon O'Neill; Colonel Butler of Kilkash; Colonel O'Connell; Colonel Edmund Madden; Lieutenant-Colonel John Chappell; Lieutenant-Colonel John Butler; Lieutenant-Colonel Baggot; Lieutenant-Colonel John Border; Lieutenant-Colonel Macgennis; Lieutenant-Colonel Rossiter; Lieutenant-Colonel Macguire; Major Patrick Lawless; Major Kelly; Major Grace; Major William Burke; Major Edmund Butler; Major Edmund Broghill, (most probably an *English* error for the Irish name Braughall;) Major John Hewson, &c."

Colonel Walter BURKE, who guarded the Castle of Aghrim, belonged to the great Norman-Irish house of Milo de Burgh, who came into Ireland with Strongbow, 1170. This family settled in Connaught soon after the first invasion, and assumed the name, language, manners, dress, and customs, of the native Irish, and were deemed, in succeeding ages, "more Irish than the Irish themselves." The Burkes have given heroes to the independence of Ireland in every age, and one of that family, of the northern line, was the celebrated Edmund Burke, whose genius and talents were wielded in favor of his fellow-countrymen in the British senate, and who was the first in Europe to raise his voice in behalf of the then struggling colonies of America. His eloquence contributed mainly to evoke that sentiment through Europe which induced Lafayette and Kosciusko to leave their homes for the camp of Washington, and which induced sixteen thousand Irishmen to fight in his ranks.

Colonel Charles O'BRIEN, of "O'Brien's regiment," went to France, after the surrender of Limerick. The O'Briens, who, like the O'Neills, have occasionally held the sceptre of Ireland, have their names interwoven in every page of Irish history. The above colonel was killed at the battle of Ramillies, in 1706, when his regiment was given to Murrough O'Brien, of a branch of the same family; the latter distinguished himself as a skilful officer, at Pallue, in the French king's service. The present distinguished William Smith O'Brien is a member of this family, — of whom I shall have something to say under the "repeal agitation."

Lieutenant-General DILLON also repaired with the others to France, at the head of his regiment. There were several sons of Lord Dillon engaged in the Williamite war, who afterwards proved themselves distinguished officers in the French service. Two were killed at the head of their regiments, at the battles of Fontenoy and Lawfeld.

Lover gives the following characteristic sketch of these brave men :—

“In a memorable battle fought in the days of Louis the Fourteenth, when the French were scattered in every direction, and the fields covered with the dead and dying, Louis addressed his general thus: ‘Can any thing be done to preserve the honor of France?’ His general answered, ‘Yes, my liege; there is a gallant, intrepid band, the Irish Brigade, upon which all my hopes rest.’ ‘Dillon,’ said Marshal Saxe, ‘let the whole Irish Brigade charge! to you I commit its conduct. Where Dillon’s regiment leads, the rest will follow. The cavalry has made no impression yet; let the Irish Brigade show an example.’ ‘It shall be done, Marshal,’ said Dillon, turning his horse. ‘Victory!’ cried Saxe. ‘Or death!’ cried Dillon, and, plunging his rowels into his horse’s side, galloped along the front of the lines, where the brigade stood impatient for the order to advance. Dillon gave the talismanic word, ‘Remember Limerick!’ and, heading his brave regiment, down swept the brigade, and shortly the hitherto unbroken column of Cumberland was crushed; the very earth trembled under that horrible rush of horse. The brave Dillon fell, but he lived long enough to know that the glorious charge of the Irish Brigade had won the day.”

Nor should we omit our admiration of the brave Sir Teague O'REGAN, who held Sligo in defiance of the English force sent against him upon three separate occasions, and only gave up when the treaty of Limerick was agreed to. He died in Ireland.

The Abbé M'Geoghegan supplies the following sketch of these heroic men, who so bravely won a charter for their country in the face of death :—

“The troops which had lately arrived in France, after the treaty of Limerick, were new-modelled in 1695, and reduced to twelve regiments, the command of which was given to those who had most influence at the court of St. Germain. These regiments, called “the troops of King James,” were,—

“The king’s regiment of cavalry: Dominick Sheldon, colonel; Edmond Prendergast, lieutenant-colonel; Edmond Butler, major.

“The queen’s regiment of cavalry: Lord Galmoy, colonel; René de Carné, (a Frenchman,) lieutenant-colonel; James Tobin, major.

“The king’s regiment of dragoons: Lord Viscount Kilmallock, (Sarsfield,) colonel; Turanne O'Carroll, lieutenant-colonel; De Salles, (a Frenchman,) major.

“The queen’s regiment of dragoons: Charles Viscount Clare, colonel; Alexander Barnwal, lieutenant-colonel; Charles Maxwell, major.

“The king’s infantry regiment of guards: William Dorington, colonel; Oliver O'Gara, lieutenant-colonel; John Rothe, major.

“The queen’s regiment of infantry: Simon Luttrell, colonel; Francis Wachop, lieutenant-colonel; James O'Brien, major.

“An infantry regiment of marines: The Lord Grand-prior, colonel; Nicholas Fitzgerald, lieutenant-colonel; Richard Nugent, second lieutenant-colonel; Edmond O'Madden, major.

“The Limerick regiment of infantry: Sir John Fitzgerald, colonel; Jeremiah O'Mahony, lieutenant-colonel; William Thessy, major.



"The Charlemont regiment of infantry: Gordon O'Neill, colonel; Hugh M'Mahon, lieutenant-colonel; Edmond Murphy, major.

"Dublin regiment of infantry: John Power, colonel; John Power, lieutenant colonel; Theobald Burke, major.

"The Athlone regiment of infantry: Walter Burke, colonel; Owen McCarty, lieutenant-colonel; Edmond Cantwell, major.

"Clancarty regiment of infantry: Roger M'Elligot, colonel; Edward Scott, lieutenant-colonel; Cornelius Murphy, major.

"Out of the regiments which the Irish nobility had raised in 1689, for the service of James the Second, several were disbanded in Ireland. Most of those who went to France were imbodyed with those we have just been enumerating; the colonels descending to the rank of captain, and the captains to that of lieutenants. The regiments of O'Neill, O'Donnel, M'Donnel, Maguire, M'Mahon, Magennis, were formed into one; Edmond (Buoy) O'Reilly's shared the same fate.

"The regiments of Burke and Dillon were engaged at the battle of Cremona, February, 1702, in which they particularly distinguished themselves, and contributed mainly to the defeat of the enemy. As a mark of his satisfaction, the king increased the pay of the foot captains, not only of these regiments, but of three others which were on a footing with the French, to twenty-five pence a day, and the lieutenants to twelve pence. The pay of the second captains and lieutenants was increased in proportion. The soldiers, also, received one penny a day additional. Dillon's regiment received their reward in hand, as they already had high pay.

"Sheldon's regiment of cavalry, to which a squadron was added, consisted of three squadrons in the war of 1700. They distinguished themselves at the battle of Spire, on the 24th of November, 1703; and the half-pay captains and lieutenants, who served with it, received an increase of pay.

"In 1708, the king of Spain began to raise two regiments of dragoons, and three Irish battalions, consisting of the prisoners taken from the English army in the battle of Almanza. These corps were officered by the half-pay officers who had served with the Irish regiments in France.

"Peace having been concluded at Radstadt, on the 6th of March, 1714, between France and the emperor, the regiments of Lee, Clare, Dillon, Rothe, and Berwick, were increased from twelve to fifteen companies, consisting each of forty men. In order to make up the three new companies, the regiments of O'Donnel, which had previously belonged to Fitzgerald and Galmoy, and a second battalion, which was added to Berwick's, were disbanded. O'Donnel's was divided between the regiments of Lee and Clare; Galmoy's and Berwick's second battalions were joined to those of Dillon, Rothe, and Berwick.

"From calculations and researches that have been made at the war-office, it has been ascertained, that, from the arrival of the Irish troops in France, in 1691, to 1745, the year of the battle of Fontenoy, *more than four hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen died in the service of France.* [Independent of which, nearly an equal number entered into the service of Germany, Spain, and Hungary.]

"Burke applied for, and obtained, permission for his regiment, which had often served in Spain, (in order to avoid shifting,) to offer its services to the king of Spain. This being granted, he proceeded to that country, and subsequently served with distinction in Sicily, Africa, and Italy, during the war of 1733, under the king of the Two Sicilies, to whom his father, the king of Spain, had sent him

in 1758. Burke's regiment remained in Naples; it was called the *king's corps*, and received an addition of two battalions.

"Through the changes which took place among the Irish troops in France, the king of Spain was enabled to increase his three Irish regiments of foot by a battalion each, so that he had six made up of the supernumerary men who remained unemployed in France. They served at Oran, in Sicily, and in Italy, in 1733, 1734, with the highest distinction. Four of these battalions, with the Walloon guards, were successful, in 1713, in repulsing the enemy at Veletry, and in saving Don Philip, who was in danger of being taken prisoner."

The O'Sullivan's have nobly distinguished themselves through every generation and age of Ireland. In the Elizabethan wars, the exploits of the O'SULLIVAN BEARE were the theme of the bards of that age; and succeeding historians have not failed to emphasize his deeds. They are a very ancient Milesian family, descended from Olioll Olioll, king of Munster before the Incarnation. They possessed three baronial castles, of great strength, in the county of Kerry. The castles and lands of Dunkerron were theirs, which extensive property was seized by the English monarch in 1602, and given to Sir William Petty, the founder of the *Lansdowne family*. Sir William was sent over to Ireland to make a survey of the confiscated lands, called the "Down survey," and obtained a considerable share of the plunder for his pains. Sir William Bethem tells us that Kerry O'Sullivan, the last of the unfortunate family, built for himself a mud cabin in the ruins of Ardea Castle, once a princely residence of his ancestors. He clutched, in his misery, the old title-deeds and records of the property, and his poverty, but not his will, wrung them from him. The O'Sullivan's are scattered. Branches of the family are to be found in the city and county of Kilkenny, where they have ever distinguished themselves as genuine lovers of liberty and Ireland. One of the family was returned to the English parliament, member for the county, on repeal principles, in the election of 1832, and retired to make way for O'Connell, when he lost his seat in some other contest. The Kilkenny O'Sullivan's have acquired considerable wealth by commercial pursuits, and are now equal, in *that* particular, to the proudest of their lordly oppressors. This family, like their proud nation, exemplified, in their own persons, the inextinguishable vitality of their race.

Our countrymen have, as it appears, been upon every battle-field of Europe; and it is not at all improbable that the anecdote related by O'Donovan, about Napoleon's grandfather being an Irish soldier, named *Gaul Burke*, who fought at the battle of Aughrim, is true. ANDREW JACKSON, quite as brave and good a soldier as Napoleon, was the son of an Irish father and an Irish mother, and the world need not wonder if the fact of Napoleon's Irish origin should be established more distinctly.

There is no part of the world to which the sons of Ireland were not driven, on the fall of James the Second. The scattered intellect of her vital soil may be traced by the light which it shed on science and on arms. Our countryman, Michael Kelly, one of the first musicians of Europe in his time, tells us, in his "Reminiscences," that when he was at Naples, in 1787, the Russian fleet sailed into the bay, commanded by *Admiral O'Dwyer*. And when, a few years after, he dined at the table of the emperor of Austria, at Vienna, there were present, among the distinguished guests, Marshals *Lacy*, *O'Donnell*, and *Kavanagh*. Marshal Lacy was born of Irish parents, in *Russia*! *Kavanagh*, he tells us, addressed him in Irish, which he not understanding, the emperor turned round, exclaiming, "What! Kelly! don't you speak the language of your own country?"—In South America, through the armies of Spain, in which Irishmen were ever honored, very many of them rose to the highest rank in the dependencies of that once powerful nation. The very last Spanish viceroy of Mexico was *O'Donohue*. The present governor of Cuba, General *O'Donnell*, is, of course, Irish descended. An Irish brigade, commanded by General *Devereux*, fought under Bolivar in the revolution of 1823. The venerable *Devereux* is still living in Tennessee. Colonel *McKenna*, who fought by the side of O'Higgins, in Chili, deserves a record among the good and the great. The first explorer and founder of a civilized community in Texas was *Magee*. (See Niles's Texas, page 208.) And the president of the little senate of the new settlement of Oregon is also of Irish descent.

I have, in other pages, glanced at the share which Irishmen had in the republican struggles of the United States. The flag of resistance to British supremacy was raised in Philadelphia by Charles Thompson, an Irishman, so early as 1765, who agitated with "Molyneux's Inquiry" in his hand. This was ten years before the states combined, and took the field. And the man whom the first American congress appointed as their secretary was this same Thompson, who retained his post to the triumphant termination of the struggle. There were four or five Irishmen present, and signed the declaration of independence,—*Smith*, *Taylor*, *Thornton*, and *Carroll* of Carrollton. Smith commanded the "Pennsylvania Line," which may be called the "Irish brigade" of America. When the time came for taking the field and the ocean, *Montgomery*, next in command to Washington, led the northern army, and *Barry* was appointed to the Lexington, the first war-ship built by the confederated states. The first came from Donegal, in Ireland; and the second, from Wexford.

Francis the First, emperor of Germany, left the following memorandum amongst his papers, which was found after his death, in 1765: "The more Irish in the Austrian service the better; our troops will always be disciplined; an Irish coward is an uncommon character; and what the natives of Ireland dislike, even from principle, they generally perform through a desire of glory;" — which means that, though Irishmen have sometimes been obliged to fight on the wrong side, yet their paramount love of glory has caused them, for its sake alone, to risk life freely where certain death awaited them. When Maria Theresa, the queen of Hungary, instituted fifty crosses of the legion of honor, to be given to the men who should most distinguish themselves in her wars, *forty-six* of them were won by Irishmen.

One of the bravest officers in the French army now (1844) in Africa, is Colonel O'Keefe. His name has been mentioned with great praise by Colonel Tempoure. O'Keefe and his brave companions (the twenty-sixth) were brought into action, after a march of twenty leagues, (performed in fifty-six hours,) with knapsacks and arms, under the broiling sun of Africa; and his exploits at that action are trumpeted through Europe.

I have reserved the most brilliant soldier of all this war for the last page of my prolonged lecture.

He was the illustrious PATRICK SARSFIELD, earl of Lucan. His brother, the earl of Kilmallock, was killed leading a charge at Aughrim. The inheritance of the Sarsfields was a territory near Sligo. I cannot trace their pedigree to remote Milesian generations; but it matters not. PATRICK SARSFIELD commanded a regiment of Sligo horse at the Boyne. When King James fled, and the fortune of the day decided against the Irish, Sarsfield and Tyrconnell secured a good retreat for their discomfited army to the western side of the Shannon, on which, as the event proved, they made capital arrangements to repulse the enemy all along the line from Cork to Sligo.

It was this PATRICK SARSFIELD, who, with five hundred brave horsemen, passed out of the city of Limerick, while closely besieged by King William, in 1689, and, crossing the Shannon twelve miles above the city, galloped to the rear of King William's camp, blew up his train of artillery and wagons of ammunition, just arrived from Dublin, killed the guards that protected it, returned behind his city walls, and all within hearing of the Orange king.

It was this PATRICK SARSFIELD that animated the brave men and brave women of Limerick to that supernatural courage which they displayed



at the first siege of that city, when they stood in the breach and drove the invaders off; and, had the destinies of Ireland and King James been left in *his* hands, *King William would most assuredly have been defeated*, and Ireland would have been erected, under the exiled monarch, into an independent kingdom.

But fate ruled it otherwise. St. Ruth, the talented but conceited St. Ruth, was sent by the French king, to command the Irish, after those brilliant achievements of Sarsfield had been performed. It was the condition upon which the aid of money and ammunition alone would be given. We have seen *how* he commanded, in his shameful loss of Athlone, the key of Ireland. Sarsfield's great spirit could not brook such trifling with the dearest interests of his country. He was present in St. Ruth's tent on the morning he refused aid to Athlone; and, though he, the second in command, urged the French marshal to despatch this aid, he received for reply the contemptuous answer, "Don't the English know I am here?"

When the town was lost, Sarsfield's indignation knew no bounds: he challenged St. Ruth on the spot, but the friends of the great cause interfered, to reconcile them.

The following poetic sketch of the quarrel is taken from a beautifully written tragedy, entitled the "*Battle of Aughrim*," which was published and acted about the year 1770. We should be glad to see it occasionally brought forward on the stage.

*'Sarsfield.*—Be calm, my soul; my swelling spleen, assuage,  
 And curb the boiling madness of my rage:  
 Now let the earth be in a chaos hurled;  
 Let earthquakes rise and overthrow the world;  
 Let gloomy vapors veil the dusky air;  
 And let all mankind sink beneath despair;  
 Let Sol and Cynthia now withdraw their light,  
 And let the stars no longer rule the night,  
 But let all nature be extinguished quite!  
 O heavens! Athlone is lost, that lovely seat,  
 The pride of empire, and the throne of state;  
 Thy sons are slaughtered, and thy walls betrayed,  
 Because that traitor would not send thee aid;  
 But I'll revenge the wrong, and he shall fall;  
 The crime is great, though the revenge is small. —  
 Come, draw! and let your sword afford your heart relief.

*St. Ruth.*—Consider, Sarsfield, I am here your chief!—

Your country's ruin would attend our strife.  
*Sarsfield.*—No thought but that could save your life.

\* \* \* \* \*

The quarrel had not time to be healed at the battle of Aughrim, and this prevented Sarsfield knowing the commander-in-chief's plan of battle, which was unknown to any when he fell,—a chief cause of the Irish defeat that day.

After the treaty of Limerick with King William, Sarsfield, at the head of four thousand men, passed over into France, and, in the French king's service, defeated the troops of that same William, in many a well-fought field of the Low Countries. He was killed in the midst of victory at the battle of Nerwindle, 1701.\* As the life-blood gushed from his heart, he caught some of it in his hand, and, looking at it, exclaimed, "*O, if this blood had been shed for Ireland!*" These were his last words. When will grateful Irishmen erect to him a monument in that noble city of Limerick, which he so well defended, and at the walls of which his valor extorted those terms from the invader which restored to *many* noble and wealthy Irish families their present estates. France, more grateful, has erected for him, in her most splendid city, (Versailles,) a monument, inscribed to "PATRICK SARSFIELD, EARL of LUCAN," in *letters of gold*.

The names of O'Brien, earl of Clare, and several more of our exiled countrymen, are to be found in this hall of honor. There are no less than *four* paintings in it of the battle of Fontenoy, won from the English by the Irish Brigade, on the 11th May, 1745. In these, the Irish Brigade is conspicuously seen charging the flying enemy.

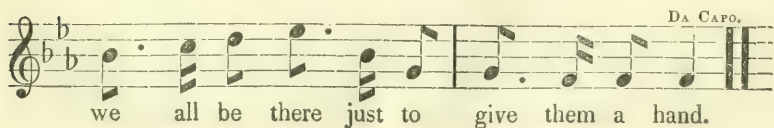
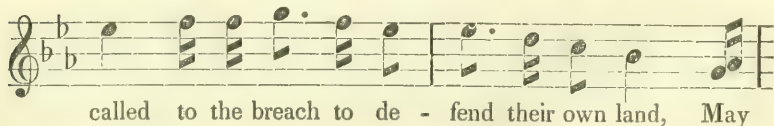
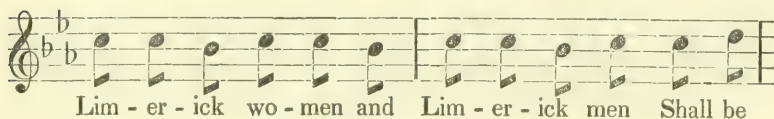
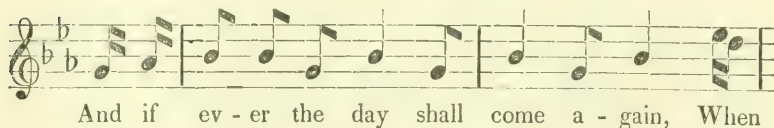
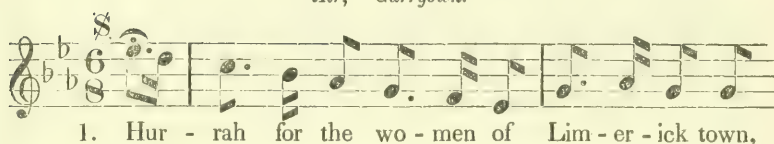
These are the "lessons of history" which teach us to rely more on ourselves than on others, in accomplishing our freedom. If the Irish have one addiction more, damning to their freedom than another, it is their *pride*, which renders them jealous of each other, and, therefore, unwilling to obey each other. Any coxcomb of another nation can lead or command them; but to each other, howsoever fitted by nature and acquirements some may be to lead in counsel or in battle, the most ignorant will hardly yield obedience. If I could exude my heart's blood into my pen, I would write with the ruddy drops,—TO THIS ADDICTION IS IRELAND INDEBTED FOR HER FALL, AND HER SONS FOR BEING THE SLAVES OF EVERY NATION UPON EARTH.

\* I have seen another account which makes the scene of his death the field of Landon, and the time 29th of July, 1693, while leading the victorious charge against King William.

## THE WOMEN OF LIMERICK!

DEDICATED TO THE LADIES OF LIMERICK,

BY T. MOONEY.

*Air, "Garryowen."*

## 2.

Remember the treaty of Limerick Stone;  
 Remember they broke it when Sarsfield was gone;  
 Our cloth manufacture they crushed without cause;  
 And they struck down our rights, our religion, and laws.  
 But if ever we trust the Saxons again,  
 Who butchered our women, our clergy, and men,  
 May we ever be slaves in the land of our sires,  
 And bundled and burnt in Sassanagh fires.  
 Then hurrah, &c.

## 3.

Of all Erin's cities, there never was one  
 That stood out for freedom like old Garryown;\*  
 For years in their garrison bravely they fought;  
 And never were conquered, or frightened, or bought.  
 And the daughters of Limerick we ever shall prize,  
 For brave are their hearts, and bright are their eyes;  
 And if ever the Sassanagh† strike them again,  
 We'll be over and save them, with plenty of men.  
 Then hurrah, &c.

\* Popular name for the city of Limerick.

† Intruder, invader.

## I'LL LOVE THEE NO MORE.

1. When the rose - bud of summer, its beau - ty be  
 - stow - ing, On win - ter's rude blast all its sweetness shall  
 pour, And the sun - shine of day in night's darkness be



glow - ing, O, then, dear - est El - len, I'll  
 love thee no more; I'll love thee no  
 more. And the sun - shine of day in night's  
 dark - ness be glow - ing, O, then, dear - est  
 \* El - len, I'll love thee no more.

## 2.

When of hope the last spark, which thy smiles loved to cherish,  
 In my bosom shall die, and its sweetness be o'er;  
 And the pulse of that heart, which adores thee, shall perish,  
 O, then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.  
 And the pulse of that heart, which adores thee, shall perish,  
 O, then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more,  
 I'll love you no more, I'll love you no more,  
 O, then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more.

\* I have heard *Erin* substituted for *Ellen*, with a pleasing effect, in this beautiful song.

## FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

BY MOORE.

DESPONDINGLY.

1. For - get not the field where they perished,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note on G4, followed by an eighth note on A4, a quarter note on B4, and a dotted quarter note on C5. The lyrics '1. For - get not the field where they perished,' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes.

The tru - est, the last of the brave ;

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues with a quarter note on D5, an eighth note on E5, a quarter note on F#5, and a dotted quarter note on G5. The lyrics 'The tru - est, the last of the brave ;' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues with half notes and quarter notes.

All gone ! and the bright hope we cherished

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues with a quarter note on A5, an eighth note on B5, a quarter note on C6, and a dotted quarter note on B5. The lyrics 'All gone ! and the bright hope we cherished' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff continues with half notes and quarter notes.

Gone with them, and quenched in their grave !

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody concludes with a quarter note on A5, an eighth note on B5, a quarter note on C6, and a dotted quarter note on B5. The lyrics 'Gone with them, and quenched in their grave !' are written below the treble staff. The bass staff concludes with half notes and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line.

## 2.

O! could we from death but recover  
 Those hearts as they bounded before,  
 In the face of high Heaven to fight over  
 That combat for freedom once more!

## 3.

Could the chain for an instant be riven,  
 Which Tyranny flung round us then,  
 O! 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven,  
 To let Tyranny bind it again!

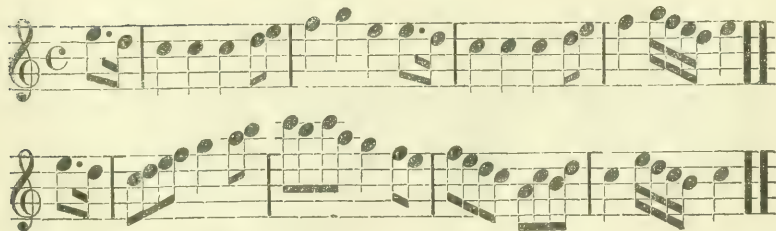
## 4.

But 'tis past, — and, though blazoned in story  
 The name of our victor may be,  
 Accursed is the march of that glory  
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free!

## 5.

Far dearer the grave, or the prison,  
 Illumed by one patriot name,  
 Than the trophies of all, who have risen  
 On Liberty's ruins to fame!

## MY DARK-HAIRED GIRL.



## THE BATTLE OF AGHRIM.

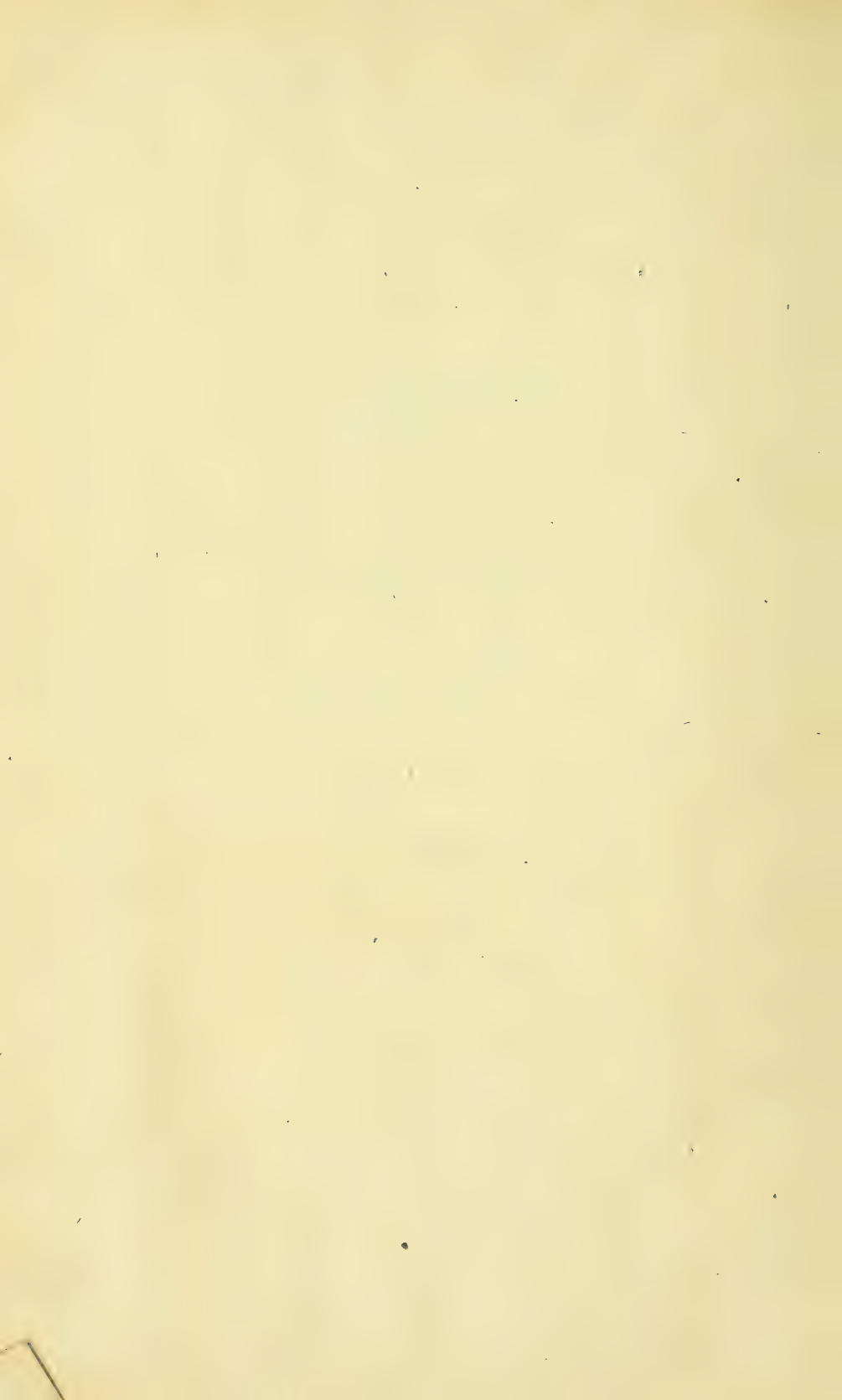
(CACH EACTROMA.)

PRESTO AND FURIOSO.

Musical score for "THE BATTLE OF AGHRIM." (CACH EACTROMA.) in G major, 2/4 time, marked PRESTO AND FURIOSO. The score consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The music is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note patterns. The second staff features triplet markings (3) under groups of three notes. The third staff continues the rapid sixteenth-note patterns. The fourth staff includes a trill (tr) marking above a note. The fifth staff also features triplet markings (3). The sixth staff concludes the piece with a final cadence. The notation is dense and fast-paced, reflecting the "Presto and Furioso" tempo.





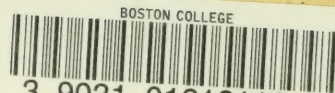








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